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MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

S-M

JANUARY

25¢



Confessions of Bebe Daniels



Colleen Moore Face Powder



You need only try Colleen Moore Face Powder to understand its popularity. It has a dainty, charming fragrance that women like. It is just dense enough to lie close to the skin without clogging the pores.

You can get Colleen Moore Face Powder at all Owl drug stores and at agencies for The Owl Drug Co. Products.

White, flesh or brunette; beautifully packaged; and it costs only 75c.

The Owl Drug Co

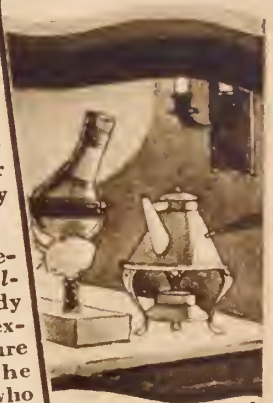




These Talking Shorts *are* Really Features
Elaborately Produced *at* FOX *Movietone City*



"Tyrant, Beware! – I'll cut you



ear to ear"



"Tell me about Mr. Lincoln Grandpa



and"



"Beg Pardon--Is this bawth engaged?"

Napoleon's Barber

John Ford, director of FOUR SONS, THE IRON HORSE and other famous Fox productions, now, for the first time, lets you hear his actors in this play by Arthur Caesar.

Packed with wit and Caesarian epigrams, this *all-talking* Movietone comedy makes you tingle with excitement as an obscure barber almost slits the throat of the man who nearly ruled all Europe.

Charles (Chic) Sale

has given a new meaning to Movietone entertainment in his characterization of the man who knew Lincoln in

Marching On

Directed by Marcel Silver

What an actor this Chic Sale turned out to be! You've probably seen him in vaudeville, but it takes talking motion pictures to really reveal his talents. You will also enjoy him in THEY'RE COMING TO GET ME, THE STAR WITNESS and THE LADIES' MAN.

Clark & McCullough

The funniest clowns on the screen! What goofy guys! What irresistible comedy! You never *heard* or saw a funnier picture than

The Bath Between

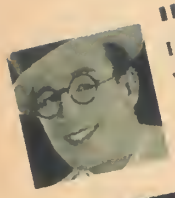
You will probably laugh yourself sick at THE INTERVIEW, THE HONOR SYSTEM and THE DIPLOMATS—but take a chance and see them too.

What are the* SOUND WAVES *Saying?

In these talking pictures WILLIAM FOX presents the ONLY *perfected* talking film. The *Sound Waves* are photographed right on the celluloid and you therefore hear ONLY absolutely life like sounds. Ask your neighborhood theatre when these Fox Movietone entertainments will be seen and heard.

FOX MOVIETONE
MORE *than* SOUND — LIFE *itself!*

WHO'S IN IT?



HAROLD LLOYD

Harold Lloyd's next comedy will have sound and dialog! Produced by Harold Lloyd Corporation. A Paramount Release.



RICHARD DIX

"Redskin" will be Richard Dix's next, to be as great as "The Vanishing American." Filmed in Technicolor.



GEORGE BANCROFT

Soon you will see this virile star in another great characterization in "The Wolf of Wall Street." With Fay Wray.



ESTHER RALSTON

Soon to be seen in the greatest role of her career. "The Case of Lena Smith," produced by Josef von Sternberg.



CHARLES ROGERS

See this popular new star in Paramount's great air drama "Wings" and soon in "Someone to Love," with Mary Brian.



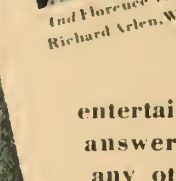
WALLACE BEERY

Wallace Beery returned to strong dramatic roles with "Beggars of Life." See him next in "The Tong War."



JACK HOLT

Jack Holt, polished gentleman and rugged westerner of "The Water Hole" is next in "Avalanche."



And Florence Vidor, Pola Negri, Douglas MacLean, Richard Arlen, William Powell, Ruth Taylor, James

CLARA BOW

Coming soon in "Three Week Ends" by Elinor Glyn, her best yet, and you know that's saying a lot! Watch for it!



EMIL JANNINGS

"The greatest actor in the world" said critics after "The Patriot." Now see this great star in "Sins of the Fathers."



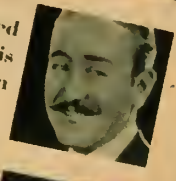
BEBE DANIELS

"Number Please" (tentative title) is Bebe's next—you know you can depend on Bebe for a snappy, sparkling comedy.



ADOLPHE MENJOU

This master of sophisticated roles is soon to appear in "His Private Life" with Kathryn Carver. Don't miss it!



EVELYN BRENT
CLIVE BROOK

In "Interference," Paramount's first all-talking picture, a sensation silent, or with sound.



GARY COOPER

"A man's man that women love" co-star of "The First Kiss" and with Nancy Carroll in "The Shopworn Angel."



NANCY CARROLL

In "Abie's Irish Rose," "Manhattan Cocktail" with Richard Arlen and "Shopworn Angel."



Ball, Louise Brooks, Buclanova, Mary Brian, Maurice Chevalier, Fay Wray, Neil Hamilton,

Select your motion picture entertainment on the basis of "who's in it?" and again your answer is Paramount—more stars, greater stars than any other company! ¶ But always remember—the important thing in selecting a picture is not "who's in it?" but "who made it?" Not one of these names, nor all of them together is as great as *Paramount*—the name that stands for the highest quality in motion picture entertainment. Silent or in Sound—*"if it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!*

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORPORATION

ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., N. Y. C.

MOTION PICTURE
CLASSIC

Vol. XXVIII JANUARY, 1929 No. 5

Notable Features in This Issue:

CONFESSIONS OF THE STARS (BEBE DANIELS)....*Gladys Hall* 16
FOLLIES GIRLS' FOLLIES....*Helen Louise Walker* 18
DOES SUCCESS CHANGE THEM?....*Dorothy Calhoun* 21
THE BLAH MUST GO ON....*Cedric Belfrage* 28
HOW DO YOU LIKE OUR VILLAGE?....*Helen Louise Walker* 48

The Classic Gallery....11–14
Alice Day, Sally Blane, Mary Duncan, William Haines
Down-Stares—*picture page*, JOSEPHINE DUNN.... 20
Exspeeding the Speed Limit....*Rilla Page Palmborg* 22
Astor-Risks—*picture page*, MARY ASTOR.... 23
Hollywood Horrors—*cartoon*....*h. o. hofman* 24
Stop Me, If You've Heard This One....*Dorothy Spensley* 25
Actors Should Not Act....*Gladys Hall* 26
Outlining Her Qualifications—*picture page*, LEONE LANE.... 27
Big Lens and Focus Men....*Dorothy Spensley* 30
A Daly Event—*picture page*, LLOYD HUGHES and JANE DALY.... 32
He Envies His Actors....*Herbert Cruikshank* 33
Broadway Beauty Slain in Love Nest.... 34
Mantel-Peace—*picture page*, GARY COOPER.... 36
From Stew to Studio....*Dorothy Donnell* 37
Playing the Races—*picture page*, COLLEEN MOORE.... 38
O. K. with Oakie....*Ruth Biery* 40
A Gentle Racketeer—*picture page*, DOLORES COSTELLO.... 41
Heap Hot—*picture page*, DOROTHY JANIS.... 42
He'll Be a Big Star in a Year....*Herbert Cruikshank* 43
Classic's Family Album—*picture page*, JOHN BARRYMORE.... 44
Aping the Ape—*picture page*, MILTON SILLS, DOROTHY MACKAILL.... 50
The Mammy Man....*Carol Johnston* 51
Lane Chandler—*picture page*.... 54
The Native Son Also Rises....*Dorothy Manners* 55
The Sport of Kissing Men—*picture pages*, GRETA GARBO.... 56
His Crack-Ups and Downs....*Dorothy Lubou* 58
Daredevilish Pretty—*picture page*, GLADYS MCCONNELL.... 59
The Dog-Watch—*picture page*, CLARA BOW.... 62
White Shadows and Sable....*Dunham Thorp* 63
Inn Luck—*picture page*, WALTER BYRON and VILMA BANKY.... 64

The CLASSIC'S Famous Departments

Classic's Late News.... 6
Our Own News Camera—*The film world in pictures*.... 45
The Celluloid Critic—*Some current films in reviews*....*Laurence Reid* 52
Looking Them Over Out Hollywood Way—*Newsy close-ups*....*Dorothy Manners* 60

Cover portrait of Dolores Del Rio by DON REED, *especially created by* RUSSELL BALL

LAURENCE REID, Editor
Colin J. Cruickshank, Art Director
CLASSIC comes out on the 10th of every month, MOTION PICTURE the 28th

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC *is published monthly at 731 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Ill., by* MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. *Entered as second class matter August 31st, 1928, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879; additional entry as second class matter at New York, N.Y. Printed in U. S. A. Editorial and Executive Offices, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.,* *Copyright 1928 by* MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. *Single copy 25c. Subscriptions for U. S., its possessions, and Mexico $2.50 a year, Canada $3.00, Foreign Countries, $3.50. European Agents, Atlas Publishing Company, 18 Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4. George Kent Shuler, Pres. and Treas., Duncan A. Dobie, Jr., Vice Pres., Murray C. Bernays, Sec'y.*

Last Minute News

RICHARD DIX has been in town deciding on his next picture for Paramount, which is to be an all-talkie. He is hesitating between filming "Bull Dog Drummond" and "Nothing But the Truth," with the odds on the Bull.

"THE TAVERN KNIGHT," from the novel by Rafael Sabatini, has been chosen for John Barrymore's first vehicle for Warners. It is a costume drama, and production will start the first of the year.

RAYMOND GRIFFITH has been signed on a long-term contract for musical comedies with sound and dialogue by Hal Roach.

UNIVERSAL has started work on a scenario for a production based on Paul Whiteman's life.

LILLIAN GISH is to do a picture on the Coast under the direction of Max Reinhardt, which will be his initial work on pictures.

ALICE TERRY has left the Continent for a visit to Hollywood. She has just completed "Three Passions."

THE silent and talking versions of "The Trial of Mary Dugan" will be entirely separate and independent pictures, with only the same name and plot. The talking version will follow the stage play closely; the silent one will have the usual film qualities. Becky Gardner is preparing both continuities.

LILA LEE has started work on "The Black Pearl," a mystery film, at the Sennett studios. It has eight principals and no extras.

VICTOR MCLAGLEN'S next picture for Fox has had the title changed from "The Baggage Smasher" to "Strong Boy." Leatrice Joy plays opposite.

BETTY COMPSON has started work on "Weary River" opposite Richard Barthelmess. William Holden has been added to the cast.

CONRAD NAGEL has the lead opposite Norma Shearer in the "Last of Mrs. Cheney."

THE title of Norma Shearer's next picture, "The Little Angel," has been changed to "Lady of Chance."

LAURA LA PLANTE will start production on "The Compromise" for Universal after the first of the year.

MITCHELL LEWIS is to play in "Leathernecks."

"CHILDS—FIFTH AVENUE" will be the title and locale of Vilma Banky's next picture for Samuel Goldwyn.

LAURA LA PLANTE'S next picture for Universal will be called "The Haunted Lady," from a story by Adela Rogers St. John. It is to be directed by Wesley Ruggles.

CLARA BOW has been approached with an offer to play *Dixie Dugan* in Ziegfeld's musical version of "Show Girl." The cagey Miss Bow has not committed herself yet, however.

LOWELL SHERMAN has been added to the cast of "Mrs. Cheney."



R .H. Louise

Wreathed in smiles: Gwen Lee provides an additional decoration to the traditional decorations for the holiday season.

CLAIRE WINDSOR has just received a final degree of divorce from Bert Lytell.

INA CLAIRE is reported to have made a contract with Pathe for some talking pictures.

KEN MAYNARD has started work on "The California Mail" for First National.

WALLACE BEERY has just passed his final test flight for a government license as aviation transport pilot.

VILMA BANKY has taken out her first papers for United States citizenship. She wants Uncle Sam for a genuine relative, not as an in-law acquired through her marriage to Rod La Rocque.

TOM MIX is considering a ten-months' vaudeville tour of Europe after he finishes his six-picture contract with F.B.O.

ZASU PITTS will have an important part in "The Dummy." It will be her first dialogue rôle, although she has had much experience on the legitimate stage.

ALAN CROSLAND will direct Irving Berlin's "Say It With Music," as a talking opus. Harry Richmond is to be the star, and Claudette Colbert of the stage will probably play leading lady.

ROBERT FLOREY, the director, and Aileen Dee, a non-professional, were married recently at The Little Church Around the Corner.

RAQUEL TORRES, who did such good work in "White Shadows of the South Seas," will have a leading rôle in the next Tim McCoy western. The company has just gone on location in the Mojave Desert.

JANET GAYNOR and Charlie Farrell are to do a picture of modern American life written for them by Tristam Tupper. Frank Borzage will start direction after the first of the year.

RUTH CHATTERTON has joined the cast of "The Dummy" to play opposite Frederick March, who is reported to be a talking "find."

JOHN BOLES has the leading singing rôle in "The Desert Song," which is an adaptation of the musical comedy of the same name.

VON STROHEIM has started work on "Queen Kelley," Gloria Swanson's next picture. The scene of the story is laid in Germany in 1912.

THELMA TODD has the leading rôle in "Seven Footprints to Satan."

VICTOR SCHERTZINGER is reported to be the director just chosen for Maurice Chevalier in "Innocents of Paris."

MAURICE STILLER, the well-known Swedish director, succumbed to pleurisy at a hospital in Stockhom, after a month's illines.

"THE CHANGLING" has been retitled to "Stranded in Paradise."

PARAMOUNT just signed William Powell and Evelyn Brent on new contracts.

CORINNE GRIFFITH'S next picture is to be "Prisoners," by Franz Molnar, and will be directed by William Seiter.

ROD LA ROCQUE is to play opposite Billie Dove in her new picture, "The Man and the Moment."

ARVID E. GILLSTROM is selecting an all-colored cast for "The Melancholy Dame," from an Octavus Roy Cohen story.

In the famous loves of History...









was it always the MAN who paid?

Delilah's love sent Samson into slavery—
For Salome, King Herod sold his soul—
And Pelleas fell at his brother's hand
in the arms of lovely Melisande.

* * * *

The world has called these glamorous women great lovers. Yet all of them made sacrifice of the men they loved ....

How much greater, then, is a devotion that dares to sacrifice LOVE ITSELF.... An emotion so mighty that, when Love spells Ruin for the Man, a glorious beauty renounces her last hope of happiness to SAVE HIM FROM THEIR LOVE!

* * * *

No wonder the romance of luxurious Lady Hamilton and world-renowned Lord Nelson has been called the greatest of all Great Loves . . One of history's most thrilling sirens and the famous hero of Trafalgar, united in a reckless love pact that was at once the scandal and the salvation of an Empire ....

No wonder First National Pictures chose this epic story, from E. Barrington's great best-seller, as theme for a vast screen spectacle of unimagined splendor, planned to mark a step forward in picture art ....

No wonder millions are planning to see—and hear—

Corinne GRIFFITH IN the DIVINE LADY with sound

See and Hear

The thunder of a hundred flaming frigates at death grips.—The most colorful naval combat in history re-enacted in rich detail—The shouts of thousands in breathless battle action. See 5 famous artists in a single picture — Corinne Griffith, H. B. Warner, Victor Varconi, Ian Keith, Marie Dressler. See director Frank Lloyd outdo the directorial brilliance of "The Sea Hawk."—Presented by Richard A. Rowland.

A First National Picture

Takes the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"

That's My Story - - - By BERT ENNIS

Communiques From The Hollywood Tattle-Front

FEED THE KITTY

IT'S been said before, but Hollywood certainly leads the world in queer rackets for keeping the wolf from biting holes in the Yale lock. There's a dame making the rounds of the two-reel comedy lots offering a cat that drinks milk from a nursing bottle, crosses its eyes and smokes cigarettes. It answers to the name of Passion and its owner demands and receives fifty dollars a day for the smart puss. For doing a Ben Turpin the mouser receives an extra fifteen. Envious neighbors are making feline existence in Hollywood alleys miserable, hoping to grab off another Tabby with movie possibilities.

MOPPING UP

SPEAKING of Turpin, there's one of Hollywood's wonders. Sixty-two years old, the comic with the peculiar peepers can still bump with the best of the two-reel fraternity who spend most of their time on the floor taking it big. Movie fans may not know Turpin broke into pictures as janitor of the old Essanay in Chicago. Talking with him recently, he cracked: "No wonder I cleaned up on the screen; I started life with a broom."

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE

HOLLYWOODIANS have a rep for being cold-blooded. Ice water runs in their veins. Well, laugh this off. A bunch of extras standing on a corner, fanning as usual, discussing the talkie panic. In front of a restaurant. A miserable-looking wreck blows by, spots a box containing empty cans and discarded food and starts rummaging around, evidently trying to salvage a meal. The lay-offs (theater for unemployed) watched the unfortunate for a minute with mixed astonishment and pity. Then they dug. One of them crossed over to tender the collection—about five dollars—to the stray. And here's the pay-off. He turned it down, explaining in broken English he belonged to some cult or other which made it incumbent on its members to forage for themselves when broke. You're right; it couldn't happen any place but Hollywood.

OUR SPY REPORTS

THEY are hanging the "Closed" sign on Warner Brothers' big Sunset Boulevard studio gate December 15th. All producing activities are to be folded up until the latter part of February; writers, directors, players and the entire crew given a vacation—without salary. One Hollywood wag has it that Jack Warner is so fed up on sound and talk he is planning a two months' sojourn in a deaf-and-dumb asylum.

CRUELTY TO CHILDREN

THEY'RE telling a tale along Hollywood Boulevard about an angel producer, worth repeating. A retired Pittsburgh raincoat manufacturer. Ironically enough, he picked Los Angeles, with its famous clear-today-and-tomorrow weather forecast, for his loafing ground. But a director and a star, who as movie makers are known as good promoters, induced him to finance a series of pictures. He did, with the usual result. The films are still reposing in nice, shiny cans on a movie factory shelf. A friend, meeting the angel recently, asked him what he had done with the pictures. He replied: "Why those pictures are worth every nickel I sunk in them. I've got three kids. When they become hard to handle, I lock them in a projection-room and run these films. After the second one they holler, 'Let us out, papa; we'll be good.'"



Dyar

A Bebe-party in Hollywood: Miss Daniels entertains a newcomer to her studio, Robert Castle. He is on the extreme left. Thence to the right, the others are: Doris Hill, Lane Chandler, Bebe herself and James Hall

I WONDER WHAT'S BECOME OF—

EVA and Jane Novak, illustrated song singers, Broncho Billy, country store night, Darwin Karr, the Keystone Kops, airdomes, Wally Van, Elmo Lincoln, Chaplin imitators.

HE SHOULD KNOW

TO hear Snub Pollard tell it, a production supervisor is a fellow who knows a lot, but can't think of it.

MANY A TRUE WORD

THERE'S a place out here called Hope Street. Whoever hung this title on it must have been a casting director. It's not a big street, but half of Hollywood, figuratively speaking, is living on it right now.

AND MONOCLES!

WE drove into one of those de-luxe Hollywood gas stations the other day—one of the kind where they fill the radiator, check the oil, wipe off the wind-shield and then say, "No, thank you," when you proffer a tip. Irving Cummings, who was with us, claims that the final touch in this ultra-service idea will be the donning of high hats and tuxedos by the boys who fill the tanks.

A LITTLE SCOTCH

CREDIT this one to Mitchell Lewis, the fella who plays those big, honest trappers from the great Northwest. The first swimmers on record were two Scotchmen. They were out for a stroll and came to a toll-bridge.

DO YOU REMEMBER

WHEN Lillian Walker was known as Dimples, the Vitagraph Girl; and Lew Cody was known as The Butterfly Man?

PATHOS NOTE

MAURICE COSTELLO, onetime biggest drawing card in pictures, standing alone on the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Wilcox Avenue, reading a theater marquee blazoning forth Dolores Costello as star of "Noah's Ark."

SNICKER—SNICKER

BOULEVARD-STROLLING with a wise-cracker the other day, we passed a director who a year ago was in the big money. "That guy reminds me of the song Raymond Hitchcock used to sing," piped the Hollywoodite. "He's all yessed up and has no place to go."

THINGS YOU'LL NEVER SEE

JACK BARRYMORE taking a custard pie in the face.

Clara Bow wearing a dress hiding those dimpled knees.

Cecil DeMille directing Harold Lloyd.

Buster Keaton laughing out loud in sound pictures.

A two-reel comedy with out a break-away being thrown.

WE DON'T BELIEVE IT

ACCORDING to a fellow title-writer, Fox's "Mother Knows Best" is dedicated to Aimee Semple McPherson.

Let This Be a Lesson

A CONSPIRACY was reported among Florida real estate men to change the name of his next picture to Miami. All will be shot at sunrise.

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Your Choice Sent for Only **$1.00** DEPOSIT Newest Styles of the Season

New York's Sensational Coat Specials—each a leader in quality, style and value. Your choice sent on approval for only $1.00 deposit. Judge for yourself in your own home—then if satisfied take

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with Genuine Mandell

$4.00 *a month*

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Exceptionally smart style of all-wool Broadcloth trimmed with genuine Mandell. The stunning shawl collar, and deep cuffs of unusual design make it exceptionally rich looking. A smartly tucked back, ornamented with silk arrowheads in which a panel of the reversed material is inserted, gives the slender effect so much desired. Lined with guaranteed silk satin and interlined, making it delightfully warm.

Colors: Black or Tan. Sizes: 34-36-38-40-42-44. Length about 45 inches.

Order by No. C-27F. Terms $1.00 with coupon. Then, if satisfied, $4.00 a month. Total price only, $24.95.

All Wool Velour

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This exquisitely tailored model is made of all wool velour and lined with our guaranteed silk satin. Very warm and stylish, with extra large shawl collar of rich Mandell and deep cuffs to match. The neat side panel made with tucks and beautifully embroidered silk figures, carries out the new vogue for tucking. Fully interlined with flannel. This is a garment that represents the utmost in style and value.

Colors: Tan or Grackle Blue. Sizes: 34-36-38-40-42-44. Length about 45 inches.

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West 35th Street, Chicago, Ill.



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Order by No. C-25F. Terms $1.00 with coupon. Then, if satisfied, $4.85 a month. Total price only $29.95.

No. C-25F

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West 35th St., Chicago, Ill.

(Check Garment Wanted)

☐ **No. C-25F Broadcloth**
$1.00 with coupon, $4.85 a mo.
Total price $29.95
Colors: Black or Middy Blue

☐ **No. C-27F Broadcloth**
$1.00 with coupon, $4.00 a mo.
Total Price $24.95
Colors: Black or Tan

☐ **No. C-36F Velour**
$1.00 with coupon, $3.20 a mo.
Total Price $19.95
Colors: Tan or Grackle Blue

I enclose $1.00 deposit. Send me the coat I have checked at the left. If I am not satisfied I can return it and get my money back. Otherwise I will pay the monthly terms until full price is paid.

*Color*_____ *Size*_____
(Be Sure to State Color and Size Wanted)

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Address _____

*City*_____ *State*_____

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At last, "PICTURES *that* TALK *like* LIVING PEOPLE!"

Vitaphone Talking Pictures are electrifying audiences the country over!

For *Vitaphone* brings to you the greatest of the world's great entertainers . . .

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Vitaphone recreates them *ALL* before your eyes. You see and hear them act, talk, sing and play—like human beings in the flesh!

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WARNER BROS. **VITAPHONE** PICTURES

If it's *Not* a WARNER PICTURE it's *Not* VITAPHONE



MOTION PICTURE
CLASSIC
JANUARY, 1929

Lansing Brown

ALICE DAY

If the titles of her last two pictures —"Phyllis of the Follies" and "Red-Hot Speed"—mark a trend, we shrink from speculating upon what the third may be



Lansing Brown

SALLY BLANE

If she will insist on sometimes hiding part of her face, at least one can be thankful she's chosen to do so in the smaller of these two pictures. Sally's the queen of "King Cowboy," Tom Mix's latest opus of the open spaces



Autrey

MARY DUNCAN

Many a man has set out to set the Thames afire and none succeeded. But it is likely that a woman may at least approximate the feat, she being Mary Duncan, and the occasion of her opportunity being her appearance in "The River"



WILLIAM HAINES

He is to abdicate, for a while, his throne on the wise-cracker barrel and play the name rôles in both "Alias Jimmy Valentine"—in talkie form—and "The Duke Steps Out"

R. H. Louise

The Magazine With the Personality

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

Pictures and Personalities

Talking Himself Up

By GEORGE KENT SHULER, *Publisher*



WHILE the transformation of the screen into a thing with a voice has threatened the security of many a player without one, the effects of the change are not single-edged. The innovation is cutting both ways: it helps as well as hinders.

This is noticeably true in the case of two of the leading men of photoplays: Conrad Nagel and Richard Dix.

The first has for many years been solely a silent actor. He came from the stage and from a successful career on the stage. Any who saw him as the small-town boy in "Forever After," with Alice Brady, will remember his work as marked by both sincerity and a telling power to stir the emotions. But those same theatergoers probably were won over more by the evidence of a repression of feeling rather than a manifest and mobile expression of it. And this Nagel conveyed more by his voice than by his gestures.

Talking Himself Up

HENCE, ever since his entrance into pictures, he has been under something of a handicap. In the words of the radio salesman, he must be heard to be appreciated.

The talkies have given Nagel a chance to be heard. And appreciation of him has been emphatic. The barometer of fan mail has shown the altitude of his popularity literally zooming upward. And the manner in which those who hold his contracts are shaking hands with themselves indicates that the box-office as well as the post-office has felt the weight of his enhanced reputation.

This is an instance of increased scope of effort that already has taken place with the coming of the speaking screen. It is something which has happened and which therefore is a fact. But on its heels there treads a second enlargement of a standing that already is large. This is the case of Richard Dix.

Dix's Fix

DIX, like Nagel, has been a popular figure, but one difficult to fit with the ready-made sort of story. He is not a college boy, he is not a Donald Brian sort of waltzing hero, he is not an underworld type, and he is not of the settled and grim maturity regarded as belonging to the captain of industry. He has been hard to place. And those who have placed him have, in many instances, not apparently taken the trouble to do so effectively. Dix has been put in silly rôles; he has been made an irresponsible clown; he has been asked to do things that obviously no man of grown stature would ever dream of doing. Even his athletic pictures have not been generally advantageous to him, although he is one of the few men on the screen today who can appear in a football suit without getting a long and hearty razz from an audience composed of university men or others who know something about the game. His attempt to do something more worth-while than slop gained some ground in "The Vanishing American"; and his forthcoming picture of the same sort, "Redskin," may gain more. Unless, of course, he is asked to carry again not only an inane story but some simpering simpleton of a girl as his leading woman.

No More Goo-Goo Girls

FROM what can be learned, Dix will not—in the near if not in the immediate future—be asked to. The reason is that his ability to speak lines has raised him to a new estimation in the minds of his directors, and with this has come a new regard for Dix's own rights to proper support, both in plays and in players. They say he may do the stage success, "Bulldog Drummond." It should be an excellent vehicle for him, provided he isn't expected to drive it, as he has so many others, with flat-tires in the cast surrounding him.

At any rate, both Dix's impending success and Nagel's accomplished success should give heart to the many players of the screen who, like these two, have built their film career upon a foundation of one behind the footlights. It augurs for the fact that those who will shine in the talkies are not those solely with stage experience, but those who have a background of it, plus a length of practice in acting for the camera.

The Speaker Sex

THIS, incidentally, is a generalization apparently more often true in the case of men than of women. The players become more valuable in the light of the requisites of the talkies are of the trousered sex. Dix and Nagel are only two examples among several of the rise to a new importance of favorites of the erstwhile silent drama. Noteworthy others are Lionel Barrymore, whose speech made for most of the success of "The Lion and the Mouse"; and his brother John—although his facility of adaptation to the sound medium was less unexpected. And of course the outstanding achievement of all is that of Al Jolson who has sung as well as talked himself overnight into a position second to none as an attraction for picturegoers.

No doubt but that in time there will come forward a woman star equally capable of moving audiences by dint of her vocal appeal. But just at present there is none; men so far have proven themselves the speaker sex.

Confessions

BY GLADYS HALL



THE life of Bebe Daniels has been another one of those open books with every page well thumbed. ***Every page save one.*** *We all know her work, we have been told that she lives with her mother and grandmother, that she is an athlete, an adventurer in the realms of air and sea and earth, that she is a good business woman, a pet of Paramount Pictures. But there has been that closed page.* ***The page of Bebe's romances.*** *There have been rumors of an interest here, a reported engagement there. That is all. The rest has been left to conjecture, to imagination.*

For the first time in any publication Bebe tells the real story, the full story of her love affairs.

More than this: she tells something she has never told before to any living soul ***except her mother.*** *The story of her first great love, the love that ended in death, the love that has tinged, colored, softened and saddened all the years that have come between.*

Bebe Daniels:
(Author's Note.)

"YES, I have known one great love. The complete love: mental, emotional and spiritual. I've never talked about it before. I—I haven't been able to. It's long ago. It's over; he is gone. Perhaps this love explains a great deal of what came after. Perhaps not. I'm not sentimental enough to say that I never could love again or never have loved since because I lost the first love. That would be morbid emotion. False.

"This man—he must be nameless—came into my life right after Harold and I had decided to take separate paths. I came to Famous Players with the hope of doing dramatic work. Harold went on with comedies. He was, of course, my very first sweetheart. My girlhood sweetheart. The first boy I had ever gone out with. And he was very sweet. Kind and protective and clean and *nice*.

"Then this other man. He was a Greek god to look at. A scientist. A scholar. A thinker. A doer. An athlete. He was interested in the world of the theatre. He was interested in everything. He had an immense capacity for living—and loving.

"I developed a fearful crush on him. At first he didn't pay much attention to me. Then I think it came to him that he had never known my sort of girl before. His ways had taken him among women of another calibre and point of view. He fell in love with me. The kind of love only a man like that could know.

"I found out that there was between us—an insuperable obstacle. My mother told me things she knew about him. His Past. Something dark and dreadful and mysterious.

Bebe Daniels Tells Her Untold Tale



THE FOURTH OF A SERIES OF REAL LIFE STORIES

A Dance Like a Dirge

"THEN it came to me what I must do. There was, at that time, a man in New York who had once told me that he would at all times be willing to do anything I might ask of him, no matter what. I took him at his word. I asked him to take me out quite a lot. To dinners and theaters, to dances. *It was like dancing to a funeral march.* He was as good as his word. I told him I wanted it circulated about that I was in love with him. He agreed to that, too. He was game, that man. Perhaps he saw the heartbreak in my face.

"I went to the man I loved with all my heart and dared to tell him, 'I am in love with——'

"He wouldn't believe me. With his face whiter than death, he refused to believe me. I persisted, 'I am! I am!' I was young and I thought I was doing the right thing, the gallant thing, the only thing. Because my heart was breaking made it seem all the righter.

"Then he said, 'All right; if you are in love with him, you are—but I shall go the dogs. Completely. I'll do everything I shouldn't do, in every way, from this day forth.'

"Of course I didn't believe him. I thought he was trying to frighten me, to be dramatic.

"But he did.

"I spent a great deal of time right then going back and forth between Hollywood and New York. After the night I told him I didn't love him any more I didn't see him again for a year. When I did see him, he was *an old man.* Worse than old, he was sick to death. Dissipated. Hollow-eyed, all the joy of living gone from his face, his eyes.

(Continued on page 82)

The cold and ghastly shock of that discovery overwhelmed me. Then he told me about it himself. And I didn't know what to do, where to turn. Caught up as I was in the strangle hold of my own emotions, brought up to believe that black is black, white white, right right and wrong wrong, with no middle ground possible, the romance with this man I loved seemed to be one of the things one simply doesn't do.

"I told him we would have to end it all. Childlike, really. It seemed so dramatically easy to say, so terribly impossible to do. He said that so long as I loved him it would never end. And he pleaded with me to go with him to the Italian lake country, alone, apart, forever and forever. He drew a beautiful, haunting picture of a beautiful, haunting life, living on love, in Paradise.

"I wanted to go with him. You see, I loved him. But I couldn't. Not only did I shudder from the fear of damnation involved in such a step but I had, also, my mother and my grandmother to think of. My mother had suffered so much, worked so hard, done so much for me. When I was very tiny, a sad thing happened in my mother's life. It nearly broke her heart. She mended it and went on—for my sake.

"I told the man I loved so much how impossible it all was. And he persisted in saying that nothing was impossible, that he would never give up so long as I loved him.

"He pleaded with me. He vowed that he would abandon every hope he held, every prospect, every ambition. And always he would end his pleas by saying 'So long as you continue to love me it will never end.'

All photos by Richee

Follies

The Perils of

Related by a Famous

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER





THE Follies—Mr. Ziegfeld's, I mean—are an American institution. Mecca of the celebrated and much-publicized Tired Business Man. The show of shows which the Important Visiting Buyer must see while he is in New York. Otherwise, presumably, he won't buy!

The goal of thousands of pretty girls who read the lurid supplements of the Sunday papers.

For Mr. Ziegfeld's revue, the supplements would lead us to believe, is a sort of clearing house for feminine beauty. Each Saturday night, we hear, a throng of Yale freshmen, each a scion of a wealthy family, hies itself thither to pick out wives and endow them with fancy alimony.

These marriages, still according to the supplements, are always elopements—romantic affairs—and entail all sorts of delightful things. Diamond and platinum bracelets, irate parents, to be appropriately placated by the beauty and guilelessness of the lovely maidens brought home by their wayward but discerning sons; yachts—there is always a picture of the yacht in the upper left hand corner—and—oh, yes, a really Great Love!

When a girl says she is a Follies girl, she automatically admits to being a beauty and an exotic, orchids-and-ermine creature, experienced in allure, champagne suppers and affairs with millionaires. She is surrounded at once with glamour and an atmosphere of —er—slight naughtiness, guaranteed to make the most blasé masculine heart go pit-a-pat.





From the top, down: Jacqueline Logan, Sonia Karlov, Louise Brooks; and then, to the right, Marion Davies, Dorothy Mackaill and Mary Nolan, formerly Imogene Wilson

Combing the Kindergarten

LATER on, if she achieves success in other lines—say the movies, for instance—she will make great haste to assure you that she was "very young—oh, just a *child*, mydear!" when

Girls' Follies

Glorification as Few Who Overcame Them



she entered the revue. They do say that Ziegfeld has scouts in every kindergarten in the land looking for show girls to sign up. And she will tell you that of course her mother *always* accompanied her to and from the theater and that, although there *might* have been goings on among the other girls, such as are described in the Sunday papers—*she* never saw anything like that. The girls with whom she associated were just too sweet and refined.

But there is no denying that a Follies reputation is a great asset to any girl who is trying to get along. So it is no wonder that girls sometimes make claim to one when the facts do not support them. Hollywood swarms with girls who claim to have been in the Follies. Out of a list of about thirty I found six or seven who seemed to be authentic.

Girls who have, as Billie Dove phrases it, "used the Follies as a spring-board to launch them into pictures."

Fannie Brice, a headliner among Follies entertainers, who has been adding to the gaiety of nations in that revue for eighteen years or so, has just finished "My Man," a Vitaphone special for Warners. No fragile, hot-house-orchid girl is Fannie. But a queen of burlesque, one of the funniest women on the stage.

And do you know what Fannie says? You'll never guess, my dears, so I'll have to tell you. She says that jazz is what is the matter with this country and this generation. She does! Fannie—one of the jazziest of them all.

"Jazz is so sexy," says Fannie. "It is nothing but sex and our young people dance to it and listen to it and live with it—no wonder this is a sex-mad age."

Fannie knows what has caused a lot of things. For instance, "The people in the theater are different now from the people I knew and loved when I was just beginning," she says. "Kids in the Follies are hard, commercial, scheming. The place seethes with politics and intrigue. There is no spontaneity.

"And the reason for this, I think,

(*Continued on page 72*)



From left to right: Gilda Gray, Josephine Dunn, Fannie Brice, Lina Basquette and Billie Dove; and then, upward, Jane Winton and Peggy Watts



R. H. Louise

Down-Stares

Josephine Dunn thinks she hears Santa there. She's already run out half a dozen times in an attempt to catch him in the act of filling her stocking. Her motto under such circumstances is, if at first you don't succeed, spy, spy again

Does Success Change Them?

Comparisons Of Personalities, Before and After Taking The Tonic Of Recognition

By DOROTHY CALHOUN



















BE yourself!

One day they are Miss Nobody, or George J. Nobody. Studio gatemen yawn in their faces, studio office boys do not see them at all, those resplendent beings in gold braid in front of theaters address them rudely, "Hafta stand in line. Whonell dya thing yare anyhow?" Traffic policemen inquire whether they are deaf not to hear that whistle, or what.

And the next day they wake to find themselves famous. Doors fly open at their approach, movie magnates bow to them, deferential reporters ask them their opinions about love, auto salesmen beg to show them imported Italian cars with gold plated door handles, and kleig lights play upon them as they enter movie theaters through lanes of staring faces. One day unknown, poor, living in cheap boarding-houses, the next day stars. It's as sudden as all that in many cases.

Whenever a newcomer signs a contract, the chorus begins: "High hat! Swelled head! Forgetting old friends! Taking it big!" No matter how friendless an extra may think himself, let him become a discovery and the I-Knew-Him-When Club calls a special session to discuss his ingratitude, his conceit, his general lack of all the nobler virtues. Relatives of whom he has never heard swarm in on every train, perfect strangers call him up to tell him that the wife has to have her tonsils out, and what is he going to do about it? Passers-by on the street turn to stare at him, and comment freely upon his appearance, "So *that's* him? Gee, he doesn't look a *tall* like he does on the screen!"

Does success in the movies change them? Be yourself!

The World Itself Changes

"BUT it doesn't change a player half so much as it changes everyone else toward him," says one Paramount publicity man who has seen 'em come and go. "An unknown who has suddenly been given a contract finds himself in a different world. No one he has known is recognizable. Faces that have frowned at him are wreathed in smiles, enemies have become flatterers, chance acquaintances are now intimate friends.

(*Continued on page 68*)

Four rising stars exposed to the gunfire of adulation are, from the top left down, Richard Arlen, June Collyer, Charles Farrell and Sue Carol

Gary Cooper, center, feels the pressure of popularity; as do, next in order and to the right, Ruth Taylor, Buddy Rogers, Clara Bow and Richard Dix

Exspeeding the Limit

How The Movie Stars Earn And Accept Their Tickets For Reckless Driving

By
RILLA PAGE PALMBORG





Olive Borden is the little girl getting the big hand, in the lower picture, from Motorcycle Officer Jimmy Watkins; and above is Jimmy, who knows the Hollywood fast set better than anyone else on the Coast

THIS is a story of speedy Hollywood. Vivid, inside truths of the daily and nocturnal escapades of the film folks that fairly sizzle with scorching heat. Racy little habits of certain stars who seem unable to keep from running into the arms of the law.

But let us be charitable. June-like days and nights, unending miles of smooth roads winding from mountain tops through scented orange groves down to the sea. Swift motor cars and youth. Youth, with eyes always out for adventure. Surely, some allowances should be made for such a combination.

One would think so. But in Hollywood, where opulent youth, beauty and June-like weather are every-day occurrences, the law makes no allowances.

Take the case of Clara Bow, for example. Clara, so the story goes, with her cap perched jauntily over one eye, had just settled herself for a nice little spin in her tricky new roadster, out Beverly way, when she was rudely jerked back to the realities of life in Hollywood by the ungodly shrieking of a motor cop's siren. A big, burly officer waved her over to the side of the road.

Dry Sirens and Wet

"WHAT'S the idea, sister, of tearing along at a forty-mile gait in a twenty-mile zone?" thundered this rude man as he commenced to write out a ticket. Clara, from past experience, knew she was pinched. "Oh! be reasonable!" purred Clara, rolling her big eyes. "I'm sure I wasn't going even fifteen miles an hour."

"You're all wet," snorts this hard-boiled cop as he hands her a ticket. Clara, turning her head as she drove off laughing, answered, "Well, I wasn't until you started that darned siren going." She left the officer, scratching his head and muttering, "Now, just what did she mean by that?"

"Kenneth Harlan has an awful heavy foot," said Officer Jimmy Watkins, who has been on the highway motor patrol of Los Angeles County for the last six years. "He sure is a good sport, though," he added. "He has several *alibis*. One of his favorites is, 'Can't you see, officer, that my gasoline is way low and I'm hurrying like the devil to get to the next filling station before it's all gone?' Another one is, 'Please don't detain me, officer. My mother-in-law just died, and I am in an awful hurry.'

"An actor that sure burned me up was Alexander Carr," he continued. "One night another officer and myself were detailed to check headlights as the cars came up Vine Street. The line had about twenty-five cars in it and was moving slowly when a nifty, imported sedan swung to one side and started to pass. I flagged it and ordered the driver to fall back to the rear. As several machines had come up during the argument, this car was set back considerably.

"I was waiting for them when they came up, and called out to Mr. Carr, who had his face, red with rage, hanging out of the window, 'Name?'

(*Continued on page 70*)



Autrey

Astor - Risks

Mary seems to be taking them these days. For the stories she enacts bear titles suggestive of their need: "Dry Martini" and "A Romance of the Underworld"



Hollywood Horrors:

Four tourists drive into Carl Laemmle's place, misled by the stuffed Mexican outside into the notion that it is a trick tamale joint

Stop Me, If *You've Heard This One—*

The Stars Sell Out Their Best Yiddish Yarns At Less Than Cost

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

COLLEEN MOORE: A wealthy Hebrew in New York had a son who, for some reason, possessed a very strong Jewish accent, and in despair the father took him to the dean of the College of the City of New York and told the difficulty. The dean requested that the lad be left with him for six months and guaranteed to correct the accent.

At the end of the time, the father went for his son and asked for the dean. The latter came out to meet him:

"Well," said the father, "how's the boy? Is he all right now? Does he speak without an accent?"

The dean hesitated a moment and then began—

"Vell, I'm tellink you . . .!"

RICHARD BARTHELMESS: A gentleman of Jewish persuasion was learning golf. He knocked a ball into a mud puddle and daintily picked it up and placed it in a dry spot.

"Wait," said his opponent, "you can't do that. That's a hazard."

The Jewish player put the ball back into the mud and tried to knock it out with the club. All he did was to spray them both with mud. Finally, after several vain trials, he took the ball back and firmly placed it on a spot of dry ground. Then he stood up:

"Now," he said, "sue me!"

MARY BRIAN: Little Solly put a coin on the ice cream vendor's cart and said:

"Gimme a dime's worth of Jewish ice cream."

"What do you mean—Jewish ice cream?"

"An ice cream cohen, of course."

GEORGE FAWCETT: Little Ikey wanted an apple from the Italian's pushcart.

"Momma, buy me one?"

"Not yet, Ikey, not yet. First make a face at him and maybe he vill throw one at you."

JAMES GLEASON: Two boys were busy talking together, one Irish and one Jewish.

A priest asked them whom they considered the greatest man that ever lived. The Irish boy answered "Christopher Columbus."

Ikey answered "St. Patrick was the greatest man ever lived."

"Why do you say that, Ikey?" asked the priest.

"Well, I don't really think it. I think Noah was the greatest man," Ikey replied, "but I just said St. Patrick because I was talkin' to you."

AL JOLSON: Abie had taken on a little too much liquid refreshment, and as he was wandering aimlessly down Eighth Avenue in New York, his bleary eye rested on a big excavation. Balancing himself perilously on the edge, he surveyed the hundreds of toilers below and finally hailed one of them.

"Hey, vat are you doing down there?"

The workman looked up and shouted back: "Building a subway, what's it to you?"

Abie was not to be easily discouraged however, and followed with another: "How long vill it take?"

"Twelve years," came the reply.

"Oh, never mind," said Abie, pulling himself together as he staggered away, "I'll take the elevated."





Max Davidson is explaining to Fannie Brice that he's just been offered a great part but that he can't take it because there's one ham actor in the cast

WILLIAM BOYD: Abie Aronson was attending a public address on "Business Acumen." The speaker talked on his career and mentioned a certain company which had wound up on account of its shady practices.

"Of course", said the orator, righteously, "as soon as I realized that there were possibilities of dishonest profit being made, I got out of it."

Abie arose hurriedly.

"Excuse me, plize," he stated loudly, "but vill you feenish the sentense, plize? How much did you get out of it?"

REGINALD DENNY: Moe Katz entered his friend's shop, smiling expansively.

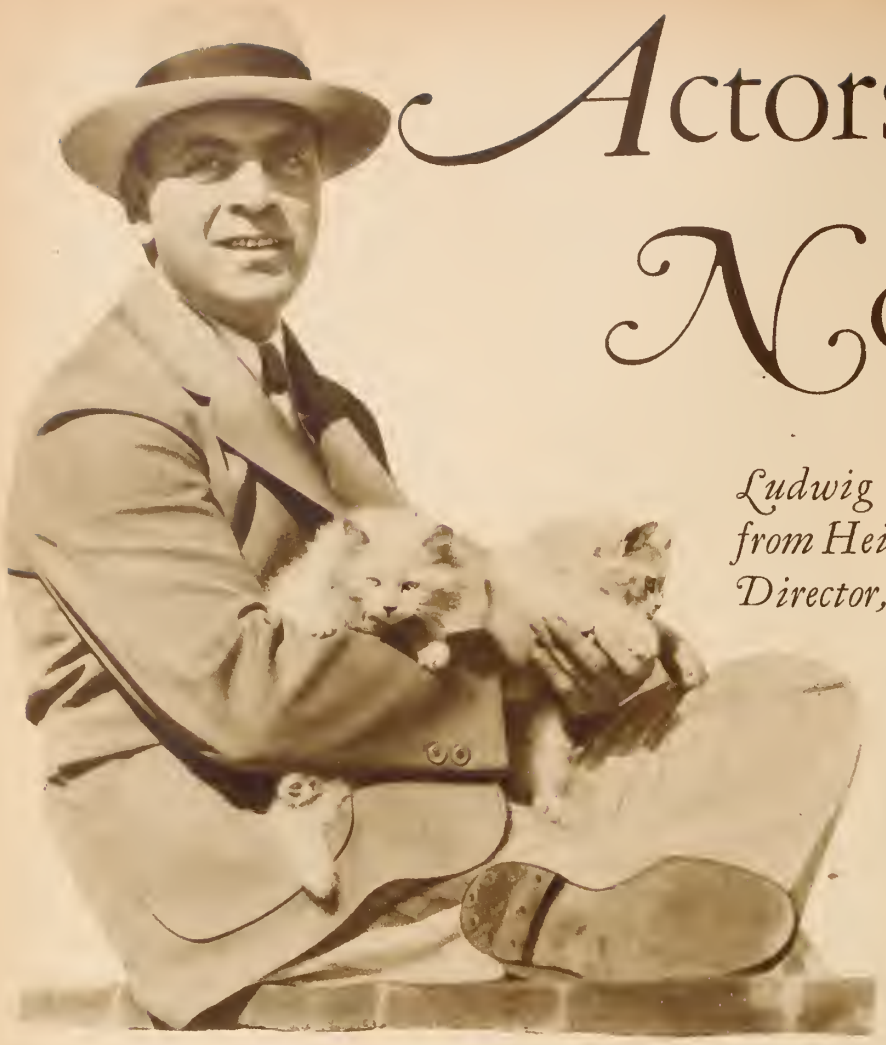
"Vell, my friendt, how are you?" glancing about the store. "I see you haf a Jewish phonograph."

"What do you mean—Jewish phonograph?" asked his friend, Pat O'Neil.

"A gash register, of course, a gash register!"

(*Continued on page 76*)

Actors Should Not Act



Ludwig Berger, Doctor of Philosophy from Heidelberg and now a Hollywood Director, Sets Forth Several New Ideas

BY GLADYS HALL

LUDWIG BERGER made "The Waltz Dream." Need one say more?

But there is more to say. Much more. Too much for the narrow confines of one article. Even one of those hand-heavy, five-dollar volumes would do the man and his work scant justice.

He is a character. A personality. You will feel him in his pictures. And safe to say that he brings gifts to Hollywood the like of which Hollywood has never seen before. Three agencies are responsible for his being with us: his own "Waltz Dream," Fox, and Pola Negri.

Dr. Berger is a native of southern Germany. The Rhine country. In his veins run the memories of black, goblin forests where anything may happen; incomparable Rhine country wines. His home is there now. In the south of Germany flows the blood that not infrequently gives birth to genius. Italian blood. French blood. Some Russian. Which makes Ludwig Berger of different stuff from Murnau, Hollywood's other focus of imported megaphonic interest. Ludwig Berger looks like a young and ardent Savonarola. A Continental with heavy eyes and mouth. An ascetic esthete in black silk lounging-suit buttoned tight about the throat. One injured leg thrust before him. A suggestion of pain.

The man might be a martyr or a mad musician. A cold logician. A genius. A libertine. A monk. A mystic. You may believe all things of him and all things are likely to be so.

He is given to unleashed laughter, noisy and self-exultant. To pools of quiet, fringing a possible morbidity. He is unmarried.

He is a musician. A painter. A poet. A playwright. An authority on Shakespeare. The owner of one of the largest Shakespearian libraries extant. A student of the University of Munich. A graduate of Heidelberg. A soldier. A doctor of philosophy.

He has written a history of Art; adapted Shakespeare's "Cymbeline" for the modern theater, produced an opera single-handed, studied the culture of the masses.

He began by being a playwright. Popular fairy tales, such as "Griseldis" and "Genoveva"; modern problem plays, "Maria and Martha" and "Der Golden Schnitt."

He produced for the Schauspiel Theater, the Berliner Bolksbuehne, the Reinhardt Theater and the Staatstheater. He and Emil Jannings were with Reinhardt together.

(*Continued on page 66*)



A Ludwig who's a big-wig among screen directors: above, Dr. Berger at his home; and below, in conversation with his celebrated compatriot, Emil Jannings, on the studio lot



Photos by Richee

In doing this for Leone Lane, one need only state that she is possessed both of beauty and grace, in company with a commendable quality of candor that makes her altogether charming

Outlining Her Qualifications



The Blah Must

Soul-Scarred by Life a Year, the Movie Stars Acting, Acting,

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

YOU in the misty beyond of the world! You, simple folk with your cows, your chickens, your —how do you say?—pigs! You—happy ones in your happy cottage homes, 'way out there on the great prairies and *pustzas!* Do you know what agony of soul it costs to be *grand artiste* of the screen?

The world—was it Shakespeare or George White who put it so poetically?—the world is a masquerade party. But how much more, my friends, is this true of the world of the motion picture? Oh, look in pity on us as, day after day, our minds racked with the troubles of real life, it is necessary for us to be acting from nine until five, just as though our hearts were light. Necessary because we, like you happy ones, must eat, must drink. Necessary because our Art tells us that we cannot play the coward by keeping the gifts Heaven gave us from the world. In spite of everything, we are but men, like you. *I Pagliacci! Meistersinger! Götterdämmerung!* We need your pity and sympathy, we the men and women behind the masks of the screen. We need everything you've got. Even your humble dollars can do their part to heal the bleeding actor's heart of us.

Let me ring up the curtain and show you.

What would you say if I told you that Alice White's terrier had had fleas? Yet it is the truth. I tell you also that you cannot begin to know what it cost that girl to go out to the studio and pretend to be *Dixie Dugan*, the happy-go-lucky chorine of "Show Girl," while all the time this frightful thing was gnawing at her very vitals, not to mention those of the hapless canine.

I can show you darker, more poignant dramas that have fought themselves out in the hearts of the film players, as they hid behind the masks of their art.

Harold Is Harassed

TINY hands, shrill little cries, dawn of a new soul. In short, a baby. Harold Lloyd has one. Ah, do we not all know the emotions of parenthood? You, out on the *pustzas*, have had your babies, and we—we are but men, like you. But for you there is only Lloyd, the clown; and Lloyd, the man, has no being for you. There was a period when the soul of Lloyd, the man, was tortured with the knowledge that the tot who called him poppa had broken off one half of a front tooth. And Lloyd, the clown, must don horn-rimmed glasses to make the world laugh. Hour after hour, day after day, it went on, the ghastly fact whirling madly around in his head that if a news photographer should come seeking a happy family group, the grim spectre in his home would be paraded before the world. Talk about Laugh, Clown, Laugh! Never a flicker of emotion showed on the face of Lloyd, the clown, the *Punchinello*.

Yet this is nothing compared with the actual arrival of life's tenderest moment while an *artiste de film* must go on acting, acting. Not even the most hard-hearted among you can fail to appreciate something of what went on in the heart of Louise Fazenda, when, during her engagement



Although her pup had the pip, Alice White—above—carried on bravely. So, too, Pola Negri—at the top of the opposite page—when the Chaplin posies were overdue. And John Gilbert—at the right—though haunted by Tully's taunts, managed nevertheless to coo into the Garborean ear

Go On

on $1,000,000 Must Keep on Acting!



as comedienne in "The Terror," her cat produced kittens. It seemed as though one moment the Persian was unusually childless and the next it was doing sensational business in the cafeteria line. The suspense of that day was writ large upon Louise's face between scenes as she dashed feverishly to and from the nearest telephone. But did so much as a flicker of agony mar the perfection of her screaming by-play before the cameras? Please don't make yourself ridiculous by asking such a question. I shan't speak of this again.

While we're on the subject of tiny hands, let us not forget that epic occasion when, had it not been for the Spartan bravery of the Hollywood *Pagliacci*, a set of tiny teeth might have put a spoke in the wheel of Mother Art. The tiny teeth put in an appearance in the tiny mouth of Doris Kenyon's tiny tot, while that respected lady was puckering up her mouth for a fade-out kiss from her real life husband, Milton Sills. Distractedness is not the word for Doris' mental condition on this terrible day, but with a bursting heart she won the day for Art.

But even these are as nothing.

Amsterdamned to Oblivion?

TRY, if you can, to picture the horror that struck Jetta Goudal all of a heap when one day a newspaper writer with a heart of stone revealed that she was born in Amsterdam. It seemed like the end of everything for Jetta, as if a light had gone out in her life that could never again be turned on. For had she not reached her dizzy eminence, both in public life on the screen and in private life enshrined in her Ambassador Hotel suite, through the veil of mystery that she had worn? Had she not made it a rule, ever since she sat on her mother's knee, never to give the same birthplace to two people in succession? Had she not now become a figure of wide fame through the peculiarity of having been born in Paris, Vienna, Budapest, Nizhni Novgorod and all other important cities throughout the world and elsewhere? Yet on that fateful day when the whole world might know that she had only been born in one place—and that (oh, the irony!) Amsterdam—it is reliably stated that her rendition before the cameras of a mystery woman had even more *allure* and *nuance* than ever before.



And what of Pola Negri? If any of the screen *Pagliacci* have ever known the deeps of human pain, it is La Negri who has known them and, knowing, has *vestied* as pretty a *giubba* as you could hope to find in a day's march. There was a time when Charlie Chaplin pursued La Negri with his attentions, and certain gestures from him became part of her daily life. Every morning, a bunch of flowers and a phone call from the noted *comique* had to arrive before Pola would start the day's work. But there were mornings—black, black mornings!—when the devil forgetfulness entered into the head of the *comique*, and the flowers and the phone call were late. It is true that the pain of it was so intense that sometimes for just an hour or two La Negri would occupy herself in tearing up her dressing-room carpet with her teeth; but as soon as this little chore was finished, she would be on the set, wearing a brave, brave smile and signifying that she was ready to don the actor's mask.

That Terrible Necktie

WHAT of Menjou? Of Adolphe, the sartorial immaculate?

(*Continued on page 71*)



Photographic studies by studio stars: at the top, "The Schoolhouse," by George Hackathorne; in the corner, "Alessandro Sees Ramona," by Edwin Carewe; below it, "Grandma's Nap," by Ford Sterling; and just above, "Three Faces East," by Farrell MacDonald

Big Lens *and*

Celebrities Who Are Camera When They're

BY DOROTHY SPENSLEY

ALL aboard for the Louvre of Cinemaland! Get your tickets now for the Great Galerie of Photographic Art. Masterpieces of light and shadow. See the hobby that brings fame to the already famous.

Have you a little camera nut in your home?

"Yes," answers Vilma Banky La Rocque, and points a shapely, accusing finger at Rod.

There are hobbies and hobbies. But here's a hobby that has developed into an Art. Capital A, please, and let's put it in a niche all by itself.

You've all heard of the postman who went for a walk on his holiday. The postman in conventional gray, carrying a snappy line of stamps.

In Hollywood there are actors and directors not happy with a day's work juggling lights and shadows, who enjoy puttering around with a lens, fussing with a shutter and getting really beautiful results in blacks and softest grays. There are some things it is hard for a girl to understand. That may be one.

They are men like Ford Sterling, Rod La Rocque, Pat O'Malley, Edwin Carewe, Emory Johnson, Farrell MacDonald, Robert Frazer and George Hackathorne. They are connoisseurs of photographic beauty. Creators of black-and-white loveliness. Wizards with the magic box. Just plain camera nuts.

Vilma, Vilma and Vilma

"WHAT best do you like to photograph, Mr. La Rocque? The sea, the sun, the stars? June mornings or April nights?"

"Landscapes and Vilma."

But mostly Vilma.

Vilma in mood capricious. Piquant Vilma. Vilma sad. Vilma glad. Vilma any way, and always.

When Rod La Rocque built his new home last year, he spent





Focus *Men*

Always Behind A Not Before One





$15,000 equipping three rooms over the garage as a complete laboratory and developing quarters. He has over $900 worth of lenses.

You have to get a salary of several thousands a week to afford a hobby like that.

Ten years ago his mother bought him a little portable camera. That was when the hobby was born. He immediately took her up on the roof of the apartment house and photographed her, variously. Since then he has been an ardent amateur photographer, dabbling with effects, spending hours making bromo oil transfers. Today he has a German camera, highly valued—one of the best imported—with special lenses, many of them. He exhibits nationally. Internationally, too. In London, New York and Pittsburgh.

For years Rod has been trying to assemble enough pictures—it takes one hundred to make an exhibit—to hold one locally, but as soon as he starts collecting, a friend admires one, another friend fancies a second, and the pictures are soon gone.

Vilma's most prized wedding gift is a hand-tooled leather volume, elaborate letters spelling forth "The Land of Honeymoon." Inside are five or six handsome photographs taken by Rod on their wedding trip to Banff and Lake Louise. Pictures of the bride beside a glacier, bridegroom hastening to her side, just as the time-lever released the shutter. Pictures of the bride, quite alone, gazing pensively at a pine.

"Money could never get her anything like that," explains Rod, "so I worked day and night, but mostly at night, making it as a surprise for her."

The Midnight Bromo Oil

FORD Sterling often works until far into the morning bending over the table in his laboratory, blending softest grays with misty blacks to achieve things of exquisite beauty. He is one of the world's foremost authorities on the art of bromo oil transfers, a method of developing that brings forth photographs

(*Continued on page 87*)

Across the top, two aspects of "The Land of Honeymoon," by Rod La Rocque; and below, Emory Johnson's camera portrait of his two children, Junior and Ellen. Immediately above, another study by Mr. Johnson, to which he has given the title, "Phoebus Rides"



A *Daly* Event

With Jane a participant in it, Lloyd Hughes wishes it might be. But unhappily for him he can only be privileged to enact such a scene as this while "The Mysterious Island" — in which he and Miss Daly are co-featured—is in the process of being filmed

R. H. Louise

He Envies His ACTORS

And Upon the Least Provocation Raoul Walsh Stops Directing And Joins Them

By HERBERT CRUIKSHANK



Only one thing is stronger than Raoul Walsh's desire to act. And that is his pride in his son.

HE scribbled diligently on a scrap of paper the size of your hand, no matter how small that hand may be. When one side was covered with unintelligible hieroglyphics, he tackled the other, running his hand through his hair as he did so, and moistening the point of his pencil like a school kid not quite sure what to write next. Soon this side, too, was ruined for further use. And director Raoul Walsh beckoned to June Collyer, another New York villager who has made good in the Cinema City.

"Say, June," said Raoul, "wish you'd mind this for me, will you?" He thrust the rumpled smudge at her. "And for the love of Mike, don't lose it!"

June examined the paper. But its secret remained buried in a hodgepodge of curlicues. "What is it?" she asked. "Does it tell where the treasure is buried, or where the body may be found?"

"No," whispered Raoul impressively. "It is the script of 'Me, Gangster.'"

And so it was.

And while they shot the picture, there was no other.

That's the way Walsh works. Sometimes, at any rate.

Moreover, so sure was he of what he was doing, and of what he had accomplished, that he never saw a single one of the dailies. The dailies, you know, are the sequences taken during the day and shown as soon as they may be developed.

Raoul impresses one as being neither so tall nor so broad as his brother George. And not so handsome either. Nevertheless he is credited with being a two-fisted fighting man capable of stretching three or four bullies neatly in a row without apparent effort. And there seems to be something in the rugged masculinity of his features, his width of wistful smile, the brooding appeal of his Irish eyes, that makes him a lion among ladies. For Hollywood has it that more than one scintillating star has climbed down from her place in the cinema skies to mirror her beauty in these same eyes.

At and In Hot Water

BUT if he loves 'em, he leaves 'em. He manages to avoid entangling alliances, and for a very long time remained wedded to the same lady. Just recently he has made a second marriage in his house, flying to Agua Caliente, in old Mexico, for the ceremony. Agua Caliente means hot water. Personally, I should consider it a somewhat ominous spot in which to take a matrimonial plunge. But those things don't bother Raoul. In fact, they do say that after the event, he paused long enough at the gaming tables to collect some eighteen thousand of those big silver dollars with which the Southern neighbors pay off the few fortunate gringos who pick the lucky number. Such good fortune on a

(*Continued on page 78*)

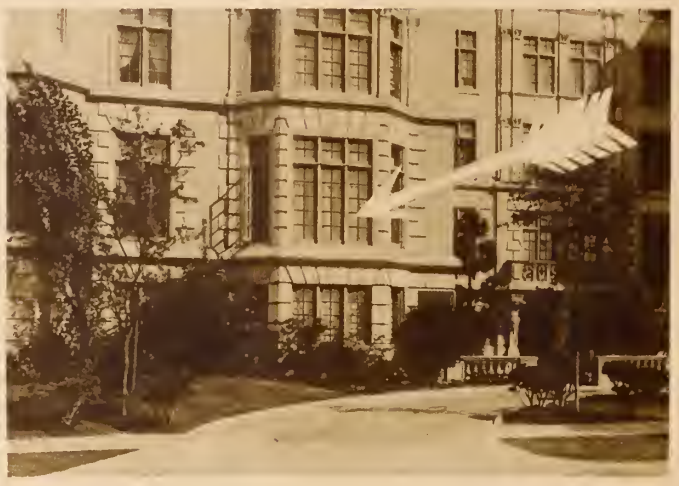
CIRCULATION
MORON TWO
MILLION

THE DAILY

BROADWAY BEAUTY



Scouts Robbery Theory—Inspector Heath says killer faked theft to fool police



"Canary's" Death Cage—Window to Odell apartment. Police believe slayer entered and left by it.



Quizzed—District Attorney questioned William Cleaver, ward czar, about singer



Love Rival?—Was Alys La Fosse in heart-duel with dead songbird?



Weakling—Say "Chuck" Spotswoode stole from rich dad to play Odell girl



Swami testified— Dr. Ambrose Lindquist, cult-head, was at inquest



Society Sleuth—Philo Vance, high-hat highbrow, looks over scene



Saw Her Last—Charles Spotswoode, Sr. visited "Canary" hour before tragedy



"Where Canary's" Song Was Stilled—How Margaret Odell's apartment looked when police found her body, on davenport



Butter and Egger—Photo of heavy sugar daddy police are seeking. His name is unknown

TERROR

EXTRA
FINAL EDITION

SLAIN IN LOVE-NEST



Murdered Songster- Margaret Odell, "The Canary," was found murdered in her 72nd Street apartment hotel when clerk at desk failed to rouse her by phone

BODY OF THE CANARY FOUND IN RANSACKED APARTMENT—BANKER, SON, POLITICIAN QUESTIONED BY POLICE

HEATH SEES LOVE MOTIVE IN CRIME

New York, Jan. 10—Broadway is gasping over the murder, sometime between midnight and daybreak this morning of Margaret Odell, known as "The Canary" for her spectacular bird dance in a musical show.

Early this morning Charles Spotswoode, Wall Street broker, called at her apartment hotel and asked the clerk to send up his name. Receiving no response from the apartment Mr. Spotswoode sent the boy for a policeman, Patrolman Hennigson, and the door was broken down.

The body of the dancer, with bruises on her throat, was found on the davenport. Doctor Lindquist, a physician in the neighboring apartment house, summoned by the management, said the Broadway favorite had been dead several hours. The doctor was a frequent visitor of the Canary's.

Inspector Heath, half an hour after the discovery of the murder, made a careful examination of the disordered apartment.

"Robbery was not the motive," Inspector Heath says. "Either the murderer was hunting for something or left the rooms in this condition to confuse the police."

Margaret Odell came to Broadway two years ago from a small town. Her beauty and vivacity gained her a place in a smart musical revue, and a number of ardent admirers. One of her oldest friends, it is said, was a politician. This man gave the police an alibi to account for his movements of the night before, but other evidence indicates that he was near the Canary's hotel during the evening.

A photograph of the dancer, near a man, both of them in bathing suits, was discovered in the dismantled apartment. It bore the scrawled signature, "Mannix."

A more recent love affair of the slain girl's connects her with "Chuck" Spotswoode, Junior, an employee of the Citizens' Bank.

It was the father of young Spotswoode who discovered the murder. He may have been the last person to see her alive. At midnight, he told the police, he came down from Margaret Odell's apartment and asked the hall boy to send for a taxicab. As he waited they were both startled by a scream from above. Hurrying upstairs they knocked at the door of the Canary's apartment. After a pause the voice of the dancer came from within.

"I had a bad dream," she said, according to Spotswoode, "but I'm awake now. Everything is all right."

These were the last words The Canary was to utter in this world.

Young Spotswoode collapsed when told of the murder.

Alys La Fosse, formerly a bosom friend of the dancer, admitted that she and Miss Odell had quarreled recently over "a young man."

Philo Vance, the famous detective, is investigating.



The Act that made "The Canary" Famous—The trapeze singing scene from musical hit



Dyar

Mantel-Peace

For Gary Cooper, home is where the hearth is —and for the most part he prefers to stay there rather than join—even during the hilarious holidays—the horde of Hollywood's many fabricators of whoopee

From STEW *to* *Studio*

Such Is the Path of Dolly Hanna, with Mary Duncan as Her Guide

By DOROTHY DONNELL

DOLLY HANNA thought that the girl was Joe Brown's sweetie.

The barber next door who came into the Ideal Lunch for his meals thought the new waitress was a swell-looking dame and wanted to make a date with her.

The boss of the lunch room thought she must be a bandit-queen after she had rushed out of the restaurant, leaving a quarter tip untouched behind her; so he called in the detectives.

Mary Duncan, Fox star, thought it was the greatest fun she had had since she came to Hollywood.

What Joe Brown thought isn't recorded. Perhaps he didn't think.

Clarkson's Ideal Lunch is an eating place in downtown Los Angeles, where at noon merchants gather to eat the Merchants' Lunch, 40 cents. It has a sign in the window now, "Waitress Wanted." This is because Dolly Hanna, the best coffee slinger of them all, has gone into the movies.

"Aw go *on*," says Dolly. "I wasn't s' much as a waitress. A real good one can carry four cups of cawfee on her wrist. I c'n only carry three. But I was pretty fair at selling. You know—when there's anything in the kitchen that the boss don't think will keep till tomorrer, the girls have to push it with the customers. Suggest it when they ask, 'What's good tonight Dolly? ' Say, I could get rid of anything."

It all began when Murnau decided to make a picture called "Our Daily Bread" with much of the action staged in a restaurant.



To her who waits as well as to him, all things come. To Dorothy Hanna—at the top—merchandizer of mocha at the Ideal Lunch in Los Angeles, came a job as technical director of a picture in which Mary Duncan and Joe Brown—at the right—are engaged

None of the Fox technical staff would admit ever having served coffee and sinkers over a lunch counter, so it was decided to call in a real waitress to get the local color right; and Joe Brown, who played a gunman in "Me, Gangster" without looking out of place, and Mary Duncan, the star, started out to locate her.

Now, let Dolly tell it:

"It was getting kinda late when they come into the rest'runt, an' I led them to a booth an, turned off the light in it. I thought they was lookin' for a place to spoon. He says to me, 'What's your name?' and I says 'Dolly'—because most of the customers call us girls by our first names. 'Well, Dolly, my name's

(*Continued on page 77*)



Freulich

Playing

You Can Bet Is Lovely Than One

If she were forced to pattern her diet upon her costumes, what with her Spanish attire—just above—and her Irish—at the top—Colleen would have to subsist entirely upon chili con blarney

And if, in decking herself in bangles and brocades, it was Miss Moore's ambition to look prettier than any Chinese girl has ever hoped, she assuredly has gained the Mongol of her endeavor

Portraits especially created for Classic by Colleen Moore and First National



When it comes to impersonating the most charming sort of Yokohama mama, Colleen Moore is capable of knocking all other competitors' chances flatter than a Japancake

the Races

That Colleen In *Moore* Guise

Freulich

Just above, Colleen appears as a peasant girl from the wide, open spaces of Hungary, out where the vest begins

Hollandaise saucy: Miss Moore's pertness is accentuated by the contrast of the clumsy wooden shoes of the Dutch costume at the left

O. K. with Oakie

Ruth Harriet Louise



Richee

Like the object for which Joan Crawford presumably donned this cap of white knitted wool, Jack Oakie—who knew her when—still considers her a good skate

Joan Crawford Is Still The World's Only Girl To Jack

By RUTH BIERY

TWO youngsters crying for the moon of fame together.

Two kids talking over their when-we-make-good days together.

Two sweethearts clinging desperately to the first rung of the success ladder.

Joan Crawford and Jack Oakie.

Four years ago in New York City.

And today?

You know how Joan has crawled up that ladder.

As for Jack—he's just signed a long-term contract with Paramount after playing in two pictures: "Finders Keepers" with Laura La Plante, and "The Fleet's In" with Clara Bow.

Of course, Jack was pretty well known in musical comedy before he tried for the movies. And he'd probably be singing and dancing on Broadway today if he could only have forgotten his chorus-girl companion. Four months ago, he was ready to sail for Europe for a vacation when the memory of soft auburn hair, the largest grey eyes in the world and six months of summer nights of boy-and-girl love-making inspired him to change from the boat to a train for Los Angeles.

During the journey his mind played with the four-year-old happiness which could not be forgotten.

The Railroad to Romance

HOW he had met Joan. On a train, just such as this, between Detroit and New York City. He had seen her dancing at the Oriole Palace in the first city, had known that Mr. Shubert had chosen her for the chorus in "Innocent Eyes" in which he (Oakie) was dancing—But it was on the train that he had first talked to her.

Two youngsters glorying in their first show positions.

Two kids happy to have someone to whom they could whisper their ambitions.

"I want to be a dancer. I want to be Maurice's partner. I want to be the world's best known ballroom dancer," confided the timid, haunting-voiced girl-youngster.

"I want to be a star in musical comedy. I want to sing and dance like Harry Richman. I want to be a big success so you'll look up to me," responded the bashful, freckled faced boy-youngster.

"And the first one who makes good will help the other. We'll rise in the world—a successful boy and girl together." Joan was seventeen, Jack twenty. A compact for success; an agreement of youth made to combat the sharp claws of life which they felt, rather than saw, scratching their ugly way toward them.

For six months, after they reached New York City, it was the same interchange of longings, the same

(*Continued on page 73*)



A Gentle Racketeer

Yet one whose charms are more devastating than all the machine-guns of her professional prototypes: Dolores Costello



Dorothy Janis, chosen to portray a South Seas native girl in Ramon Novarro's next picture, "The Pagan," is half-Indian. And it requires far less than half an eye to discern, from a single glance at her, that beauty is Redskin deep

R. H. Louise

Heap Hot!

He'll Be A BIG *Star In A Year*

Yes, *Zat's* Unquestionably True of Robert Armstrong With Success Before And A Love-Life Behind Him

By HERBERT CRUIKSHANK



Lansing Brown

The first stage success of Robert Armstrong in New York made a name for himself—and a change in the name of the girl who used to be Ethel Jones

BOB ARMSTRONG'LL be a star in another year.

Is zat so?

Yeah, zat's so!

Bob Armstrong has played a dozen leading rôles during his very first year in the racket. A picture a month, no less.

Is zat so?

Yeah, zat's so!

But, come, come now: what is all this business about "is zat so"?

Well, you see, it's this-a-way. Whenever I hear of, see, speak to or write about this guy Armstrong, I just can't help but remember the dumb pug in Jimmy Gleason's stage show. And the name of the play was, and is, "Is Zat So?" Remember it? Wasn t it a darb? I saw it so often I knew the first act by heart.

Is zat so?

Yeah, za—ah g'wan.

But seriously, dear listeners-in of radio land, this mug Armstrong isn't half the palooka he made out to be in the show. As a matter of fact, he may be rated, without fear of successful contradiction, as a real Bright Bozo. Bright enough to get a fat film contract. Bright enough to make a hit in pictures. Bright enough to marry a charming wife. Bright enough to be well along the road to stardom after a single year in what used to be called the deaf-and-dumb racket before they made yellies to cure the deaf part.

Bob used to be a stage actor. His peerless press-agent tells me that he "remembers vividly when he played in theatrical stock at Des Moines." Naturally he would. The whole troupe lived on the vegetables the Death Moans audiences showered upon them six nights a week. Wednesday and Saturday were feast days. Matinées, you know.

Side-Stepping the Sheepskin

BEFORE that he was respectable. The old folks sent him to Washington University, in Seattle. Bob studied law. And all the neighbors back in Saginaw, Michigan, where Bob was christened Robert, were feeling awful sorry for Clarence Darrow when Bob started in to be a legal light. For Bob was the prize baby of Maple Street, and all the folks kind of took an interest in him.

But there's many a slip between the varsity and the bar. Any bar. And this Armstrong lad took it on the scram three months before he would have received the old sheepskin. And instead went aseeking of the Golden Fleece of fame in the realm of Booth, Barrett, Boucicault and Barrymore. Such a trial to the family!

And my, oh my, how collegiate the boy was in those days. Husky wow-wow, rah rah,'n' everything! He and a couple of more accessories before the fact whom he had led astray from the legal road to learning, made up an act called "A Campus Romance." And, believe it or not, the durned fools got weeks' and weeks' and weeks' time from a

(*Continued on page 74*)



Classic's Family Album

In the days when this was taken, men of his stripe were called matinèe idols. Girls then had emotional reactions known as cases. And this dashing devil would have needed a fleet of trucks to take care of those inspired by him when he appeared in "The Boys of Company B" and "The Fortune-Hunter." Oh, yes, he's had stage training to prepare him for the screen. Surely you know that much of the history of John Barrymore

Our Own News Camera



Bruno

Her day of days: the one on which Kay Bryant received a calendar for which she had posed, before setting out upon her screen career



The mailest of the males: Charles Rogers gets more fan letters than any other man playing in pictures, including Chester Conklin



Fryer

The sensation of sound-pictures asks for silence: Davy Lee, above, in the center, whose performance in "The Singing Fool" made him a star overnight



R. H. Louise

Gwen Lee is giving Eddie Nugent every possible encouragement. If he doesn't do something quick, she'll put him down as a mistletotal loss



R. H. Louise

High time for the New Year to arrive: the grandfather's clock in Aileen Pringle's home ticking away the last few seconds in the life of 1928

CINEMA SHOTS FROM COAST TO C



Fryer

For sheer unexpectedness, Lila Lee—at the left—takes first, second and third prizes. For, believe it or not, that dress of hers comes to her ankles



Autrey

A cushion shot, the above being a glimpse of Ada Williams. She has not only won twelve beauty contests, but also a part in Janet Gaynor's next picture, "Street Fair"



Autrey

Nick Stuart, above, has just finished "Chasing Through Europe" at a smile-a-minute pace





Can it be that because so many people have told Victor McLaglen that he's had enough adventures to fill several books, he's decided to go and read one of the darned things?



Autrey

This Rose—last name Hamilton—has its Hackathorne—first name George—and he's still devoted. She recently has written a successful novel, "A Romance of the Ozarks"

Talking his ear off: Lois Moran's prolonged reprimand to Felix finally wears away his left lug. It'll be a long time before he's up to scratch again



Shopworn—not in appearance, but in energy: Corinne Griffith—at the right—is. Doing her Christmas shopping both early and late quite does herself up



In the lap of luxury: Fritz, once only a vagrant studio-lot kitten, has been dwelling there ever since Kathryn Crawford adopted him



A swimming suit like the one Renée Adorée wears—above—brings to light divers reasons for her popularity



A pre-view of her interview: Dorothy Manners, on the left, a contributor to Classic, gives June Collyer an advance inspection of an article about her



Jane Daly, above, in a sheik-proof shirtwaist of her own invention. It protects the wearer against both necking and hand-holding



A miss-play, but only in one sense, this tackle that Josephine Dunn has just made, to stop Anita Page in her tracks

How Do You

You Must Hear About And Other

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER



HOW do you like our village? Of course, it is hardly a village any more; it is getting to be quite a town, what with so many of our prominent citizens organizing uplift societies and patronizing Art and so many people coming out from the Big City and all.

A lot of really important people are coming, now that our Chief Industry has gone to talking. I suppose it won't be long before all the quaintness of our little town will have disappeared. It seems too bad.

That big white house on the hill? Oh, that's where Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks live. They are our First Family. They don't hobnob much any more with the folks down here in the town. Although of course a lot of us went to school with them. That is, they are always awfully sweet and gracious to the villagers, you know, and all that. But we all understand that they can't be expected really to *mingle* with us. What with their obligations to Visiting Dignitaries and so on.

Whenever anybody really *important* comes to town, Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks entertain him and the papers say it is a beautifully appointed dinner. And if you can get invited to one of those—well, you are socially made, that's all. They often have people with real titles.

And they never give out lists of their dinner guests to the papers. That is one way you recognize how actually superior they are. They don't have to.

They go in a lot for conservatism and dignity and those things. And they appear occasionally and always subscribe very generously to all the uplift movements and organizations.

Doug and Mary, Herb and Al

PEOPLE call them Doug and Mary behind their backs, because you know a lot of us really knew them quite well before they acquired all this atmosphere. But you wouldn't call them by those names to their faces. At least, I wouldn't. It's the same thing as the way people speak of Herb and Al when they wouldn't think of calling them anything but Mr. Hoover or Mr. Smith to their faces.

See that chap over in front of the livery stable? That's Bill Haines. You ought to know Bill. He's our town cut-up. He's just a card! He wise cracks all the time and says the most *startling* things to people. He just loves shocking folks.

He can do more tricks. Like throwing those little curled-up anchovies up in the air and catching them in his mouth. And wiggling his ears.

He says the most *killing* things and then he laughs so loudly and slaps his knee that you have to laugh too, even if you are a little bit horrified. He is always shocking nice old ladies and then telling about it afterward. And guffawing. (You should *hear* Bill guffaw.)

Agnes Christine Johnston says he is a nice kid, but completely uninhibited. Agnes is literary, you know, and knows a lot of words like that. I'm not sure just what uninhibited means, but anyhow it seems a rather charitable term to me. But I'm probably fussy and old-fashioned.

If Bill is at a party, it is sure to be a success because he keeps everybody just howling and I have known people to postpone big dinner parties because Bill was away on location or something and they felt they just couldn't pos-



From the top down: the impregnable gates of Pickfair; an episode in the Gilbert-Garbo serial; and William Haines, the village cracksmith, telling the one about the traveling salesman

Like Our Village?

The Fairbankses Amusing People



sibly entertain without him. He's their *pièce de resistance*.

The Wedded Bachelor

HAVE you heard about our mysterious foreign lady? Her name is Greta Garbo. She is so aloof and withdrawn; we don't know very much about her, really. It's right funny how differently people feel about her. The women are all sort of dubious about her and get so annoyed over the men's enthusiasm for the way she looks and walks and that slow way she has of talking. Although nobody has heard her talk very much.

They are a little annoyed, too, over the undoubted fascination she has for Jack Gilbert. You see, Jack is our most eligible bachelor. That is, he would be, if he hadn't been married a couple of times. But anyhow, for this aloof foreigner to fascinate (with practically *no* effort, my dear!) our most sought-after single man and then not *do* anything about it—really *is* irritating!

If none of the real villagers can have him, then they *would* like an engagement or a wedding or the affair broken off or *something* to talk about, at least.

Of course, Richard Dix is our real bachelor-about-town, I guess. But Rich has been about-town for so long that he has become a sort of habit. Even the newspapers don't get much excited over a report of his engagement any more. Engagements are sort of chronic with him. He might be called our hardy perennial. Extremely hardy.



You *must* meet Florence Vidor while you are here. You will know the moment you see her that she is a leader of the intelligentsia. She has that air of knowing all about Freud and Oscar Wilde and people like that. Her house is full of books and her mind is terrifically improved. You can tell by her accent.

And it certainly proved how mentally and culturally superior she is when she married Jascha Heifetz. He's a violinist chap.

The Village Wit

OH! And you must meet Bill Powell. He is really the village wit. Some people say that Wilson Mizner is, but I vote for Bill every time. Wilson is funny—but his gags and cracks are so elaborate and require stage settings and things. Bill's wit just pops out in every remark he makes.

You know, he doesn't have to try much any more. His reputation for being funny is so firmly established that if he just says it's a nice day, everybody laughs. They are sure there must be a point to the remark somewhere and they are afraid not to laugh for fear of appearing stupid.

Bill bought a beach lot this year and then decided not to build a house on it. He said, "I counted my friends who already had beach houses and found that there were a hundred and one of them. I figured out that I could go to see each one of them and go swimming and maybe get a meal—and that by the time I got around the list the summer would be over."

Bill's classic remark that he was playing the comedy-relief in a Beery-Hatton picture is still quoted. But that was too true to be really funny.

That low, Spanish house under the live-oak trees belongs to Dick Arlen and Jobyna Ralston. They are our happiest married young pair. We are awfully proud of them because they are living proofs that all the nasty things that have been said about the lack

(Continued on page 75)



Across the bottom, visiting celebrities hobnobbing with hobbies at the Breakfast Club; above, Jim Tully, the stormy petrel, in action; and, at the top, Conrad Nagel doing welfare work among tired and retired business men



Aping The Ape

One of the first recorded instances of a man's making a monkey of himself before a woman and inspiring only unbounded admiration: Milton Sills, climbing for cocoanuts for Dorothy Mackaill in the "Changeling"

The Mammy Man

An Impression of Al Jolson

By CAROL JOHNSTON



Caricature by

Armand

THE pride and joy of Broadway—and the terror of Hollywood. That's Al Jolson.

"Joley," his friends call him. And he used to be little Asa Yoelson, born in a tenement in Washington, D. C., son of immigrants. And he used to sing in cafes, picking up the coins tossed at him by kind-hearted customers. Today, the richest, they say, of all the actors, stage or screen—millionaire many times—he has known hunger. Maybe that's why he fails to be impressed by the palatial homes of movie stars, and why he takes the trouble to kid them. He kids everybody, including himself.

The man who has mammy-shouted and wise-cracked his way to fame is funny in real life, too. But while he is shrewd, he is also sentimental. You never know when he is going to turn the laugh to a tear. Super-showman, this Al Jolson. Yet sincere, too. Curiously *naif*, and very hard-boiled. Kindly—and cynical. And the frankest man alive.

He doesn't care what he says or whom he says it to. He is ruthlessly honest. The least polished by fame of all celebrities, he remains himself—simple, direct. "Sure, I live at the Ritz Tower," he says. "Lots of people think it's Ritzy, but it ain't—no, really—not any more than any other place."

His home in Westchester belongs to his former wife: they are divorced. It's Broadway gossip that she still loves him. The present Jolson apartment at the Ritz Tower is conventional — living-room, bedroom and bath arrangement; the living quarters of a man too busy to bother. Now that there's a new Mrs. Jolson—Ruby Keeler—it may be different.

He must have an audience. With a few people he is apt to be quiet, almost shy. But in a room filled with appreciative friends he holds the center of the stage. He stages a great show. He is vital.

Two days before he married Ruby he said he had no matrimonial plans. Then, the day he did marry her, he cried: "People keep saying: 'Don't do it. You're fifteen years older than she is.' But what difference does that make? I'm in love with her."

Broadway's favorite clown still believes in love. He still hopes he can be happy—although he has never been happy yet. He has fought his way up with tough times on the road. His story is romantic—and incredible—flashy and sentimental, like his own Broadway.

He knows he's good. How can he help it? He's Al Jolson. The greatest box-office attraction on the American stage. But he is strangely untouched by his celebrity. No pretensions. He still lets slip an occasional "ain't." And to this day, they say, when a new Jolson show opens on the Big Street, the star stands trembling in the wings, afraid to go on; and they have to shove him before the audience. Once he warms up—to his rôle or anybody—

(*Continued on page 84*)

Laurence Reid Reviews the New Photoplays

The Celluloid





At the top are Gilbert Roland and Norma Talmadge in a scene from "The Woman Disputed." At the left, Lillian Gish, Montague Love and Lars Hanson enact a tense moment from "The Wind." Below, Alice White and Charles Delaney talk it over in "Show Girl"

IT'S a morbid story—this "Wind" which brings Lillian Gish back to the screen after a fairly lengthy absence. And it's a story which cannot be called very entertaining since it tells nothing but a sordid story of domestic conflict without revealing much of spiritual value. Apparently, the idea exploits the reactions to a life on the prairies of a sensitive young girl unfamiliar with the drama of the soil and the hardships accompanying it.

So the story follows a single-track line of action. The desolate, windswept prairies furnish the background, and the characters of this drama are as devastating in their make-up as the whirling sands and the bleak atmosphere. It may be life at that, but it lacks human, sympathetic understanding.

Stress and Storm

IT is Lillian Gish's privilege to remain in a constant state of fright at being brought up so sharply against such contrasts in her life. She has come from Virginia, bound for her cousin's ranch. Once established there, she innocently precipitates a marital conflict through the jealousy aroused by her cousin's wife—and the fondness of the children for the sensitive visitor. Forced to leave the ranch, she accepts refuge from an admirer whose conduct belies the earlier impression she had gained of him.

There is real conflict as another admirer tries to force his attention upon her. Meanwhile, the prairie winds and sand are keeping pace with the storms raging in the hearts of the characters. When the vicious admirer attempts to force his attentions on the girl, she kills him.

This is "The Wind" as it's revealed in this drama. And it's too morbid to attract any untoward interest from fans desirous of being entertained. Miss Gish acts with first-rate emotion, but her big moments lack the intensity of feeling of some of her earlier pictures. Lars Hanson is very excellent as a son of the soil. And the others are competent enough. The production is a quality one, the settings being authentic, the atmosphere ringing true. But the story is driven home with heavy blows—there being insufficient shading to vary the drab monotony of the plot.

Pep and Ginger

J. P. McEVOY'S "Show Girl" looms up on the screen as a fair-to-middlin' character study. It reveals a wise-cracking chorus girl who knows her stuff. She knows how to interest *sugar daddies* and young fellows who are barely able to make cigarette money. The original is an episodic yarn—a

Critic

THIS MONTH

The Wind
The Woman Disputed
Show People
Show Girl
Dry Martini
The Woman From Moscow

diary of a pert chorine. On the screen, liberties have been taken with the dialogue—some of the captions falling far short of the wisecracks which have made the story a best-seller.

But it is amusing—and, for the most part, interesting. Alice White is the *show girl*. No better choice could be made. Her pert manner, her *Fisher body*—these lend a true picture of the heroine. So the girl proceeds to knock 'em over. Her closest admirers are a jealous youth from Latin America, the rich *angel* of the show, a traveling salesman and a young newspaper man. The last-mentioned is the boy who wins out in the end.

Anyone ought to like this "Show Girl." It is peppy; it is bright. And it is colorful. Alice goes through her paces, though her voice doesn't register at all. Indeed, she sings without opening her mouth. Which indicates another Hollywood miracle.



More Show Business

A FIRST class combination is at work in "Show People." Placing Marion Davies and William Haines together for the business of cutting up didoes was a clever thought on the part of the boys in the front office. And good foresight was also shown in giving the story to King Vidor to direct. The director has proved himself as keen with comedy as with stories which follow a dramatic bend of action.





At the top is Pola Negri who lends color and costumes to "The Woman From Moscow." At right are Matt Moore, Sally Eilers, Albert Conti and Mary Astor enjoying appetizers in "Dry Martini." Below Marion Davies and Del Henderson in "Show People"

So we have one of the screen's best comediennes doing her stuff—with Haines adding some merriment of his own. The story has a screen-struck girl from the hinterland trying to reach stardom in Hollywood. They make her the leading woman of a slapstick comedian. And Miss Davies has her opportunity to burlesque all of the required emotions. She gets a case of swelled-head from her work, which necessitates her being taken down a peg or two. A dramatic company engages her for more serious work and with her new-found success she changes her personality, puts on the "dog" and acquires technique, manners, and other arty ways.

This picture is really accurate in its drawing of Hollywood—and the manner in which stardom in certain circles is achieved. It's a great take-off on the part of Miss Davies. Haines acts his rôle with plenty of breezy color. And the laughs are many—and most of them are to the point. Quite a number of celebrities are revealed in the film. Altogether, everybody had a good time in making it—and most everyone should have a good time in seeing it.

Just about as stimulating as a real one without causing any untoward excitement, "Dry Martini" may be tossed off to the tune of

(*Continued on page 80*)



Dyar

Two earfuls—one of soft and the other of shaving soap—put Lane Chandler in none too cheery a mood early in the morning. But so long as he continues to let the ladies know his number, he might as well accept the fact that they're going to stop at nothing to get it

The Native Son *Also Rises*

William Bakewell of Hollywood Will Always Remember Himself as The Young Man Who Knew Coolidge

By DOROTHY MANNERS



Lansing Brown

"SO I came into his office and there sat Griffith. 'Well,' he said, 'you're the boy Belle Bennett told me was a good actor?' My knees were knocking like a couple of castanets because it was the first time I had seen this great director to his face. But I managed to stammer, 'I hope so, sir.'

"He sat there looking at me for a minute. Then he said, 'I want you to do a little scene from the picture for me.' Just like that. Right off the bat. No test. No preliminary rehearsal. No nothing. 'Now,' he went on, 'pretend I am your old mother and you are bringing me a birthday present. This book will do.' I managed to walk over and take hold of the book he handed to me. But my hand shook so I must have looked like I had a dash of the palsy. But I kept telling myself, 'Billy, this is your big chance. You'll never get another one like it. *Griffith!* His big picture, 'The Battle of the Sexes!' You've *got* to make the grade.'

"I tried to forget that this was just an office and that I was scared to death. I looked at Griffith and tried to imagine that he was really my mother, but that was kinda hard. Anyway, I did the scene and when I got through Griffith said, 'Well, that's pretty good.' I guess he thought my quaking voice and knocking knees were emotion when all along it was just plain old-fashioned, scared, stage-fright. But I got the part," said William Bakewell, aged twenty, "and I guess that's all that matters."

In Quest of Confirmation

BILLY, who was slightly out of breath from his dramatic recital, perched himself back on the edge of the desk in the publicity department and eyed me questioningly. These uplifted glances had been as much a part of his recital as the rapid flow of words that changed key rather unexpectedly when he got into the exciting parts. The words spoke for themselves, but the glances timidly questioned as to whether or not I thought he had done right. If I had been in his place, wouldn't I have felt the same way about it? He seemed to have a pointed and friendly desire to take me through his experiences with him, sharing the suspense, the thrill and the contract.

His foot swung restlessly back and forth. With that can't-sit-still type of nervousness he did odd things with his hands. He alternately transferred them from his pockets to an akimbo posture. Now and then he would clasp them tightly behind him. As though in accompaniment, his facial expression kept pace with smiles, frowns, grimaces and other moods that lighted up the high-spots of his first interview.

"It might be a good idea to play up the angle that Billy is a Hollywood boy who has made good in the movies," suggested a lady press agent. "Billy was born here and it is almost as hard to find a native of Hollywood as it is to find a native of New York."

"Yes," said Billy, getting onto the idea right away, "I was born right here and went to school. The school that I attended is called Harvard Military Academy and I was graduated from there in 1925."

A Drilling Past

SOMETHING tells me that though Billy has never given interviews before, he has read them. He was a stickler for detail, names, dates and facts. He added that he had been more than active in Harvard Military Academy's dramatic club and that soon after he was graduated, in 1925, he set right out in pursuit of his favorite profession.

"I went over to the Paramount Studio and tried to get extra work. It seems that no matter how big may have been the parts you have played in dramatics at school, it doesn't mean a thing around the studios. The casting director told me I would have to start in at extra work.

(*Continued on page 84*)



The Art of Kissing

Greta Garbo's Shows Variety

A right and left to the ears, has John Gilbert—at top—close to a knock'out. And a feint at fainting—above—forces Mr. Nagel to adopt tactics distinctly Conradical

Out, but not cold: Antonio Moreno—at the right—goes down before the heart-punches of Miss Garbo. Note that both the defeated man's eyes are closed. The director stopped the scene to stop further punishment



Sport Men

Technique and Speed



Milton Brown

John Gilbert—at the top—seeks to stave off defeat by going into a clinch. But Ricardo Cortez—just above—plainly cannot stem the tide of Greta's magnetism

One reason perhaps why Lars Hanson returned to Sweden is that he considered going through a scene like this one from "The Divine Woman" enough for any one man's lifetime







His Crack-Ups and Downs

Dick Grace's One Fear Is Of Killing Someone Else

By DOROTHY LUBOU

Dick Grace not only would break his neck to succeed: he actually did. To the right, as he looked after doing it. Above, a more recent portrait; and at top, with Colleen Moore, after turning turtle in his plane for the sake of art and "Lilac Time"

WHEN an attractive young man of thirty deliberately courts broken necks, busted ribs and frequent vacations in hospitals, you take it for granted he is either goofy or a what-the-hell adventurer. But when he happens to be Dick Grace and neither, you sort of wonder what it's all about.

Dick is the boy you're seeing when you think you are looking at your favorite juvenile going into a tail-spin or more likely a crack-up, in the latest war epic. Crack-ups are Dick's specialty: the most dangerous form of stunt flying. Misjudging distance, engine trouble, or a poor landing field may lead to a crash. When the nose of the plane crashes into the ground, or overturns and smashes a wing, it is, in the jargon of the air, a crack-up. Dick has undertaken nineteen for the camera and eleven just happened, unasked for and unordered. And he lives to drive his Chevvy through Hollywood traffic, an even more dangerous undertaking.

I first met Dick on location with "The Big Hop," an aviation feature starring Buck Jones, with Jobyna Ralston in support. Dick, thumbing his nose at death, was supervising the air scenes and stunts. The ladies and gentlemen of the press had been invited by a genial publicity man to bring the wife, or hubby, and kiddies and give 'em an air ride. A writer friend, being unburdened with either, brought me along; and despite much inner trembling of the soul and outer trembling of the knees, I went up in a plane piloted by Dick. I had assured him nonchalantly that I was quite used to planes. I had been up once before.

A Cinematographic Collision

AFTER getting a close-up of the clouds and all sorts of funny sensations at the pit of my stomach, I decided that aviators were very remarkable fellows. We were about to make a perfect landing and I was mentally congratulating my mother for still having her charming daughter, when something went wrong. Decidedly. We hit

(*Continued on page 88*)



Seely

Daredevilish Pretty

Those who like their serials served hot and with peaches are looking forward every week to the appearance of Gladys McConnell in "The Tiger's Shadow," wherein the villain still, relentlessly and understandably, pursues her



Richee

Eton grad makes good in movie racket: John Loder has come, by way of an army career, from England's most aristocratic public school, to score as a film actor in "The Sunset Pass" and "Half an Hour"



Hesser

Polly Ann Young has good reason to hold up her chin—two good reasons, in fact, they being her performances in "The Bellamy Trial" and, more lately, in "Mask of the Devil" with John Gilbert

Looking Them Over

Close-Ups From the West Coast

OPERA—Football—Mayfair—Parties—Hollywood has just got off to the most brilliant social season it has enjoyed in years. The fall brought on a perfect avalanche of places to go and things to see that has kept the folks in ermine and tuxedos practically every evening.

Crabbing Carmen

THE opera has been the most diamond-sparkling event so far. Everybody went, whether they enjoyed it or not. The night Jeritza sang *Carmen* I spotted among those magnificently present: Lilyan Tashman and Eddie Lowe, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, June Collyer, Sam Goldwyn and Frances Howard, Marian Nixon, Mary Brian, Jetta Goudal, and many others. Hollywood wasn't so sold on Jeritza as *Carmen* as it might have been. The favorite song-bird of New York made the favorites of the studios lonesome for Geraldine Farrar.

The Jeweled Hot-Water Bottle

THE next most be-studded event was the opening of the Mayfair series of parties. The honored guests of the evening were Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, it being their wedding anniversary. Somebody won a diamond-studded hot water bottle, for something or other; and a lot of the home talent did impromptu bits of entertainment. The movie folks do things at the Mayfair that they wouldn't think of doing out in public, for no tourists are allowed. It's as exclusive as a dinner party at Pickfair. Everybody had a howling good time with the possible exception of Matty Kemp. One of his pals gagged on Matty and kept yelling for him to do something. As Matty doesn't do anything outside of pictures—not even play the saxophone—he spent most of his evening jerking nervously at his collar and protesting his amateur rating.



Jean Darlen is an important figure in Hal Roach comedies. And has.

Making for Matty

BY the way, since Matty and Sally Eilers broke off their engagement, Matty has been one of our most sought-after young men. He and Bebe Daniels showed up together at Ona Brown's big party, and Loretta Young is one of his favorite Montmartre partners.

The Rhonda a Rendez-vous

THE party given by Ona and Phyllis Haver was one of those bigger and better affairs of this season. About two hundred people were invited and they had to rent an entire apartment-court for the event. The new Rhonda was the scene. During the events of the evening Bert Lytell rushed up to Claire Windsor, pumped her hand up and down in friendly gusto, and said he was awfully, awfully, glad to see her again. It was the first time Claire and Bert had met since their separation. Another feature of the same party was the arrival of Lupe Velez with Norman Kerry.



Fryer

Big court-room scenes can no more be done without Pauline Frederick than without a gavel. And so she has been enlisted to insure the success of "On Trial," now being produced as a talking picture



His hat may be gray, but never his disposition. Because Alan Hale's heartiness of personality has shown to such good advantage in "The Spieler," he has been cast for an important rôle in "The Leatherneck"

Out Hollywood Way

By Dorothy Manners

Greta Gets Wet

FOR daytime activities the stars have been devoting themselves to football, and the University of Southern California has certainly done its share to keep the movies interested. Boy, what a team! When Don Williams comes on the field, you can't see anybody else—not even John Gilbert and Greta Garbo.

One of the most exciting games of the year was played in the rain and nobody went home—not even Garbo. She was escorted by Jack Gilbert, and Lilyan Tashman and Eddie Lowe made up the rest of the party. Jack, Eddie and Lilyan did a lot of rooting but Greta was kept busy protecting her luxurious fur coat from the weather. She was just in the act of wrapping herself up in an automobile robe when Williams scored a touchdown. "Down in front," yelled an indignant voice behind her. The temperamental darling of the M. G. M. lot sat down so quickly it would have warmed Louis B. Mayer's heart.



An exponent of the *soilent* drama: Marjorie Beebe as the farmer's daughter

The Grove Again Luxuriant

AS for the Cocoanut Grove, it has never been more itself. Believe it or not, but last Friday night Mary and Doug were there with Charlie Chaplin and a party that included Harry Crocker and Eleanor Boardman. Mack Sennett judged the dancing contest between the collegiates; and Corinne Griffith, Walter Morosco, Dorothy Mackaill, Marie Prevost, Mal St. Clair, June Collyer and Larry Gray looked on from the sidelines.

A Budding Romance

MARY BRIAN has an autographed photograph from Buddy Rogers that reads: "To Mary—Just so she won't forget somebody who will never forget her."

Now that the world has come between the friendship of Claire Windsor and Buddy, this romance between the Paramount kids is just too sweet for words.

Be Wary, Gary

THE latest romance to develop right under our eyes is between Bebe Daniels and Gary Cooper. Gossip has it that they like one another something enormous.

Gary is certainly fluttering their hearts in Hollywood. Clara Bow admitted that she risked the love of a man she really cared for to indulge in a short flirtation with Gary. Evelyn Brent liked him mighty well, too, for a while. Even lady interviewers and seasoned newspaper reporters quiver a bit when he shows up.

Gary doesn't look like the sheik type. But he creates just as much havoc.

Marie-and-Ken Off Again

MARIE PREVOST and Kenneth Harlan have split up again. Marie and Ken just can't seem to get

(*Continued on page 85*)



Richee

The Dog-Watch

Hollywood may have shattered the illusions of many a young girl, but it has not those of Clara Bow. She still believes in Santa Claus; and by waiting up for him, proves herself a true daughter of Christmas Eve

White Shadows and Sable

Raquel Torres's First Day of Glory Came Hand in Hand With Grief

By DUNHAM THORP



R. H. Louise

"BUT, Baby—can't you wait just until I die? I so much don't want that my name should be dragged in the dirt. I have always try so hard."

"But I am a good girls, Daddy—*honest* I am! An' everybody like me so, an' is *so* nice. No one don' be nasty to me."

"What mus' be, mus' be. If you were born bad, you will be bad; if you are good at heart, you will stay good. I can do nothing, Baby—only pray for you."

"I'll be good, Daddy. An' I'll be famous. I'll take you to the openings instead of a boy friend. Won' *that* make you proud?—to go to the openings with the famous Raquel Torres, instead of her taking a boy friend?"

"I hope so, Baby."

In such a manner did a little Mexican girl win her father's consent to accept her *fourth* offer from the movies. He had vetoed the preceding three, and the four offers of vaudeville contracts as a dancer—but now two strokes of paralysis had weakened him. Lying alone in his bed, he had remembered that, ever since she was a small child, she had wanted a movie career above all else. True, it was not the life a Spanish father would choose for his daughter; but—she wanted it. He realized, too, that she would never be happy so long as this desire was thwarted. And, above all else, he wanted her to be happy.

The First Reader

SO, when "White Shadows in the South Seas" opened at Grauman's Chinese Theater, the electric lights bore her name. But the famous Raquel Torres took with her to read those lights—a boy friend.

But that is the end of our story. Let's go back to the beginning.

We start, then, with the efforts of a father trying to fill, in the lives of his two daughters, the place of the mother who had died. Even though he was the largest distiller in Sonora, and thus a man whom many might damn even without a hearing, Paul von Ostermann fulfilled his task so well that those two daughters idolize him to this day.

But this was too good to last. Circumstances drove the father from the placid seclusion of Sonora to the more energizing air of this ambition-feeding country.

And the serpent had entered in the breast of his younger daughter. Guillermina von Ostermann (now Raquel Torres in the credit titles) was tempted of an Eileen Sedgwick serial—and fell.

"One night I dream I was losed in the—the—where there's lotsa sand, what you call it?"

"The desert?"

"Yes. I dreamed I was losed in the desert an' lotsa bad mens was assaulting me. An' then there was a sheik on a white horse, an' ever'thing was nice again. Jus' like the picture. Only me, instead of Miss Sedgwick."

Could she ever be the same? Well—she wasn't.

All Corset to Go

"I WOULD used to dress up in my sister's clothes, an' act in a mirror. Even her corset."

Her father decided to send her to a convent in Tucson, Arizona. As if *that* could stop her.

It made her instead a full-fledged fan. Using the address

(*Continued on page 86*)



Inn Luck

Walter Byron assuredly is. Not only is he playing opposite Vilma Banky, but he actually was besought to do so. He has the part of the young officer and she that of the innkeeper's daughter in "The Awakening," wherein — in this scene, at least—a stein time is had by all

As told to PRINCESS PAT by 10,000 Men

"Women Use Too Much Rouge"



THE MEN, poor dears, are not quite correct. They judge by appearances solely. What they really protest is the "painted look"—and "too much rouge" is not really a question of quantity. It is a matter of kind; for even the tiniest bit of usual rouge *does look unreal.*

Women have startling proof of difference in rouges once they try Princess Pat. Have you sometimes watched fleecy clouds at sunset shade from deepest rose to faintest pink, every tone pure and luminous? So it is with Princess Pat rouge. Every tone is pure and luminous, seeming to lie beneath the skin and not upon it. You obtain more, or less, color by using freely or sparingly. But there is never a question of too much, never the unlovely "painted look" to which men object.

Purity, delicacy, the most costly color tints, and a secret formula combine to make Princess Pat the *most natural rouge in the world.* And whether blonde or brunette, you can use any and all of the six Princess Pat shades with perfect effect—instead of being limited to one as with usual rouges.

Velvet Your Skin with Princess Pat Almond Base Face Powder

Velvet is just the word; for the soft, soothing Almond Base imparts to Princess Pat an entirely new "feel," makes its application a veritable caress. Most powders contain starch as a base—hence their drying effect. The Almond in Princess Pat definitely helps the skin, assists it to remain pliant and fine of texture. And there has never been a powder to go on so smoothly, or cling so long—never because only in Princess Pat do you find the soft, naturally adherent Almond Base—instead of starch.

Princess Pat Almond Base face powder now comes in two weights. Medium weight in the familiar oblong box—lighter weight in the new round box. It has been possible because of the Almond Base to make the lighter weight powder just as clinging as the medium.



Wonderful New Color for Lips

Just what you've wanted—lip rouge that colors the visible part of the lips and that also adheres to and colors the inside, moist surface. Thus, parted lips show beautiful color all the way back—no unlovely "rim" of color as with usual lipsticks.

Try the Seven Famous Aids-to-Beauty in Princess Pat Week End Set

This is really an "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for a thorough trial—enough for two weeks. And the beauty book sent with set contains information on skin care of real value—besides artful secrets of make-up which vastly enhance results from rouge, powder and lip rouge. You will be delighted with the set.



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The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON *and 25c [coin]. Only one to a customer. Besides Rouge, set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other Princess Pat preparations, including perfume. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.*

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PRINCESS PAT

PRINCESS PAT LTD. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Actors Should Not Act

(*Continued from page 26*)

In an age of specialists he is no specialist. Nature isn't. Life isn't. He takes the stuff of life: vice and virtue, love and lust, honor and dishonor, vulgarity and epicureanism, and drenches them with the delicate spirit of play, infuses them with light and shadow, sprays them with music and gives them to the world.

Kurt Pinthus, one of the foremost critics of Berlin, says, "'Cultivated play' is the exact word for this man's creative work—this man who is little more than thirty and who has already proven that at his disposal is culture, thought, harmony and the knowledge of technique in art."

He was inclined to be contemptuous of the cinema, originally. A mongrel breed. Then he saw a picture made by Maurice Stiller. He saw it twice. It gave him something. It changed his mobile mind for him.

From Bad to Better

HE made his first picture, Calderon's "The Judge from Zalamea." A poor picture as a picture. As a potential work of genius, more than good. And he who had once yearned for a theater for the people—a wandering theater which would play in halls, in market places, in stalls and carnival tents—he had found his medium.

He went on and made "A Glass of Water," "The Lost Shoe," "The Waltz Dream," "The Master from Nurnburg." He did things with lights never done before. He got an *infusion* never felt before. He took a girl like Mady Christians and made her unforgettable. There was a quality all the more great because there is no word apt enough to describe it.

"The Waltz Dream" was the vehicle on which Dr. Berger rode to Hollywood.

New York saw it and had delicious chills and fevers. William Fox saw it. First National saw it. Metro-Goldwyn. There were contracts and offers of contracts.

Dr. Berger's good friend, Murnau, was with Fox. Happy there. He decided on Fox.

He came to Hollywood. No one met him. A chilling reception to the child of the Rhineland. They gave him an unsympathetic story. A cast he did not believe in for the story. Limited expenditure. The result was a contract torn in half by mutual consent.

Things looked dark for the Herr Doktor. When one big company says, "Thumbs Down" on a player or a director, the other big companies get sheep-like and follow suit. It is one of the moronic unwritten laws of Hollywood.

But the foreign legion knew who it was they had in their midst. What magic might be wrought. Greta Garbo wanted him. Pola Negri wanted him. She wanted him badly and emphatically. She made scenes. It was to be Pola's last picture. Rather than argue about it, Famous Players threw up their hands and said, "Get the man for her!" They got him. He had been working for two days when B. P. Shulberg sent for him. He said, "I was never so wrong about anyone in all my life. We want you to sign with us." And the Herr Doktor says that B. P. is "a beeg man. Only a beeg man is beeg enough to say he is wrong when it is not necessary for him to say." And he is happy on the Paramount lot. They have let him alone.

He Clamors for Clara

AT this writing Dr. Berger is finishing work on "The Sins of the Father" with his friend Jannings. At the completion of the picture he will return to Berlin for one picture, then back to Paramount to take up his contract.

He would like to work with Clara Bow. He believes in her dramatic abilities. "She iss an actress," he says. She will be ruined if they persist in keeping her in hectic flapper rôles.

On the lot Dr. Berger is a fellow workman, his sleeves rolled up, a felt hat on the back of his head, his cane in his hand. He is lame. He says, "I wish my actors *not* to be actors, but just *to be*. For myself, I wish not to direct, I wish only to *tell a story*."

Which is what he does. Scenes were made with Jannings and Barry Norton. The three got together and conferred. They ended by doing something entirely different from the original intention. "Jannings cannot work with a script," Dr. Berger said, "He must create himself, unhampered, as he goes along. He is a great comedian. People fail to realize that. And he is a genius, a very *great* genius."

We lunched together on location. The Herr Doktor, Emil and I. It was a picnic ground. I thought of "The Waltz Dream." There were long board tables under the live oak trees. Box lunches. Swarms of children everywhere. Swarms of hot, tired looking people, eating, dancing in the improvised dance platform, hanging around the merry-go-round, in and out of the booths. Extras. But they were become just people. They were not being actors, they were *being*.

At our table we drank wine from the Rhine country and ate fresh strawberries. Emil Jannings wore a pink shirt and apron, a melancholy mustache. His lips were slack and his knees were bowed and quavery. Tears choked me. He was an old German-American saloonkeeper who had been a wealthy bootlegger, blinded his only son with his own stuff, gone to jail, come back again and had started over where he began. The highly priced, successful Jannings—where was he? Here was a broken-down old man with a weak mind and a broken heart. And this pitiable, great figure declared to me that when he is done with his present contract he is done with work. Forever. He will read books. He will go to Japan. He will "know what to do." I reminded him of the many others who have said the same thing. He said, "You will remember what I say. You will remember."

Dr. Berger believes that Greta Garbo is the most interesting personality on the screen today. She has "a strange sex." She has *mystery*. There is mystery about her. An enigma. Probably, he says, there is no mystery at all, really. There may be nothing of the sort. But there is the seeming. She lives, he tells me, in one hotel room, her hat on the floor, her dresses hung on nails on the wall. But she comes to his house wearing a sea-green frock.



Two favorites of the musical stage won over to the movies: Gus Edwards, song-writer and vaudeville revue producer; and Joan Crawford, former contributor to the night-life of New York

Pola Should Play Comedy

THE children of the screen are the children of the poor and lowly. Yet they have beauty and fire. Because they are first generation stuff. Their blood is new.

Pola Negri was given too heavy things to do. She, like Jannings, is a comedian.

On the screen actors and actresses stay *put*. This comfortable thought was the first of the inducements the Herr Doktor felt to work through the screen. They cannot escape direction once it is done. They cannot escape via stage fright, colds in the head, other human frailties.

ZaSu Pitts is a very great artist. A great beauty with the only kind of beauty that counts—beauty of spirit.

The talkies—they should be a vast silence with so little talking. Just the reverse of the stage which is a vast talking with so little silence.

In Europe more attention is paid to lighting and photography. Over here more attention is paid to the stars and the story.

America has taught Jannings so much he did not have before. Restraint. Self-control. Quiet. There is a tendency to over-act in Europe.

John Gilbert is vivid and colorful. Eager to learn. Ardent. Without egotism.

Charles Morton should be watched. He will be very great.



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Does Success Change Them?

(*Continued from page 21*)

Tradespeople who wouldn't have trusted him for a necktie now beg him to open an account. *Even his family is polite to him.* With the whole world changed, it would be remarkable if a player himself remained exactly the same."

Naturally, this sudden right-about-face of the world brings bitterness to some sensitive souls. Menjou, Gilbert, Barrymore, have all become more cynical as they became more successful. "The American public raises idols for the fun of knocking them over" cried Valentino at the height of his popularity. "You lofe us ver' much—while we amuse you," smiled Pola Negri with wry lips.

There is Gary Cooper, for instance. Two years ago Gary was sitting with the down-and-outers on a bench in Pershing Square, Los Angeles, keeping one eye warily out for a cop who might ask him whether he had a job or not. He had no job, nor any prospect of a job. The leanness which he had brought to the city from a Montana ranch had become the gauntness of missed meals.

Behold Gary, a few months later, by a sudden twist of fate a Famous-Players Western star! In the two years since he signed his contract there has been little outward change in Gary Cooper. He eats more regularly, but he lives very quietly with his father and mother in a small rented bungalow. The roadhouses and gay restaurants where picture people gather do not often know that tall, rangy figure. Movie star or not, this ex-cowboy will not dress the part or act the part. Gary says little, but one gathers that his views on life have changed somewhat since he became successful; and that oddly haunting smile of his is a trifle more ironic than when he watched the world from his park bench.



There is a lady named Belmont—first name Gladys—who, in the eyes of Richard Dix as "Redskin," is fair and fairer even than was Portia. In other words, she is the only thing in the desert country that isn't dusty

From Study to Studio

THEN there is Charlie Rogers, yanked suddenly by chance from a college classroom into the glare of the kleigs. Success has not changed Charlie's idea that the world is a pretty nice place. Life has always treated Charlie royally. He simply exchanged college celebrity for movie fame. After two years of ardent fan letters, interviews, praise from the critics and attention from all the ladies, attached, semi-detached and unattached in Hollywood, Charles Rogers is as eager, enthusiastic and excited over his work and his fan mail as he was the first day at the studio. He has even managed to remain a trifle shy. Making the mazdas in Charlie's case has resulted in a satisfying of a previously inhibited taste for fine raiment. Only the most expensive tailors in town have his patronage now, and he returned from a recent trip to New York with four trunkfuls of the very latest things in What the Well Dressed Juvenile Will Wear If He Has The Price.

For eighteen years Ruth Taylor was a daughter of a family of medium means. For two years she was a player on a comedy lot with a pay envelope as slim as her figure. Then literally overnight, she became famous as the Blonde Whom Gentlemen Prefer. What has this sudden change of fortune done to Ruth? Has it turned that exquisite little golden head of hers?

"Ruth has developed an absolute talent for luxury," a friend of hers tells me. "She might have been born with a diamond bracelet in her mouth. She might always have worn orchids and ermine. In the few short months since she got her break she has adapted herself perfectly to an existence de luxe."

It is really amazing how with stardom seems to come a taste for antique Chinese ivories, the knowledge of how to order a formal dinner for twenty covers, and many other talents that go with large incomes. "I think," said Mary Pickford the other day," that picture people are *wonderful!* Most of the stars have never had any social training. Their success comes suddenly, their whole lives are changed and yet they make fewer mistakes in adapting themselves to the new order of things than other people would make in the same situation. *I'm proud of my profession.*'"

Sometimes success has a democratic influence on its victims. There are Sue Carrol and June Collyer, for instance, two society girls who have left a life of country house parties and other Four Hundred festivities, and in the space of one short year become working girls. Their success has changed them from pampered and bored debutantes into earnest little troupers who work late at night and get up early in the morning to go on location without a murmur. If a year ago either of them had been asked to live in a tent on a California desert, and eat stew out of a tin plate, it is fairly certain that they would have recoiled in horror.

Charlie Farrell's success was slow in coming. In those years of extra work he was shabby, but always smiling. A woman who had known him then returned from a trip to Europe and visited the Fox lot. She saw Charlie standing on a set, still shabby, still smiling and went over to speak to him. They talked for half an hour of the old days, and she went away assuring him that his break would come. It was not till later that she discovered that Charles Farrell had made a huge success of his work in "Seventh Heaven" while she was abroad and was now a star. Success has changed the make of Charlie Farrell's car but not his hat-size.

Richard Arlen is another person since he began to get big parts and good newspaper notices. He looks years younger, and he has learned to smile. Success has changed him from a bitterly unhappy boy to a happy one—success and Joby. And Jobyna Ralston has a poise and charm that shy, little country Joby did not have when she became Harold Lloyd's leading woman five years ago. But perhaps that is just growing up.

Miss Beau Brummel

IF Clara Bow had never won a screen part as a result of a beauty contest, the chances are that she would be keeping house in some flat in Brooklyn, with a trip to the movie theater on Saturday night for her only pleasure. Clara's fame has meant education to her. The crude little school girl of eight years ago would never have grown into the finished woman of the world Clara is today without it.

Success gave Valentino the kingdoms of this world, and death at the age of thirty-two. If he had remained in his native Italy, following his training as a horticulturist, he would without a doubt be living today. It made of a poor Italian immigrant boy a great gentleman. Perhaps some of his manner was a heritage from his Latin *forebears?* But there was an astonishing difference in the Valentino of "The Four Horsemen," timid, crude, awkward, and the Valentino of "The Son of the Sheik" suave, polished, absolutely master of himself. He had become what the world expected him to be.

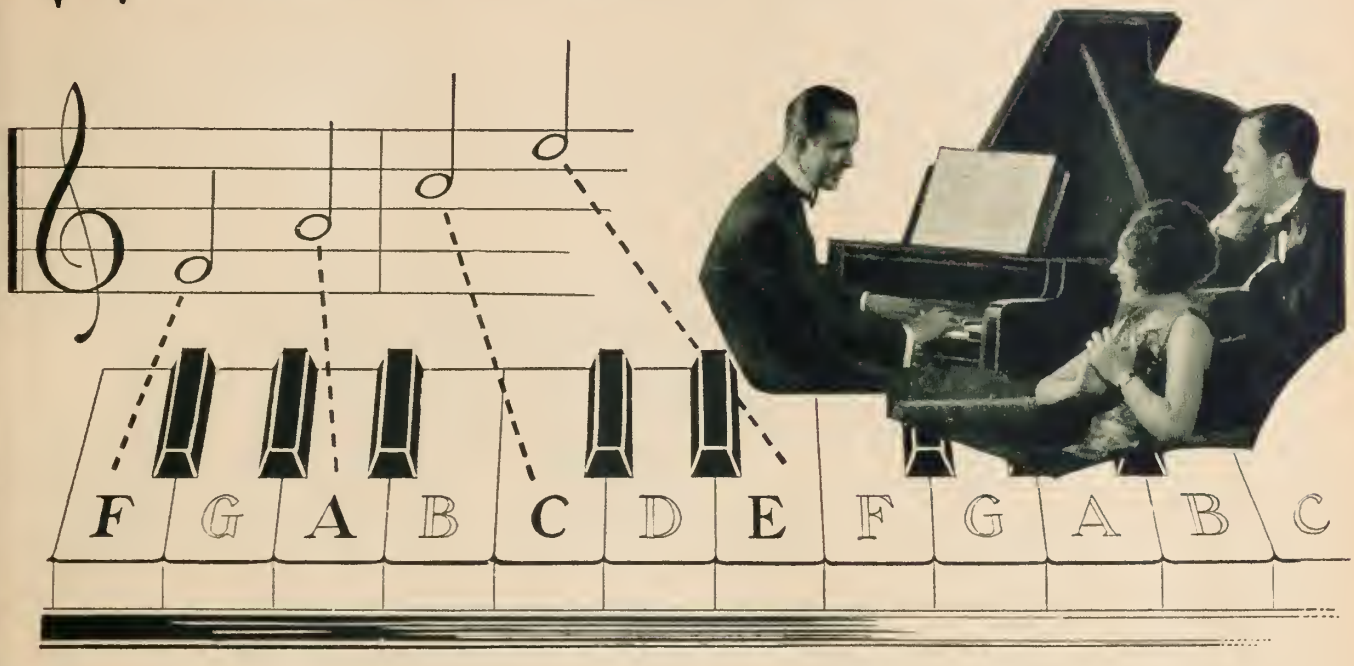
"I laugh sometimes when I read what they say," Rudie remarked once, pointing to an article extolling his looks. "Why, there's a Valentino on every street corner in Italy." He himself did not realize the truth. Success and all that goes with it had changed Rudolph Valentino from an ordinary good-looking young Latin to a man of remarkable physical beauty and grace. It is not the first time that the assurance of success has changed the faces of the stars.

When Bill Boyd was a struggling extra man, sitting year after year at cafe tables in mob sets, his failure was written on his face. "That boy? Oh, that's poor Bill Boyd," someone once said in my hearing. "He's a nice fellow, but he'll never succeed." And looking at his rather indefinite weak blond good-looks one was inclined to agree. Since "The Volga Boatman" the ineffectual looking Bill has actually acquired a jutting lower jaw and the air of a conqueror. Success has not changed Bill. It's just made another man of him.

The alchemy of fame works miracles. It turns crude little high school flappers into the opulent and charmed beings of another

(*Continued on page 71*)

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Exspeeding the Limit

(*Continued from page 22*)

"'Alexander Carr,' he shouted so loud you could have heard him a block. 'What was the last name?' I inquired, trying to burn him up some more. 'Carr—Alexander Carr, Ambassador Hotel,' he yelled and handed me a lot of abuse for holding him up. I took plenty of time testing his headlights. To me he wasn't any better than the next fellow, but he sure thought he was some pumpkins."

"Victor McLaglen was a big surprise to me," said officer Elmer Miller, another of the traffic officers. He patrols the Hollywood boulevards in a five-passenger car. "He was doing forty miles an hour down Melrose Avenue one day. I knew who he was all right, but after I stopped him, asked, 'What's your name?' he broke into that good-natured grin that made such a hit in 'What Price Glory,' but instead of the roar and cussing out I expected, he answered in a polite, weak little voice, 'Mister McLaglen.'

"Ralph Lewis was a bit chesty with me," he went on. "I chased him six blocks before he would stop and he sure was sore. I knew him too, but as usual asked his name. 'I'm Ralph Lewis. Know me?' he asked. 'Never heard of you. What do you do for a living?' I answered, as I started to fill out a citation for speeding.

A Ticket for Ralph

"HIS wife who was sitting beside him gave me a sly, little wink as he shouted, 'I work at FBO studios.' He waved his hand towards a big sign-board at the side of the road, which had letters over a foot high announcing that 'The Mailman,' with Ralph Lewis in the leading rôle, was being shown at one of the big theaters. I had seen the picture and thought it was great. But I only glanced at the sign-board and repeated, 'Never heard of you.'

" 'I wasn't doing a thing against the law,' grumbled Mr. Lewis as I handed him the ticket. 'I have lived with this man over twenty years,' smiled his wife, 'and I have found that he is always right.' Mr. Lewis, with never a glance at either of us, jerked his car into gear and immediately moved off."

A torrent of Spanish and English cuss words did not allow Lupe Velez to get away with driving forty-five miles an hour down Sunset Boulevard one day. As a result of her little encounter with the law, she had an appointment to meet Judge Strelinger in Beverly Hills the early part of the following week.

Few people know that the nifty little open foreign car that is often seen upon the boulevard is driven by Gloria Swanson. With a hat pulled well over her eyes, Gloria alone and unaided makes her way around town. This car, from France, is her favorite.



One of the most arresting personalities in Hollywood is Motorcycle Officer Jimmy Watkins. It is said that he has distributed more expensive tickets to famous people than even Tex Rickard has

Gloria's Last Arrest

"SHE likes to step on her, too," said one of the officers. "But she is a good fellow all right. Just reaches out for her ticket with never a word. The last time I arrested her she asked me up to her house for a drink." He didn't say whether he accepted the invitation or not.

The lovely Claire Windsor occasionally acts as her own chauffeur. One day not long ago she found herself crowded over to the side of the road by an officer asking her what she meant by driving fifty miles an hour. "Why, officer," she said pleadingly, "that's impossible, I haven't been out that long."

Carmel Myers, who has been arrested for speeding several times, has hit upon a unique device. A bell attached to her speedometer rings when she is traveling thirty miles an hour. This immediately warns her to slow down or watch her step.

Barry Norton is at present having a little set-to with the law. He was arrested on three counts. A heavy fine will probably let him off, but he will need to be careful in the future.

"The Duncan Sisters were always getting into trouble," said one of the officers. "Vivian, who did the driving, got so used to being pinched that she held her hand out whenever she met an officer."

To get some of this information we had stopped at the Hollywood Police Station on Cahuenga Avenue, half a block below Hollywood Boulevard. While there, we persuaded officer Miller to pose for the camera, after a photographer from a local newspaper had finished taking a picture of one of the prisoners.

We asked the officers if there was any way for an offender of the traffic laws to dodge arrest. The answer was "No." The good-looking Captain McCaleb gave us this information.

"You make your case much worse by not obeying an officer when he signals you to stop, and by using profane language or by being sassy. When you have broken a law, admit it and take your medicine like a man," he advises.

A few jail sentences have been meted out to picture players who have broken traffic laws. Everyone remembers Bebe Daniels' sad experience with the Orange County courts a few years ago.

A certain judge who presided in Santa Ana, a thriving town about thirty miles from Los Angeles, made it a rule to sentence all persons brought before him who were found guilty of driving over fifty miles an hour in Orange County, to thirty days in jail. The charming Miss Daniels was found guilty of such an offense.

Many people accused her of pulling a publicity stunt when her pictures, with details of her arrest, trial and sojourn in the Santa Ana jail were printed in newspapers and magazines all over the world. But it was stark tragedy to Bebe.

"Aren't you ever tempted to let off some of these lovely young girls that you crowd so ruthlessly into the ditch," we asked one of the officers. "Isn't it difficult to resist the smiles of such charming girls as Sue Carol, Laura La Plante or Colleen Moore?"

"It sure is," he answered, "but our job is to stop accidents, and we can't make any exceptions. After a ticket is made out it can't be fixed either," he added. "The amount of the fine can be reduced and often is, if it is the first offense or if there is a legitimate reason for the law infringement. We try to be reasonable, you know."

But each week there are new arrests for speedy traveling in Hollywood. Even front page pictures and detailed descriptions of the indiscretions of the guilty ones do not stop the giddy pace that the Hollywood picture stars insist on taking.



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The Blah Must Go On

(*Continued from page 29*)

A day came when everything that had made him what he was, everything he held sacred in life, seemed to blow up in a cloud of purple smoke. An emissary, scouting the less elegant quarter of the town as was his wont, discovered a haberdasher displaying for sale in the window what was advertised as "The Menjou Tie." The tie was a ready-made, snap-on creation with large and vulgar designs on it. Adolphe, hearing the news, came out of his swoon in the surprisingly short time of three minutes and thirty-nine seconds, and staggered back on to the set to continue his day's work of nonchalantly seducing his old school chum's wife for the benefit of the cameras. Only the almost imperceptible wilting of his imported Bond Street polka-dot neckpiece betrayed the disintegrating calamity that had wrecked his faith in life and humanity.

And then they say the film star does not suffer for his Art.

Too often it happens that the play must go on while the actors are smarting under the grudging statements of interviewers. Take, for example, the pair of amorous exquisites, Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. I challenge anyone to find the love scene performed when each of these two was half-dead with indignation at some low writer's statements. They wore the masks without a quiver of an eyelash to show the turmoil of their minds. One writer had insulted Gilbert with remarks that all knew were untrue. Of Garbo, an interviewer had said with peculiarly nauseating whimsicality how fond she was of little birds. "Of interviewers I will see no more," was all she said before donning the mask for the cameras. "Garbo, she hate little birds!"

Courageous Corinne

FOR the beautiful Corinne Griffith, art has been no bed of roses, either. Her private life, lived on the mere pittance she receives from her employers, is full of thorns that dig into her soul even as art calls for her to don the mask. Only recently it was necessary for her to play the minx with Admiral Nelson in "The Divine Lady," hiding as best she could the turmoil of emotion within her. How much? The question kept throbbing and pounding through her brain as the cruel cameras ground on. How much gold-leaf should she use on the walls of her new bathroom?

"Enough!" I hear you cry as your senses reel with the shame, the pity of it all. But I tell you this is not all. Private cares are not the only ones that conspire against the brave artists of the cinema. Conditions of actual work in the studios are almost equally devastating to the peace of mind, in many cases. Do you realize that whistling on the set became so prevalent while F. W. Murnau was making "The Four Devils" that a special proclamation had to be issued against it and dire punishments threatened for breaches of it? Do you know that, while for some peculiar reason Conrad Veidt, an actor from Germany, managed to do his scenes for "Erik the Great" in spite of the people looking on, poor Mary Philbin practically melted under their gaze and had to have screens put up around the set? Do you know that the House of Lords scene in "The Man Who Laughs" was filmed during the Bears-Trojans football game, and the Lords, football fans to a man, had to act their parts with souls a-bursting without even getting news of the game's progress more than every ten minutes or so?

Does Success Change Them?

(*Continued from page 68*)

sphere. Not, as the unkind—and unarrived—would have you believe, that their heads are turned by praise and fame. They are simply trying to live up to what is said about them, and to give the public what it expects. A baby star makes a personal appearance, and—trembling and abashed—hears the theater manager introduce her as "the famous Miss Soandso, whose talent, whose beauty bla, bla, bla." After ten minutes of superlatives the newcomer sweeps out onto the stage acting the part of a famous movie star to the best of her ability. And some of these picture players are real actors, remember. And her disgruntled acquaintances in the audience murmur, "Just lookit her putting on airs! Thinks she's Gloria Swanson or somepin. Say, I knew that girl when she wore *cotton underclothes!*"

Interviewers are often the ones who raise the cry, "high-hat," when they talk to newly fledged stars. They do not realize that it is probably not swollen ego that makes them seem constrained and stiff, but fear. Whether he has anything to hide or not (and oddly enough there are some who haven't), the new movie celebrity is suddenly conscious that words may be dangerous. In one fell swoop he has been thrust into a position where total strangers, stoutish lady reporters and wise cracking cynics from the press, may ask with impunity questions which their best friends wouldn't put to them. Even murderers are warned that anything they may say can be used against them, but there is no one to protect the embryo star. In his fear of saying the wrong things and jeopardizing his bewildering good fortune he adopts a protective wall of silence, and the word goes forth, "upstage."

Again it is the old friend who makes the assertion that the star has changed. The truth is the old pal has probably come around to borrow ten dollars. Richard Dix once told me that he had twenty-two requests for a loan so far that day. And it was still four or five hours before bedtime. Then too, perhaps the acquaintances of their seedier days are not quite the ones they would choose in their refined reincarnation. A baby star who is trying to make a name for herself is more to be pitied than censored if she is a trifle cool to the former girl-friend who insists on reminiscing about the "swell time we had when we went to the Laundry Workers' Picnic (or the Boilermakers' Ball) and you and Joe Willis got drunk on beer."

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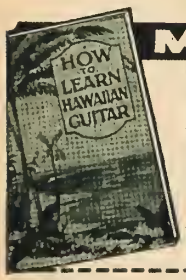


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Follies Girls' Follies

(*Continued from page 19*)

is the enormous salaries paid at present.

"When I first went on the stage, an entertainer's job paid comparatively little money. If you did it, you did it because you loved it. Because you were the sort of person who *had* to do it. You were born like that.

"It was all a great lark. There was a comradeship and good feeling, marred very little by the desire to outdo the other chap—to beat him to the 'breaks.'

"Youngsters in the theater are not like that now. Big salaries came in with the big revues. Entertaining became a commercial proposition. Big money was to be made at it. It changed the entire tone of relations backstage.

"And I'll tell you this," added Fannie in her deep, vibrant voice. "Nothing in my whole career—my whole life—seems real to me except my babies. When the lights go down in the theater—the thing is over and done with. Forgotten. I should hate to come to the end of things with nothing left but a scrap book!

Children and Brain-Children

"ALL women want a home and children. Show women, the same as any other kind. There is just one other thing I really want. I would give anything in the world if I could write."

The women of the Follies, strangely enough, seem to be unanimous in those two wishes. A home and children. And they want to write. Each one with whom I talked brought up those subjects quite spontaneously, without any prompting.

Lina Basquette, one time premiere danseuse of the big revue, has had a home and a child and now, widowed at twenty, she bids fair to achieve stardom in pictures. After that—she will try to write.

There is a distinct social line drawn, it seems, between the girls who dance and the show girls who merely display their beauty.

"You see, the dancers are ambitious," says Lina. "They have to work hard and most of them want to progress to something better. They take dancing lessons in the day time and they have to go to bed early and take care of themselves—or they can't perform well. They are mostly young. The show girls sometimes stay in the chorus for years and years without progressing at all.

"The girls who merely have beauty—and no especial talent—are more likely to go in for the gold-digging thing than the others.

"And if a girl has beauty, the Follies offers a great opportunity for her to exploit it—to cash in on it as she can. She hopes, perhaps, to make a good marriage. They all want that. She will make a brilliant one if she can. Sometimes they have to compromise.

"Ziegfeld and C. B. De Mille are very much alike. Both great showmen. Both surrounded with sycophants, politics and intrigue. It is funny."

Jane Winton, who was considered one of the most beautiful of the show girls, is married to Charles Kenyon, the writer, and also seems destined for a successful picture career.

Tainted Luxury

"WHAT becomes of these girls?" she said, musingly. "So many of them disappear. I remember one whom I knew quite well in the show. I called her up when I was in New York. She did not seem to want to see me.

"The next time I was there I called her again. This time she was most cordial and invited me to her home. She had a gorgeous apartment and was laden with jewels. And she admitted that when I had called her up before, she was 'broke' and living in a shabby room somewhere.

"One I knew went insane. One committed suicide. One died not long ago. They live very hard, you see.

"If they don't marry or do not have some other career to follow after they are through, they are unfortunate. It is hard to settle down to a commonplace existence after you have known that glamour and excitement for several years. I *couldn't!* Pictures are not as thrilling as the theater, perhaps. But they have a lure of their own—and they take all your effort."

Jane has written several short stories.

Then there is Sonia Karlov. Sonia was Jean Williams when she danced in the Follies and at Texas Guinan's. But she became a Russian with a thick accent when she started to crash pictures. And Hollywood, which has only honor for a good, showmanlike bluff, gave the little girl a hand when the hoax was discovered—after it had won her a contract.

Ambition Petrifies

"YOU couldn't stay in the Follies and keep your ambition," says Sonia. "There are three layers of girls. The first are the new ones—the youngsters—dancers, for the most part. They take it very seriously and work hard at their lessons and what-not. After a year or two, when they begin to get acquainted and to be known, they begin to be invited around a lot and the excitement of the night-life gets hold of them. They get hard—and begin to try to get things without working too strenuously for them.

"As time goes on, their interest in their work wanes and their interest in parties and the people who hang about the theater grows. It is hard to get up in the morning and practice dancing if you have been out until four o'clock the night before.

"Then there are the 'war horses'—girls who have been in the chorus for six or seven or eight years. Show girls. Who have not managed to progress or to marry. Or who have married and then come back to try again. When they are through—when they get old and begin to fade—that's all there is—for them.

"If you want to get on, you must get out of there before the thing gets hold of you and your ambition leaves you."

Sonia, fragile and lovely, pale-haired, with milk-white skin, aspires to be a poet. And she has already sold some of her poetry to important publications.

Billie Dove feels that she was never really of the Follies long enough to speak about it with any authority.

"I wanted to get into pictures," says Billie. "That's all I ever wanted. And when a job was offered in the Follies, it seemed a possible way to get started—to attract attention. So I took it.

"I never liked the stage or had any ambitions to progress there. All the time I was in the revue I was running around trying to get a test for pictures. I thought that if I could say I was a Follies girl, it would help. And the moment I had the tiniest opportunity in the world to do the thing I wanted to do—I left the show."

The Trials of Trying-Out

AND there is little Peggy Watts. Her most vivid memory of the Follies is the try-out.

(*Continued on page 89*)

O.K. with Oakie

(*Continued from page 40*)

encourage-me assurances which drew them closer and closer.

Fifty, Thirty-Five

EACH afternoon, after the matinée, they would slip to some quiet place just around the theater corner where they could sit and talk and eat a slender supper. She was making thirty-five a week, he fifty.

Every evening, after the performance, they would meet at the old car barn where the Hotel Manger now stands, walk hand in hand over to the Ambassador and up and down Park Avenue.

"I was plugging for her. She was plugging for me." It was Jack who told us about it. "All we did was to walk and sit there in the moonlight or in the dark and talk about one another.

"'You, with your comedy sense and your dancing, can't miss,' she'd tell me over and over.

"'You, with your beauty and disposition, are certain to hit *sometime*,' I'd keep repeating."

Then——

But just what does cause those sweet boy and girl separations? Just why does each one of us have to suffer that life-lingering memory of the one boy or the one girl whom we *might* have decided to marry?

Joan went to Atlantic City. Jack remained in New York City.

It was only for a few months. How he looked forward to the day of her return. He read the little notes she had sent him each day, over and over. She was the best pal a guy ever had. She was the prettiest, the sweetest, the most helpful.

He borrowed a car to go to the train to meet her.

Now, Joan claims she *didn't* see him. She was with a bevy of girls. There was her producer——

Driven to Despair and Boston

BUT he *thought* she saw him. She climbed into another car. He drove his borrowed equipage back through the streets of New York City, unattended.

Heartbroken, he left two days later for Boston.

But he couldn't forget, couldn't put the sting of the memory of *what might have been* away from him.

He has never forgotten.

"She kept me straight. Oh, I don't mean I was wild. But when something came up I wanted to do—it was the memory of Joan with that soft little bob, those huge grey eyes, her sweet, helpful disposition, which kept me from doing what I shouldn't."

Yet, with all that to remember, he's only seen her twice since he came to the Cinema City.

The first month he asked everyone he met about her.

Asked them so often, that his friends dropped into the habit of greeting him, "Well, *have* you seen Joan Crawford?"

Then he met Wesley Ruggles. The director gave him a part in "Finders Keepers."

Being a real picture actor meant the Montmartre at least once a week for luncheon. And Joan being an actress——

"Is that ——?" He half rose from his seat. A waiter approached him with the word that Miss Crawford wished to know if he were Mr. Oakie.

They met half way across the room between the celebrity-crowded tables.

Their hands clasped. Four years slipped away. Just two youngsters holding hands, looking out over the big world together.

(*Continued on page 79*)



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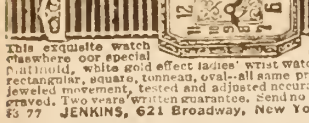
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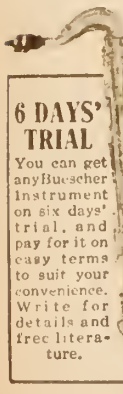
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He'll Be A Big Star In A Year

(*Continued from page 43*)

vaudeville circuit and finally made the grade right into the Main Stem. Wiseacre Square. Broadway, itself, very much in the flesh and not a moom pitcher.

Now, of course, Robert Armstrong might just as well have held out for "A Campus Romance" bookings that would have taken him to Flagstaff, Arizona, or to Falstaff, Florida. But Robert, whatever else you girls may say about him, Robert is no umpchay. After Des Moines, he knew his vegetables. Broadway has its little ways, its innocent attractions, after all. Besides, one of the Three Wise Men of Gotham was Paul Armstrong. Paul was an ace playwright and producer, and Bob's uncle. And this was before the celebrated bowl episode. You know what I mean. "Three wise men of Gotham went to sea in a bowl."

Trouper and Trooper

SO Bob stepped right up to Paul and said "Uncle." And Paul heaved a sigh and wondered why he hadn't been born an only child, free from nephews. Then he gave Bob a job managing road shows of "Alias Jimmy Valentine," and the like of that. Bob doubled on the stage, too. Even if he had to fire an actor to get a part. The boy was a trouper at heart. He is still. If he isn't working at his racket, he isn't fit to live with. Ask Mrs. Armstrong. She that used to be Ethel Jones, of New York.

Well, a Serb bumped off an Austrian. And it was before the bootleg business gave the dailies a choice of murders for the front page, and they played this shooting up in banner lines and big type. Show-folk like parades. So when the big parade came off, Bob Armstrong marched right along to the music of the bands and the politicians' chins. After a lot of millions were killed, everyone decided to call it a day.

So after Bob got de-loused and everything, he went touring the tanks.

Six and seven, seven and six: the total is always thirteen, and hard luck. That's playing in stock. But when the picture is at its worst the title writer always slips in a "Came the Dawn" caption. This time the title was written in the shape of Jimmy Gleason.

Zat Was So

NOW Jimmy doesn't look noticeably like a dawn, either coming or going. The best he rates in appearance is an evening star from behind, and something less'n half of that before, to paraphrase Kipling. But he was the beginning of a perfect day to Bob. For Jimmy, clever son of old New York, trouper par excellence, had a play of his own, which he knew like a man knows his wife, and for similar reasons. And which he knew to be above suspicion. It was a wow. Perhaps the big boys in the producing world wouldn't think so. But Jimmy knew that even they, the supercilious nabobs of the stage, are not infallible.

So under the title of "Thursday Night," or "Saturday Night," or some commonplace night of the commonplace week these two put on their show. Bob was a bonehead battler who kissed the canvas at the wrong time, and Gleason was his manager, not too far ahead in grey matter.

Well, miracles happened. The thing opened at the Davidson theater in Milwaukee. One of Jake-an'-Lee's scouts saw it. The Shuberts put it on right. And the play is running yet. And will for years. Of course, the troupe Bob and Jimmy led only played for three or four years. But for a couple of young fellers, that isn't so bad.

Eventually "Is Zat So?" for so the foxy Shuberts re-christened the show, reached Los Angeles. The great De Mille had a fight picture on at his studio, "The Main Event," and quick as you can say "contract," Armstrong was signed to one. That's how it happened. Since then, the boy friend, Jimmy Gleason, has come out, too. And now—well, ain't we got fun?

Bob's Love-Life

I HAVE always felt that my literary life was being starved, that it would never be quite complete, perfectly rounded, until I, too, could contribute a story about the Love Life of a Star. Envy has consumed me in perusing the "Love Life of Clara Bow," of Alice White, Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford. In my naïve way I approached Bull Montana for a tale regarding his romantic moments. But, unfortunately, it was just after The Bool had stopped a fast one from the little woman with his chin. And something told me that the moment was inauspicious.

But God is good, perseverance has its reward, and if at first you don' succeed, try, try again. And by dint of dauntless delving, I've dug up the sweetest little romance ever lived by a screen star. Here it is. Presented to you for the first, last and only time, and against the combined wills of both hero and heroine. It's the "Love Life of Bob Armstrong."

Is zat so?

Yeah, zat's so!

Bob was busy hanging out the S.R.O. sign at the theater where the customers were blocking Broadway to see his characterization of the un-Tunney-like leather-pusher in Jimmy Gleason's show. On a certain matinée day, a few blocks nearer Albany, a dear little girl had those all-alone blues. All against her wishes, the girl friend rushed her down to the theater, for a good shot of cheer-up as dispensed by old doctor Armstrong. Before the final curtain, loathed melancholy was definitely in the discard. And youthful femininity was exuberantly planning deviltry.

Now neither girl had ever written a mash note. In fact, persons who did that sort of thing were rather beyond the pale. Probably in all the wide circle of their friends, there wasn't one who had ever spent a stamp to send scented sentiments to a matinée idol. But wouldn't it be fun, they argued, to have a bit of a game with this Armstrong lad? Judging by the rôle he played, he was probably a nifty dresser on and off. And that would include two-tone shows—both tones yellow—whoopee shirts, tight jackets and perhaps even pearl buttons or a brown derby. Wouldn't it be a scream, my dear, to meet him!

Ethel and Bob

SO Miss Jones, Miss Ethel Jones, more daring than her pal, wrote Mr. Armstrong telling him what his performance had meant in their lives. And in a sudden breath-taking inspiration penned a postscript saying that both girls went swimming real frequently, and that if Mr. Armstrong cared to come one day he might do so.

The letter mailed, it was promptly relegated to forgetfulness. But odd things do happen in life just as they do in the movies. And sure enough Ethel's maid interrupted dinner an evening not long afterward to say that Mr. Armstrong was on the 'phone. Well, my dear, you could have knocked her over with a feather! And before she said

(*Continued on page 87*)

How Do You Like Our Village?

(*Continued from page 49*)

of stability of marriage in our town are just a lot of hooey.

Of course, there are the Conrad Nagels, too. Conrad is our best Example to Young Men. A model husband and father; so good to his family and goes to church and takes his little girl to Sunday School and all that. They are a charming couple.

That Nice Mr. Nagel

CONRAD is always asked to speak at the uplift things (I told you that the village is going in a lot for uplift now—you know—purity and honor and kindness to one's neighbor and brotherly love. A lot of talking is done about it and it gets into the papers and makes an awfully good impression. At least, I guess it does outside of town!).

Anyway, Conrad has the nicest voice in town for saying that sort of thing and he is always the one who has to say it. And we feel that he gives us such a moral sort of *tone*—if you know what I mean!

The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences is our most uplifting society. They have dinners and there is a lot of conversation about the most *inspiring* things! Fairness to one another, you know—and things about not giving the wrong impression to outsiders.

While we are on the subject of uplift societies, I really should tell you about the Breakfast Club. It is more like those things that Sinclair Lewis writes about, called Rotary Clubs. Its function is not exactly stated as being for uplift, but they have all kinds of inspiring mottoes stuck up on the walls.

The members meet just to have a jolly, good, relaxing time. They ride hobby horses and invite visiting mayors and authors and things out to ride with them. They wise-crack about everything and lots of their jollity is broadcast over the radio.

They are always entertaining people of note (if they can get them to get up early enough)—people who Count for Something, you know. It's funny but none of the people who Count for Something seem to like to get up so early.

Bows and Narrows

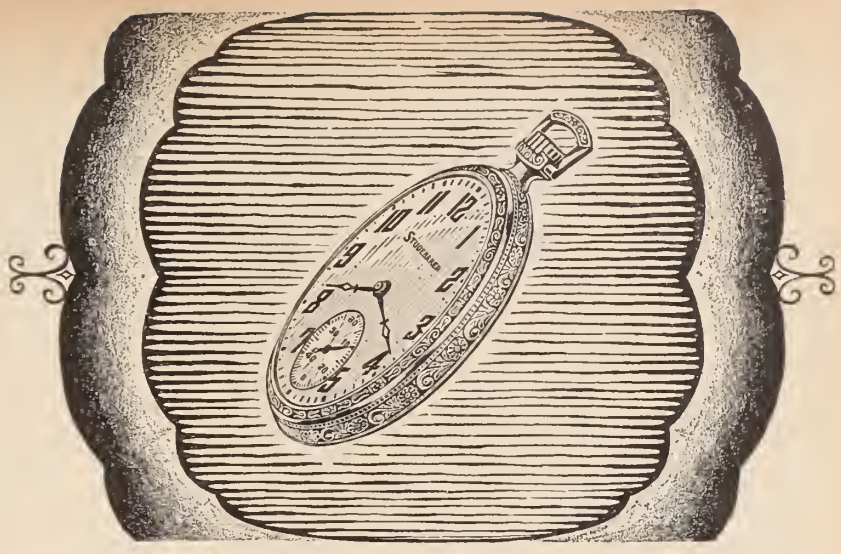
THE uplift business doesn't seem to have made much impression on our younger set, as yet. I suppose that takes time. Some of our older, more conservative citizens get in quite a state at sewing bees and things over Clara Bow and Joan Crawford and Alice White.

But I'm really quite tolerant, if I do say it myself, and I think it's nice for youth to have flings, sort of, and everything. Especially when it makes such interesting conversation for everybody else. My goodness! If some people had their way, the village would be too old-fashioned and dull for words. I wish I knew how those girls go about it—they seem to be awfully popular. But nervous, in a way.

If you prefer really *nice* young people—the kind that your mother would approve of, you know—there are always Buddy Rogers and Mary Brian and people like that.

Anyhow, it's really an awfully nice town and before you know it, we shan't be able to call it the village any more. It's getting so *sophisticated* and sort of high-toned.

For my part I shall be sorry to see it getting big and settling down. But, what with all this Uplift and Progress that people are always talking about and folks reading all sorts of racy books and the people coming from New York—I suppose it can't be helped.



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Address.....

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Stop Me, If You've Heard This One

(*Continued from page 25*)

JACK MULHALL: A rich man died and willed his fortune to three friends, providing each would place a hundred dollars in the coffin.

Afterward, Brown told of putting in a hundred-dollar bill.

Smith placed ten ten-dollar pieces in the coffin.

Moses observed: "I put in a check for three hundred and took out the change."

CHESTER CONKLIN: Mr. Isaacs was giving a party in honor of his daughter Becky.

"Ve vant some music," he said.

"How about a male quartet?"

"All right. Go ahead. But don't hire too many boys."

GEORGE BANCROFT: A Yankee became angry in a department store owned by a Jew. He went to him and in the course of his tirade said:

"There's not a Jew in my village and I'm proud of it."

"Ah, my son," replied the old Jew, "that's why it's a village."

RICHARD DIX: Three Jewish clothing stores stood in a row. Mr. Mawruss, to the left, put out a huge sign reading "Sale!"

Mr. Levy, to the right, retaliated by hanging up a sign which read "Selling Out!"

And Mr. Solomon, in the center, immediately put up a sign which read "Grand Entrance."

FANNIE BRICE: The teacher was conducting an arithmetic class.

"Now I want you all to write $999.00," she instructed, "and tell me what two percent of that is."

All the children began scribbling frantically, except little Izzy in the back row.

"And why aren't you figuring, Izzy?" the teacher asked.

"Me?" queried little Izzy. "For vhy should I be interested in two percent?"

LEW CODY: The Einsteins were moving.

"Run, Mawruss," said Poppa, "and take down the paper from the valls."

DOROTHY MACKAILL: A Jewish traveling salesman fell ill on a train and had to get off at a small town and go to the hotel, where he sent for a doctor. The physician told him that he had smallpox and was in a serious condition, advising him to send for anyone he wished to see.

"All right, doctor," said Abe, "please send for a Catholic priest."

"What for?" asked the doctor in surprise. "Aren't you Jewish? Why don't you send for a rabbi?"

"Vat?" screamed Abe, "and give him de smallpox?"

ALICE WHITE: A Hebrew was standing in line to buy tickets for "The Miracle." Just in front of him was a Scotchman. The latter paid eleven dollars for each of two tickets. The Hebrew came to the ticket window and as he said nothing, the box office man asked sharply: "What do you want?"

"Nothing," replied Isaac.

"Well, what are you here for? Don't you want to see 'The Miracle'?"

"No," responded the other, "I just saw it."

BILLIE DOVE: Abe: "How is my vife after the tonsilitis operation?"

Nurse: "She is doing nicely but she can't talk for a few days."

Abe: "Oh, I see. The voice is yet to come!"

JEANETTE LOFF: Mrs. Goldberg, calling the maid: "Where is Semuel?"

Maid: "Hiz slipping."

Mrs. Goldberg: "Hiz slipping?"

Maid: "Yes. Hiz slipping."

Mrs. Goldberg: "Gevalt! When you say niz slipping, I can't tell whether he should be wearing his rubbers or his pajamas!"

EDDIE QUILLAN: The proprietor of the Jewish clothing store was jumping up and down and gesticulating to a lieutenant of police.

"Officer!" he shouted. "Officer, I vant that you should arrest this cop!" And he pointed an accusing finger at the policeman, whom it seems had let a man escape after robbing the store.

"What for?" inquired the lieutenant.

"For impersonating a policeman, the dirty loafer!" shouted the frenzied merchant.

LOUISE FAZENDA: Jake had opened a hot dog stand across from a bank and was doing a thriving business when his old friend Abie came along.

"And what a grand business you be making here, Jakie, and what a fine location, right across from the benk it is," said Abie. "It must be a lot of money you be making, yes?"

"Vunderful," Jakie responded beaming proudly. "A hundred dollars I make every day. And how goes it by you, Abie?"

"Oh, it is bad, Jakie, so much troubles I have," said Abie. "You do so well, maybe you could lend it to me two hundred dollars?"

"Abie," said Jakie. "You know it isn't anything in the vorld I vouldn't do for you. But I am helpless. I have it an agreement with the benk. They sell no hot dogs, and I lend no money."

ESTELLE TAYLOR: A customer entered Finkelstein's Clothing Store, and Mr. Finkelstein approached him.

"I'd like a green suit," the man requested.

Mr. Finkelstein nudged little Abie at his side.

"Queeck," he whispered, "turn the green lights on. The gentleman vants a green suit."

WILLIAM POWELL: Abie looked very downcast when accosted by his friend Ikey.

"I'm the unluckiest man in the world," said Abie.

"You're not," said Ikey, "look at the diamond pin, the diamond ring and money in the bank. That's not unlucky."

"But I am an unlucky man," sighed Abie. "Today I vas in a large department store and the lights vent out."

"That's luck, Abie, real luck!"

"Vell," sobbed Abie, "I vas in the piano department vhen it happened."

From Stew to Studio

(*Continued from page 37*)

Joe and this here is my sister Mary,' says Joe. 'We just got in from driving acrost the country in a Ford.' I looked at her and thought to myself, 'Gee, that pretty girl his sister? Joe, he's good hearted but he's got an awful plain mug. 'What can you give us that's cheap, Dolly?' says Joe. 'Cause we ain't got much money.' Well, there was a lot of chicken left over that wouldn't keep till tomorrer, so I gives it to them for the same price as the regular dinner—fifty cents, including drink and dessert.

Too Wee for Waiting

"WHILE they are eating, Joe and Mary talk real low, then he beckons me over. 'How about Mary getting a job waiting on table here?' says Joe. 'Gwan,' I says, "she's too little.' Waiting on table is hard work; you got to be like me and have the feet for it. But he insisted, so I says I'd ask the boss. And the boss said all right she could come tomorrow evening. He'd had a look at her, too.

"I took to Mary right off. So I says to her, 'I got a room down here a ways. 'Tisn't a swell dump, but it's a place you could flop. Why not come in with me till you get ahead a little?' But she said no, they had friends in town. I made a date with Joe to take him to a place where he could buy an apron for Mary cheap the next day. We got the smallest waist-size they had at the Dollar Store, and at that when she come in at night and put it on, it was a mile too big.

"Well, sir, she took to waiting like she was born with a tray in her hand. Joe, the barber, says to me, 'Dolly, who's the new girl? She's some looker. Make a date for me, will you?' 'What'll you have for dessert, pie, ice cream or pudding?' Mary asks 'em. She doesn't jolly 'em along like the rest of we girls, but she had everybody in the rest'runt looking at her. Then all of a sudden she runs outdoors without even taking off her apron. I thought that was kinda funny, but she was green. So I says to myself, 'Hope she don't lose her job.'

"Next day she didn't show up. The boss beckoned me over by'n bye. 'Dolly,' says he, 'you're too friendly with everybody. You'll get yourself into trouble some day. Do you know who that girl was waited on table last night? She was a hold-up girl, or somepin.' Seems when Mary ran out like that the boss had gone to the window and seen a big gang of men waiting for her outside. They was friends from the Fox studio, come to jolly her, but of course he didn't know that. 'I've got detectives on her track'; says the boss—who is an awful suspicious feller anyhow—'She probably meant to rob the place,' says the boss.

Joe's Phoney Stall

"THAT same evening Joe called me up. 'Where's Mary?' I asks, real low so the boss couldn't hear me. 'Oh, she's at a hotel,' says Joe. 'How come?' I says, 'if she's so hard up?' 'Oh, it's like this,' says Joe. 'We—we found some money last night, see? Yes, sir, picked it up on the street, see?' I thinks to myself, they've held somebody up and frisked his roll. I was worried about Mary, because she seemed awful young and little to have detectives after her. I says, 'Joe, where is she now? I'm coming over as soon as I'm finished tonight.'

"Mary was in an awful swell hotel. The furniture was grand. 'You must be paying much as seven or eight dollars a day for this', I says to her. 'You better come away with me now. We'll go to Frisco till this blows over,' I says. But she just laughed.

"Next day I get a letter at the rest'runt

(*Continued on page 79*)

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He Envies His Actors

(*Continued from page 33*)

wedding day is enough to make a Mormon of a man.

But that's the luck of the Irish. And this bucko from the sidewalks of New York has had his share. He sees to that himself.

Walsh has been in pictures a long time. He played the rôle of *John Wilkes Booth*, Lincoln's slayer, in "The Birth of a Nation." Then he was an actor. He is still. Or believes he is. He has never quite fully recovered. Of course, it was Gloria's idea that he enact the part of *Handsome* in "Sadie Thompson." But the record doesn't show that he demurred overly much. Perhaps the name of the character appealed to him. I've heard it stated that in this part he did everything, or almost everything, which he, as a director, would frown upon. But he put it over just the same. Give the kid credit. He's clever.

Give him credit, too, for a few photoplays which have really meant something in the deaf and dumb racket. Which is what the smott creckers called the movies before they became noisy and loquacious. He has made more than his share of good ones. Many a reputation has been builded on less firm foundation.

Re-Glorifying Gloria

THERE is "The Wanderer," for instance. And "The Thief of Bagdad. "Both of these evidence his flair for the spectacular, his appreciation of beauty, and his ability to express that appreciation on the screen. He made "What Price Glory?" and demonstrated his ability as a realist, his ingenuity, and a certain mental virility which was not apparent in his pretty pictures. We'll forgive him "Carmen." If for no other reason than that in translating the ancient story into cinematic terms, he disclosed an independence of spirit, a willingness to blaze new trails, a disregard for precedent, which are much-needed and seldom found in the celluloid industry.

They didn't think "Rain" could be adapted for a photoplay. They were afraid to try. But Walsh turned the trick. And remember that he was so hemmed in by restrictions that he couldn't even use the name of the stage play as a title. Everything considered, he gave us a remarkably faithful, an eminently memorable film-drama. One that rescued the great Gloria from the slough of "Sunya," and replaced her on the high pinnacle of popularity which was formerly hers.

Now Walsh has directed about a hundred and twenty-five pictures during his career. Of these the four which have been mentioned are something in the nature of epics, as that much abused word is understood in movieland. A small percentage, you say? Well, who has done better? Who has made four really outstanding photoplays during a period devoted to grinding out over a hundred? Has either Von Stroheim or Griffith or De Mille or Lubitsch or Brenon? You tell 'em, I'd stutter. Add Walsh's name to these five, and you have the six directors who mean anything to the public. Who pull patronage for their pictures. And of the six, Walsh is by no means last.

An Incurable Actor

WALSH is a New Yorker, born and bred. When he runs on to the Big Town, there's a light in the window for him at the old home in the West Nineties. That's where his brother George lives. And his sister, former wife of Hoppe, the billiard champ. And his dad, a little chap to have sired two such stalwart sons, and one of the few Irishmen with sense enough to have selected a Jewish partner. They made so much money together, that now Pop Walsh is retired, and has leisure and capacity to enjoy a proud and hearty camaraderie with the boys.

Raoul went to school over on the Jersey side of the Hudson, at Seton Hall. When he was graduated, the old man staked him to a trip around the world. And after two years of travel, the durned fool went into the movies. That was Paul Armstrong's fault. It was the playwright who introduced him to D. W. Griffith. And it was D. W. who tried to make an actor of him. If the Old Master had known what serious competition he was inducting into the industry, he would have kept him an actor. As it is, the leopard's spots are visible through the protective coloration of the director.

For instance, Raoul works for Fox. The Fox sound device is Movietone. There will be many pictures synchronized with it. Therefore those who know most about its various ramifications will be the white-haired boys. In order to familiarize himself with sound picture technic, Raoul determined to make a quickie two-reel yellie. For the story, he selected one of those trick yarns written by O. Henry. After he began shooting, it became impressed upon his consciousness, that he was wasting story material. With not too much expansion, he had plot for a feature. It never occurred to him to be at all squeamish, or doubtful regarding his ability to make a talkie.

So he went to Sheehan, the arbiter of Fox destinies, and sold the idea of making a full-length film. Before he's through it may develop into a special, or a super-special, or a super-super-special.

There was just one question Sheehan asked.

"Who's going to play the bandit?"

"Who do you think?" chirped Raoul, "I'll play it myself!"

To the Cave-Manner Born

AND so he did. He grew a mustache for the rôle, so he'd look more Pancho Villa-nish. And the funny part is that in the dialogue sequences he speaks English with a decided Spanish accent, just as they do below the border. They're whispering about the picture now. Saying it's a wow. That it will make the little senorita Maria Alba, one ver' beeg Stare. Judge for yourself when you see "A Caballero's Way."

Someone has said that mankind should be the study of man. Yet, most men find the study of woman far more fascinating. Thus it is perhaps interesting to set down the purely impersonal philosophising of one who has supported an array of beauties (on the screen, of course; don't be silly!) and has been enabled to lay down the law with perfect impunity to a galaxy of temperamental femininity. Besides this, you know, Walsh has shown that he possesses great clarity of vision in endowing his pictures with a romanticism which provides a censor-proof kick, a vicarious thrill, to the Judy O'Gradys and Colonel's ladies who pay the box-office freight of the picture business.

Sam Goldwyn is reputed to have answered a query in two words, "Im-possible." Walsh disposes of the feminine problem in three, "Keep 'em guessing." He declares that there is no place in the heart of a maid for the Dobbin-like male whose every reaction may be graphed in advance. Milady likes the man who may kiss, or who may knock her cold.

Those are Walsh's ideas on the subject. Wonder if he'll put them into effect in his new menage.

O.K. with Oakie

(*Continued from page 73*)

"When we get big and famous." Both started to say it.

Not High-Hat, But——

NO, he hasn't gone out to her home to visit. He *wants* to—the other evening he thought he'd just *have* to call her. But——

"She's a big shot now; the common herd can't push in like they used ter." How wistful he looked as he said it. "Not that she's high hat. Joan couldn't be snobby. But——

"Yes, she's changed. Changed a lot. Of course, she's so sunburned you can't tell exactly what she does look like. But she used to be the prettiest girl I ever saw—Joan Crawford!"

Probably Joan never had anyone make more poetry from her name than Jack Oakie.

He admits that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., looks like a nice fellow. He gave him the once-over when he ran into Joan and the boy-friend in front of a Hollywood restaurant at their second and last Hollywood meeting. He has heard that they're married and his one thought is, "Gosh, I hope Joan will be happy."

And if she isn't—well, let this be a bit of warning, Mr. Doug, Jr.

Well, he was a youngster when they made that compact to stand up for each other, but he's a *man* now and we have a hunch that Joan Crawford will always be *okay* with Jack Oakie.

From Stew to Studio

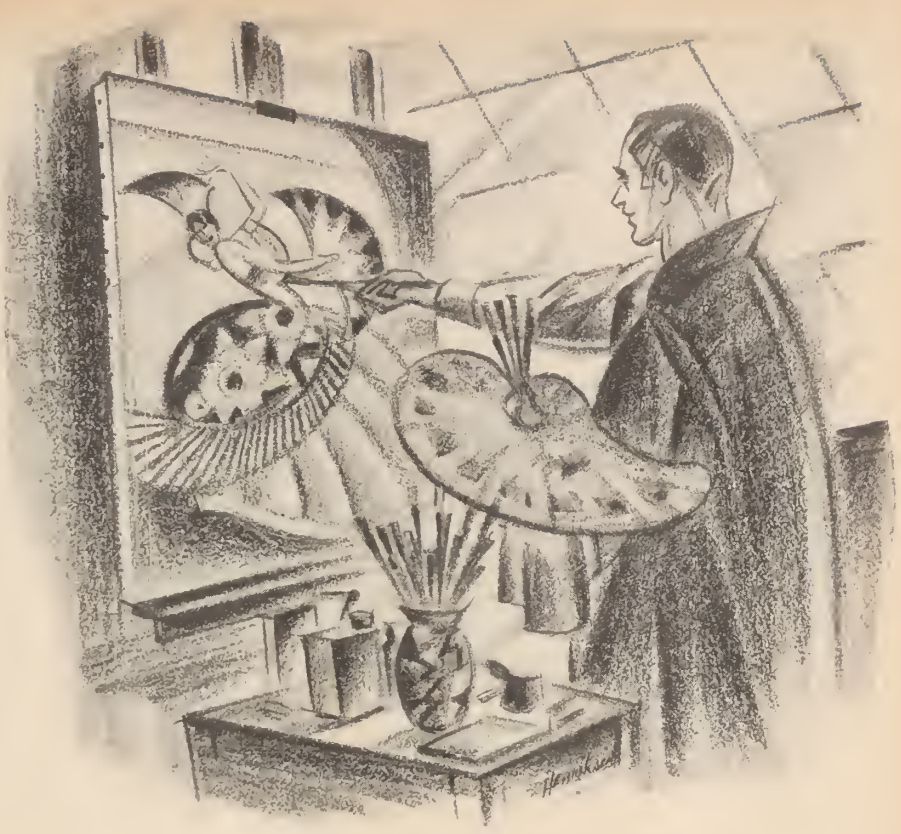
(*Continued from page 77*)

with a twenty-dollar check in it from Mary. The boss says, 'You are a sucker, Dolly. That ain't no good. Give it to me an' I'll hand it to the bulls.' He don't believe anybody is square. 'Well,' I says, 'I can't prove it's good by biting it, but I'll put it in the bank. That won't hurt. The next day I called up the bank and they told me it was good. Gee, I was surprised! I told everyone Mary sent me a check for twenty dollars and it was good, too.

Dolly Waits for No One

"THEN Mary calls up again and says to come over to her place before work next morning, so I goes. She says, 'Don't you know who I am, Dolly?' And she shows me pictures of herself in grand clothes and says she's a moving picture star. Well, you could of knocked me over with a feather. I've been out here for years but I never saw a movie star so close to before. She told me that she and Joe, who worked in the movies, too, was sent out to find a waitress for a picture, and the boss over at Fox studio was coming this morning to see me and give me a job, for fifty a week. 'Me in the movies?' I says, 'Go on.' I'm too big. Besides I make as high as thirty-five a week, with tips and all, at the rest'runt; and I don't know about this picture business. But she made me stay. It got later and later, and I says, 'Honest, movies or no movies, I got to be yelling, 'Adam and Eve on a raft, wreck em'—which is scrambled eggs on toast—at eleven sharp.' I couldn't stand up the boss. 'But my boss is a big man, Dolly,' Mary says. 'Everybody waits for him.' 'Not Dolly Hanna,' says I, 'not with the noon rush on.' And I beat it.

"But Mary—I can't help calling her that after seeing her carrying trays of beef stew and pie even if she is a big star—Mary, she keeps after me, and so I threw up my job. And here I am. They're paying me fifty dollars a week, but I don't know what in hell for."



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A Love song, indeed; although Bessie's posture indicates a trace of whoopee in the melody. Her admirer and accompanist is Gus Edwards, of vaudeville fame and talkie aspirations

The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page 53*)

a *here's how!* Then you can forget it. It isn't substantial enough to intoxicate one with emotional flights, as it's frivolous in design. Would the title indicate something rich and racy? Don't be *sil.* It has been toned up to appeal to the inhibitionist in your family, though the way it started off I looked for the kick to stay in the concoction.

The central figure is a giddy father with a *heavy sugar* complex. His life in Paris is one prolonged happy fling until the pretty daughter arrives from America. And she doesn't waste any time in proving herself a regular. She likes to play. So does her old man. Indeed, she kicks up so many capers of her own that dad has to rescue her.

The love note is struck off by the appearance of an American youth who had journeyed to Paris to forget. There are some convenient situations but the incident is fairly hot considering the fact that the element of sophistication is not allowed to come out in the open to give it the tint of truth. But it can be chalked up as moderately amusing, principally because of the gusty acting by Albert Gran as the father. Mary Astor is easy to look at and her acting is easy, too.

Negri in a Heavy One

THEY'VE dragged out and dusted off a heavy one for Pola Negri. It is Sardou's "Fedora," which once served Sarah Bernhardt, but which has been doctored for the screen under its new title of "The Woman From Moscow." Everything has been done to make this an outstanding picture. Pictorially, it is something to use superlatives over. But the drama of a Russian princess involved with court plottings and tragic romances seems old-fashioned and out of date now. The effort to modernize it hasn't been very successful.

The central figure is the type that made actresses exceptionally famous back in the days when dad rode a high bicycle. It looks so artificial now to see one of these characters go through emotional flurries over tragic love affairs. So the story naturally proves weary notwithstanding it carries one of the best productions ever shot. Negri is as good as anyone else would be in it. Her costumes are gorgeous.

Norma Needs Better Ones

BETTER stories are needed for Norma Talmadge than the one selected for her in "The Woman Disputed." Having demonstrated over a long period on the screen that she is one of our few emotional actresses, she should be entitled to interpret the best. The story here is—well—just a story which could have been portrayed just as colorfully by two dozen stars.

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The picture is competently acted by the supporting cast—and is well staged. The direction is good.

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Confessions of the Stars

(*Continued from page 17*)

I don't know how I stood it. I couldn't stand it now. The teens are iron years.

The Inglorious End

"I HAD heard that he was about to make a dangerous, daring trip by airplane. One of those first, very experimental flights. I went to him and asked him if he would promise to do something for me, just one thing. He said 'Anything, so long as you do not ask me to stop my present mode of living.' I told him what it was I wanted him to promise; and I shall never be able to forget the look in his eyes when he said, 'If it had been anything but this. Don't you see, *I shall be dead a year from now* and I should like to go out with my head high, adventuring——'

"That is my great, my chief regret—that I asked him to give that up for me. For in a year's time he *was* dead, after months of pain and hideous suffering and ignominy. *Dead.* And I might have let him die as he had wanted to die, in the air, adventuring.

"It was all so very young and so bitter and tragic and so sweet. We might have handled it all better, more happily if we had been older, less afraid of the conventions, of what people might say.

"And yet even now, in memory, I know that I should do very much the same thing over again. Brought up as I was brought up, it was the only thing I could do.

"I can't say and I don't say that this great love has been the reason for my never marrying. I've been in love or I've thought I was in love many times in the past years. Only there has always been something to stop me just in time. Some fear, some incompatibility, some little lie told to me that need not have been told. Time and time again I've asked myself the question, 'Could I make him happy?' And then, 'Could he make me happy?' It takes two, not one. I've never understood women who think only of their own chances for happiness and never whether they have happiness to give as well as to get. Men are more unselfish than women.

Scoffing at Sincerity

"THERE was the famous stage actor who came into my life a few years back. He had the reputation of being disillusioned, a cynic, a scoffer, a mocker. Fond of experimenting, especially with women; and then lampooning them afterwards.

"He came to see me work. He called me by another name. A secret name. He sent me little notes that were poems, every one of them. I laughed at him up my sleeve. I thought, 'You think you are having me on, my lad, but the shoe is on the other foot this time.' I ridiculed him and made little of him. Sent him to wrong addresses when we were to meet at parties. In every way I tried to play the game I thought he was playing. Then I learned that I was wrong. He came one day with a beautiful diamond brooch. He had bought it with the first big money he had made in years. He asked me to wear it as an informal engagement present. He told me what he really felt, really thought, showed me those secret places of the heart that show you the man. And in all my life I have never felt so small, so mean, so contemptible, so unworthy. I couldn't have married him. I wasn't in love with him. But I did admire his brain, his great powers and, what was worse, I found that I had made mock of the most sensitive, most *human* human being I had ever known.

"He has never forgiven me, I think. Why should he when I can never forgive myself?

"Men are either too possessive, too jealous or too much afraid of screen stars. Most of the real men are afraid to ask us to marry them unless they are very wealthy men in their own right and in that case they object to a wife with a career. Most of the men I have known have asked me to give up my career after marriage. I've never cared enough. If I did, if ever I do, I shall be glad to give it up, eager to. It would be fair. And I often look back and wonder. I've had the luxuries, of course, and all women love luxury. I've enjoyed the fame and the money and the things I've been able to do for those dear to me. But I wonder. I wonder whether I haven't missed the most precious things in life. I rather think I have.

Bill, the Masterful

"THERE was Bill. He was clever and gay and attractive. And I liked him. Rather more than liked him. One night we went to a party. I saw a man there, an old friend I hadn't seen in years. I put my arms about him and told him how delighted I was. Bill came up to me, his face white. He said, 'I am taking you home and I am taking you home *now!*' I said, 'Oh, no, you're not. I'm not going home now.' Without one other word, in view of the entire gathering, he picked me up, carried me bodily out of that house, put me in his car and drove me home at the rate of seventy miles an hour, dodging other cars, careening around corners with every turn of the wheel. I was so terrified I was limp when we finally arrived, whole by a miracle. He said, 'This will teach you a lesson, I think.' I said, 'I think *not.* But it will teach *you* the lesson that you are never to see me again.' He never did. But for months he put my poor mother through a course of horrors. He had a peculiar spotlight on his car and he delighted to spend his nights training it on our house, especially on the windows of my rooms. I ignored it, and him, and eventually he faded out of the picture.

"There was Vernon. He was a business man. Lots of money, position, all that sort of thing. He never believed anything I told him. If he phoned me and I told him I was due at a conference or had just been to a conference, he would say, 'That's all very well, *but whom did you have luncheon with?*'

Her Lover Turns Detective

"HE spent most of his time—and mine—trying to catch me at something. He'd call the house at all hours of the night and early morning to find out whether I was really at home or not. He never did catch me in anything, but that didn't seem to help any. And as I usually had to be on the set at eight in the morning, the midnight phone calls didn't help any, either. He would come to the studio to watch me work and every time I had a love scene to do I'd have another kind of a scene with him. No amount of telling him that I had never fallen in love with any of my leading men had any effect whatsoever. Nor did the fact that I had never lied to a man in all my life have any weight. He just didn't believe in me. I finally had to say farewell to him. He was wearing us both out.

"There was Jim from San Diego. I had never been very nice to Jim and he was always being nice, doing charming things for me and for my mother and grandmother. One night a friend of mine called me to account for my coolness to him, told me I might be a little bit decent to him. I spent that evening trying to atone for my former indifference. The very next day he informed

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my surprised mother that I had accepted him, that we were engaged and that he was having my ring and engagement presents made up for me. I left for New York and upon my arrival there found a diamond ring the size of an egg, and bracelets and pearls. I didn't know what to do so I took the feminine line of least resistance and wrote him a note telling him I was sorry, he had made a mistake, I was returning the gifts, and so forth.

"There was a writer at the studio. He was the helpful type. He was constantly sending waiters bearing mammoth trays of food into my dressing-room. He was as constantly sending me notes containing mystic circles with crosses in them. Flowers. Always running unnecessary errands and picking things up for me. That sort. One bright day he went to see my mother and asked her for her daughter's hand. Mother said, 'Aren't you a bit premature? I thought you were married.' He explained that he was but that a divorce— 'But,' said mother, 'what does my daughter think of all this?' It then occurred to him that he had omitted to ask me. Mid-Victorian, that man was, in his way. I had been very fond of listening to him talk and he had ascribed my interest to other motives and had acted accordingly.

Shoes Innumerable

"YEARS ago, when I was just a kid, there was a man a great deal older than I who took a great interest in me. Chiefly, I amused him. I was young and naive and not the gold-digging type to which he had been used. One night, dancing with me, he stepped on the toe of my new slipper. I promptly and crossly told him about it. The next day I was the recipient of an unlimited order blank from a large bootery in Hollywood. I was furious. I thought I was disgraced. I rushed down to the bootery, told them it was all a mistake and that I wouldn't have one shoe, let alone an unlimited order. I asked them to be so kind as to tear up the blank at once. He was more amused than ever. And he begged me to accept a town car and to go about with him for six months at the end of which time I was to marry him if I had come to care; and in any case I was to keep the car. I didn't accept the proposition.

"I've never been able to take things from men. I can't imagine keeping an engagement ring after the engagement is over. Gifts of sentiment—sometimes. They can be repaid in one way or another. But just to take things! I have no gold-digging alloy, I think, whatever else I may have.

"Married men are another anathema to me. The instant I know a man is married or engaged or even going about with some girl, he immediately becomes sexless to me. He might as well be another girl as a man.

"I've always wanted to find the kind of man I could lean on. I've usually found men who lean on me in one way or another.

"Out of these experiences—and others—I believe I have emerged with little or no loss of faith, with little cynicism. True, sometimes when men say things to me I find myself thinking, 'Is *zat* so!' But for the most part I have kept my faith and my belief in men and in women.

"I've been engaged, sort of engaged, twice in the past year or two. I'm not engaged now. I'm not in love. I'm having a good time and that's all. And perhaps, some day, if the perfectly right man does come along I shall know him and marriage will be the result. But unless I do, unless I can be very sure, not only for myself but for both of us, I shall go on to the very end—as I am."

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The Native Son Also Rises

(*Continued from page 55*)

I would report at the studio every morning and then I would run home because I was afraid they would telephone me for something before I could get there."

Here he hopped off the desk and showed in pantomime just how he looked after that wild dash home from the studio. I got the idea that he was always disheveled and highly breathless.

"One day they called me up and said I was to play a page-boy in Raymond Griffith's picture, 'He's a Prince.' Let's see—that's several years ago. I believe it was in ——." He paused, trying vainly to give me the exact day of the month and the year of his picture-debut as Ray Griffith's page-boy. He sighed imperceptibly when I told him he could let that little detail pass. "Well, any way, I carried Mr. Griffith's train for several days and that was my start in pictures.

"After that I went to work in a picture of Emory Johnson's for F. B. O. called 'The Last Edition.' No—wait a minute—I think I worked first before that in 'Hold Everything' at Fox." His brow wrinkled under the weighty problem. Then he smiled. I was glad everything was all right. "That's right—just like I told you. I remember now that I worked in 'The First Edition' before I went over to Fox."

Belle Bennett's Boy, Billy

PAINFULLY we went through his other picture engagements in their proper order. If there was any mistake, Billy would go back over the discrepancies, ironing out the mistakes with pantomime and facts. He played "small but good" parts in "Whispering Wives," "Bertha the Sewing Machine Girl" and "Elsie of New York." But it wasn't until he got the rôle of Belle Bennett's son in "Mother" that he considers his professional activities of much consequence.

"Gee, Miss Bennett is a lovely woman," he said, "and she has certainly done a lot for me. Every time she has had the chance to put in a good word for me, she has done it. As I said before, it was Miss Bennett who recommended me to D. W. Griffith for the part I played in 'The Battle of the Sexes.'"

He might have gone enumerating his picture-experiences far into the night if I hadn't suggested that perhaps his public would be interested in knowing what he does outside the studio. He brightened. After all, it was rather pleasant to be allowed to drop those weighty names and dates.

"Oh, I go to Catalina and swim and ride surf-boards," he continued in the same enthusiastic pitch. It was clear that Billy could get just as hepped over his recreations as over his movies—for publication. "I pal around a lot with Arthur Lake and we go to movies and take girls out and things.

A Hand from Coolidge

"SAY," he broke in, as though he was on the verge of kicking himself for having forgotten it this long, "When we went to Baltimore on 'Annapolis,' I met President Coolidge!"

He nearly exploded with the very remembrance of it. And, gee, when he also remembered that he had been all through the White House and the President's yacht, the *Mayflower*, it was just hard to hold him. "I wish you could have been along," he added generously.

Hollywood—movies—D. W. Griffith—Belle Bennett—New York—Washington—Coolidge—Yes, sir, Billy has certainly had his thrills. As the lady press agent suggested, this local boy has made good in a great big way!

The Mammy Man

(*Continued from page 51*)

he's prodigal—he's human—besides he's real.

Bye, Bye, Blackface

NO MORE "Mammy" stuff. That's what he says. And he means it for a while anyway. His next movie will be "Mammy," but he won't be in blackface. Frankly, he prefers himself straight. "Boy, did you notice how I photograph in 'The Singing Fool'? Like Barrymore or somebody! No more blackface for me!"

California—the films— have changed Jolson. He lived an outdoor life out there, pretty much. Ruby Keeler was out there filling a vaudeville engagement. The two went swimming together—played golf together. They fell in love. Jolson has wholesome ambitions. He wants happiness—and it must mean to him a little peace and quiet after the clamor of years on Broadway and the accumulation of a fortune. He showed another side in the scenes with Davy Lee in 'The Singing Fool.' He says he cried like a fool for those scenes. He cries every time he watches that picture run off on the screen. And apparently he became child-conscious. Because he said not so long ago he'd like to have a kid of his own. And his eyes filled with tears as he said it. He believed it himself.

He surrounds himself with few of the usual trappings of the important theatrical star. On the other hand, he refused to relate the story of his life to a reporter once because he said it was too well known and why didn't the reporter read up on him? A book about Jolson, the first to be published, is now under way. Jolson and Mark Hellinger are working on it.

Razzing the Pompous

PITY the poor movie stars who have been the butts of the Jolson jokes. Hollywood is still in a pet about him. He wasn't very nice. Stars gave elaborate dinner parties for him and he laughed at them. He cracked about Clara Bow. And he is still cracking. Al Jolson can say anything about anybody and get away with it—and Al Jolson knows it. He loves to tell how he perpetrated a hoax on Hollywood—he introduced a pal as Signor So-and-So, movie theater magnate of the Argentine or somewhere. Lovely cinema ladies beamed—until Jolson egged his partner on to telling the ladies how their films played to empty theaters down there.

He is on his toes—or somebody's—every minute. When he isn't actually working in a revue or a picture, he is working just as hard at being Al Jolson.

He didn't think much of "The Jazz Singer," although he is proud of the fact that it was a picture of his that started the talking craze. "A monkey coulda played that part," he says thoughtfully, "—and did." But "The Singing Fool"—he's frankly crazy about it. He says now he knows a little bit about acting whereas before he didn't even know what "speaking a title" meant. He's converted to the films. He loves 'em. He may never play in a revue again. Pictures and a concert engagement will probably be his program.

Looking Them Over Out Hollywood Way

(*Continued from page 61*)

along either apart or together. They had a great time patching up their divorce and, just like a couple of love-birds, set out on a second honeymoon across the continent. I hear the great split-up came at Kansas City.

Anyway, Marie just got back to Hollywood and when somebody asked her where Ken was, she said she didn't know. And cared less.

Charlie Smitten at Fights

A GIRL named Virginia Cherrill is going to play the lead in Chaplin's new picture. She's a society debutantefrom Chicago and a great pal of Sue Carol's.

Charlie spotted the beautiful blonde one night at the fights. A couple of days later they were introduced and Chaplin signed her in spite of her inexperience.

Lack of picture training is no longer a handicap to the new girls. Some of the biggest hits of the year have been scored by novices. For instance, Anita Page crowded Marceline Day out of the M. G. M. line-up. This is great for the beginners, but certainly makes it tough on Merna Kennedy, Marceline and some of the others.

Marceline Never Necked

EVERYBODY is holding his, or her, breath waiting for Marceline Day and Richard Dix to announce their engagement. Or their marriage. The people who know Richard best say that he is really in love for the first time in his life. He told me as much himself several months ago when we talked in his dressing-room. He said he never knew love could be like this.

As for Marceline, she is doing a bit of talking herself. She has been quoted as saying that she was glad she saved herself for "the great romance of her life *and hadn't necked around like the other girls.*"

Joan's Stock Rises

I DON'T want to go around peddling state secrets that will make things difficult for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, but I happen to know every producing organization in Hollywood would trade two of its best stars, with a director thrown in, for the contracted services of Joan Crawford. Sam Goldwyn has made no secret of his belief in Joan's possibilities and another powerful man at another important studio told me that "There was more gold in Crawford than there was in Swanson."

Connie Busts in the Buster

IF Constance Talmadge's picture "Venus," being made in Nice, is the biggest box-office hit of the year, nobody will be happier or prouder than her pals in Hollywood. Connie's career has been seriously hampered as a result of a marital mix-up in her family. Now Joseph Schenck has sent her to Europe and, everybody hopes, to a fresh start on the screen.

When she returns to this country, Connie will probably be married to Townsend Netcher, young Chicago millionaire.

That puts an end to the Buster Collier romance that has lasted off and on for five or six years.

Three Deaths Keenly Felt

THE deaths of Larry Semon, George Beban and Arnold Kent, all within a span of a few weeks of one another, came as a sad shock to the colony. Larry Semon died as the result of a nervous breakdown complicated by pneumonia. George Beban was thrown from a horse and Arnold Kent was the victim of an automobile accident while crossing the street.

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Astor, Mary

Baclanova
Banky, Vilma
Basquette, Lina
Beebe, Marjorie
Bellamy, Madge
Borden, Olive
Bow, Clara
Brent, Evelyn
Brian, Mary
Bronson, Betty
Brooks, Louise

Carol, Sue
Carroll, Nancy
Claire, Ethelyne
Collyer, June
Corda, Maria
Costello, Dolores
Crawford, Joan
Crisp, Donna
Crosby, Bing
Cummings, Irving
Curtis, Alan

Daniels, Bebe
Davies, Marion
Dana, Viola
Day, Alice
Day, Marceline
Del Rio, Dolores
Dove, Billie
Dunn, Josephine

Garbo, Greta
Gaynor, Janet
Gish, Dorothy
Gish, Lillian
Griffith, Corinne

Haver, Phyllis

Joy, Leatrice

Kent, Barbara
Kenyon, Doris

La Marr, Barbara
La Plante, Laura
Logan, Jacqueline

Mackaill, Dorothy
Marchal, Arlette
McAvoy, May
Moore, Colleen
Moran, Lois

Negri, Pola
Nissen, Greta
Nixon, Marian

O'Day, Molly
O'Neil, Sally

Pickford, Mary
Philbin, Mary
Phipps, Sally

Ralston, Esther
Ray, Allene
Reynolds, Vera
Revier, Dorothy

Sebastian, Dorothy
Shearer, Norma
Southern, Eve
Starke, Pauline
Swanson, Gloria

Talmadge, Constance
Talmadge, Norma
Taylor, Ruth
Terry, Alice
Todd, Thelma

Valli, Virginia
Velez, Lupe
Vidor, Florence

White, Alice
Windsor, Claire
Wray, Fay
Winton, Jane

ACTORS

Acord, Art
Allen, Hugh
Alvarado, Don
Asther, Nils

Bancroft, George
Barrymore, John
Barthelmess, Richard
Boyd, William
Brook, Clive
Brown, Johnny Mack

Carewe, Arthur Edmund
Chaney, Lon
Chaplin, Charles
Cody, Lew
Colman, Ronald
Collier, William, Jr.
Coogan, Jackie
Cooper, Gary
Cortez, Ricardo
Chandler, Lane

De Lacey, Philippe
D'Arcy, Roy
Delaney, Charles
Denny, Reginald
Dix, Richard
Duryea, George

Fairbanks, Douglas
Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.
Farrell, Charles
Ford, Harrison
Forbes, Ralph

Gibson, Hoot
Gilbert, John
Gray, Lawrence

Haines, William
Hall, James
Hamilton, Neil
Hanson, Lars
Harlan, Kenneth
Holt, Jack
Hoxie, Jack
Hughes, Lloyd

Jannings, Emil
Jones, Buck

Keane, Raymond
Keith, Donald

Kerry, Norman
Kent, Larry

Landis, Cullen
La Rocque, Rod
Lease, Rex
Lewis, George
Lyon, Ben
Luden, Jack

Maynard, Ken
McLaglen, Victor
Meighan, Thomas
Menjou, Adolphe
Miller, Walter
Mix, Tom
Mix, Tom, and his horse Tony
Moreno, Antonio
Mulhall, Jack
Morton, Charles

Nagel, Conrad
Norton, Barry
Novarro, Ramon

O'Brien, George

Petrovich, Ivan
Pidgeon, Walter

Reed, Donald
Rogers, Charles
Roland, Gilbert

Sills, Milton
Steele, Bob
Stone, Lewis
Stuart, Nick
Striker, Joseph

Thomson, Fred
Tyler, Tom
Tearle, Conway

Valentino, Rudolph
Varconi, Victor

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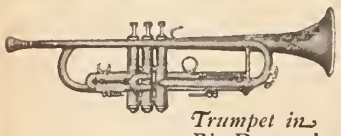
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White Shadows and Sable

(Continued from page 63)

of a friend who lived outside, she wrote a letter to Rudolph Valentino, asking for his picture.

"But I don' get it. They tell me I mus' gotta send twenty-five cents. It burn me up. Whassamatter? Ain't he got lotsa money. An' me jus' a little convent girl, an' a half-orphian too? It burn me up. So I write a letter to Ramon Novarro in Spanish, his native tongue an' mine.

"But he don' answer, either."

And there were others just as cruel:—Ronald Colman, Jack Gilbert, Doug Fairbanks, and Jack Pickford. What was a poor girl to do? This is what she did:

"I acted a movie scenes by myself alone. An' then got friends in, too.

"One night, at a party at my boy friend's house, I suggest we do a love scenes. I am to be the girl, so I mus' pick my lover. But I couldn't pick my boy friend because his mother was there, an' I was scared. So I look aroun' for the han'somest man, an' we do it—an' it was *gran'*."

Her father moved her a second time. From Tucson, to a convent in Los Angeles. But here it was even worse. Here, she was in the very city of her dreams. On her vacations she played in the very streets where movie companies make their exteriors. Could it be long before she would run into one?

It wasn't.

Testy About the Test

"THAT was when I was fourteen. An' the director ask me would I like to act in pictures. I say: '*Would I!* Oh, *baby!*' So he take a test. He liked it, an' go to talk with my father. But my father almos' throw him out of the house."

Yet during the very next vacation she played a bit in Harold Lloyd's "Dr. Jack."

"An'—*oh!* what a bawling out I get when my father learn. It burn me up. But it scare me, too.".

Seemingly, for it was two years before she dared broach *that* subject again.

And when she did, she was surprised, for he did not forbid her. But the stand that he did take stopped her far more effectively than any flat refusal could have. He told her what he had read of life in the movie colony, and what he thought her chances to remain the little girl he loved would be. He did not forbid her to try; he only asked her to wait until he was dead, so that he might not see the shame that he was so afraid would be her lot. This attitude stopped her short. What could she say against it? It was so effective, in fact, that she began to look to dancing rather than the screen as the field for her career.

It was not long before she received an offer from a professional dancer to tour the country in vaudeville. She told her father. She was happy that this offer was not from the sullied screen.

"What! *Never.* You think that I would let you travel alone with any man? Why mus' you always bother your head with working in the movies, or with dancing? Why do you think you need to work? Don' I give you enough money? You need only to ask for more, then."

And so on—even when three more offers of the same sort were made her.

Christened at Christie's

SO when she found that it was impossible to hope for his permission to dance, her mind naturally returned once again to her first love—the movies. A friend offered to introduce her to Al Christie, and she jumped at the chance. But she said nothing to her father.

"We went to the studio and started up the stairs to Mr. Christie's office, an' then stopped when we were half-way. What name? What name? Guillermina Ostermann was no good. My friend say: Quick; think of some real Spanish name. I think hard, and then choose Raquel Torres.

"But my frien', he cannot pronounce it. So when we are introduce to Mr. Christie, I speak my name myself, 'My name, it is R-rac-c-ckayl Tor-r-rays.' He say: 'Ah! A little Spanish pepper?' I toss my head an' roll my eyes, an' he laugh. He ask me can I dance. I say, '*Can* I? *Oh, baby!*' He say that is fine because they are having a barbecue at the informal opening of a new real estate subdivision, an' I can dance for them.

"So I tell my father I am going to a fiesta. But I do not say what kind, nor what I am to do. I dance the Argentine tango, *Jarare*, *La Horta*. An' am a wow. Ever'body like me. 'Raquel Torres. Raquel Torres. Raquel Torres.' They all call me back again an' again. So much that even Mr. Christie, begin to think may be there is something in me. So he give me parts in the comedies with Neil Burns. I mus' go so much to the studio that I mus' after a while tell my father."

So the conversation reported in the beginning took place. The first one that had ever ended with the father giving his consent. Grudgingly, yes; but *given*.

So now she was safely launched on the career of her dreams. All that remained was to win the electric lights, the gala openings to which she had promised to take her father instead of a boy-friend.

Looking Native But Pretty

AND this, also, came to her without effort on her part. Nor is this so strange. Who could expect a girl who had received four offers from the screen, and a like number from the stage, to remain submerged in comedies forever?

Searching high and low for someone who could fill the requirements of the leading feminine rôle in "White Shadows in the South Seas," M-G-M hailed her like a taxi on a rainy night. Here was a girl who could play the part of a Polynesian native without make-up. And also look attractive.

Her father was happy for her. And he also began to hope that perhaps things were working out for the best, after all—as an *established* player, the pressure that could be brought on his daughter would not be much. But there were still more tests, and other arrangements, to be gone through before she could be absolutely certain of the part. Both knew that Hollywood often does no more than promise.

The great day came. All the vague fog, the maybe-yes-and-maybe-no resolved itself into a final decisive *yes* in ink upon a contract.

This was the ultimate answer to all questions and all doubts upon the rightness of her course. It settled in her mind for once and all that in her estimate of her ability and of the chances of convincing others of that ability, she had been correct. During the thrilling tedium of signing the papers, she was so excited she could hardly restrain herself.

Her one thought was to hurry home and tell her father. She knew that he had been anxious during all the four hours that she had been away, for he, too, knew that this was to be *the day*.

When she arrived she found him dead.

Big Lens and Focus Men

(*Continued from page 31*)

like the most exquisite Millets, like rarest etchings. He is, without a doubt, the most skilled amateur photographer in the film colony.

Some of Sterling's pictures are now touring the Continent, London, Paris, Rome. Cairo had its Sterling exhibit this spring. Painter, sculptor, Sterling naturally looked with speculative and analytical eye on the more or less drab art of photography. He soon found himself, between comic scenes for the studios, contrasting the grays of bromo oil transfers.

Location trips are not complete without Farrell MacDonald's high speed camera. He's another lens and focus man. Homely scenes, pastoral views, are his choice. A dog and a horse and a cowpuncher, and MacDonald is right there with his camera.

George Hackathorne does marvels with a little portable, the small negatives of which he enlarges. He has a black-and-white national park series—Yosemite, Grand Canyon, Yellowstone—that is superlatively lovely.

One day Edwin Carewe, the director, was not satisfied with the quality of pictures that the still photographer was producing. It is at such little moments that history is made.

Ever since then, Eddie has been posing his own motion picture stills and getting the kind of results he wanted.

Another director who gets relaxation among his negatives after a hard day among his yes-men is Emory Johnson.

He'll Be a Big Star in a Year

(*Continued from page 74*)

good-bye, she and the girl friend had an engagement to go swimming with Bob.

Of course, he was rather a disappointment at first. His garb was more that of stocks and bonds than songs, dances and witty sayings. And he didn't talk a bit like the palooka in the play, or any other palooka, for that matter. In fact, he said so little that the girls, thoroughly intrigued with that *je ne sais quoi* so apparent in Bob's pictures, figured that so far as he was concerned they hadn't made such a hit. However, when the whirring motor had whirled them from the shore, and the hour for adieux arrived, Bob said he'd had a corking day, and mightn't he come again?

He did. Again and again. And again. Other masculine interests eliminated the girl-friend. Miss Jones and Mr. Armstrong became sufficient unto themselves. But now they were Ethel and Bob. And as the happy summer faded into the sad haze of Autumn, Bob gathered courage to say: "I love you."

And when Ethel answered: "I love you, too, Bob."

It was just force of habit and astonishment that made him mumble.

"Is zat so?"

Then there was the business of the diamond solitaire. And plans for a wedding. But show business takes no count of Cupid. And Bob was sent to London with the show. But not even the Shuberts can outwit Cupid. So sure enough, Ethel followed on. The "I do" was said in sound of Bow Bells. And they lived happily ever afterwards. In all of Hollywood there isn't a more beloved couple, beloved by one another, beloved by the world. So there you have it, the sweetest story ever told—about the Love Life of a Movie Star.

She Thinks Too Much

Such Women Are Dangerous. . . .

No doubt had Shakespeare been born into this, the Hollywood era, he would have amended his lines to read:

"Yon Pringle hath Aileen and hungry look;
She thinks too much. Such women are dangerous."

For Aileen Pringle does think too much—far too much for the ease of mind of most men; and certainly quite as far too much for the ease of heart of most women.

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Likewise to say that of the article she has contributed in the next, the February, issue of CLASSIC.

The Confessions of Aileen Pringle by Gladys Hall

And they're confessions, the facts she lets be known in this story. What Miss Pringle says is the truth. How and why she happened to become an actress. How and why she got married. And why she will not remarry. And why she will not, for all their lives lie apart, consider divorce from her husband. A few instances of her tactics in love. An estimate of herself—and not an insincere estimate.

Don't miss this article. Find out some of the things that go on and that have been going on in the mind of the stately and brilliant person whom other women regard as the most dangerous of their number in Hollywood.

The February Classic will appear January 10 on every newsstand. Be there yourself—and early—to get your copy of next month's

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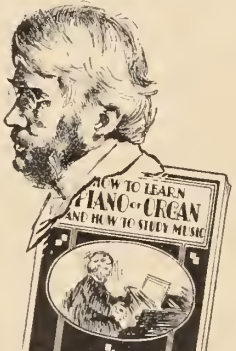
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His Crack-Ups and Downs

(Continued from page 58)

a camera truck, loaded with paraphernalia and two zealous cameramen (pardon the error, boys: cinematographers) who miraculously escaped fatal injuries. Busy making movies, they had not seen us descend and had driven rapidly toward the field which had been clear a few seconds before. We smashed a wing and, but for some quick work on Dick's part, the accident would have resulted in a catastrophe.

The field was in a turmoil. Stars, directors and spectators ran toward us expecting to pick up the pieces, but the Dick Grace luck held good and we both stepped out of the machine, unscarred and unscared.

Dick said a few naughty words, posed for some snapshots, autographed a piece of the smashed wing for me, apologized matter-of-factly for the unexpected ending to our ride and half an hour later I was on my way home in a safe and sane automobile while Dick remained to make bigger and better crack-ups for a thrill-hungry public. An hour later another one of the pilots was killed in a similar crack-up. Another buddy gone.

Our crash was the beginning of a mild friendship. We've talked about life, happiness, and the pursuit of love. But mostly of stunt flying.

"Will you tell me," I am fond of asking him, "why a man with a family background of doctors, college profs and judges, and himself a Phi Kappa Sigma, should want to commit spectacular suicide? Is it the thrill and excitement of it, or what?"

Callous of Thrills

HE SHAKES his head decidedly. "It's the money, I guess. I want to make a certain amount each year. I couldn't make so much any other way. Then, of course, I've been in it a long time. When I returned from the war, the old home town seemed tame. I was with the naval air service in France when I was seventeen. I couldn't settle down to the old grind of study. I tried to finish my law course at the University of Minnesota and was within a year of getting my B. A. when I left for California—for no particular reason. Landed there broke and drifted into pictures. Doubled for serial queens and wild west heroes. Tom Mix, hearing that I was familiar with aeroplanes, started me on the aviation stunts.

"I've done one hundred and sixty-seven changes from plane to plane, from auto to plane, and so forth. Thrilling? Well, at first. But now I experience no sensation whatever. I've had a physician examine me immediately before and after a particularly dangerous stunt and he found that my heart beat was perfectly normal: didn't vary the slightest from its usual beat.

"I plan the smallest detail beforehand. Co-operation is essential to the success of the stunt. Most of the unlooked-for accidents and losses of life have been caused by the carelessness of a director or assistant. But it's all in the game. And a cracked skull or rib doesn't mean anything. Why, the last time I hurt two ribs—in 'Lilac Time.' I never bothered to have them set. And they mended fine."

"But is it worth it, the terrible demands on you, physically and mentally? Don't you regret sometimes that you didn't go in for selling something like bonds or real estate or even law advice instead of crack-ups and tail-spins?"

One Broken Neck

"I SUPPOSE so," he drawls indifferently, "but life is funny. We can't escape our fate. One thing I'm glad of: I've never killed anyone, either a passenger or a spectator. It—it would just break me if I did. I would never get over it. For myself, it doesn't matter. I'm almost immune to pain. During the filming of 'Wings' I broke my neck. I scrambled out of the wreckage and posed for some pictures with Buddy Rogers and Dick Arlen. But I collapsed later and the doctor gave me six months to live. My neck was encased in a plaster cast for that length of time and I was as good as ever."

I mentioned the death the day before of an aviator who had worked with him in "Lilac Time."

"Don't things like that have a depressing effect on you, Dick," I asked, "the numerous deaths of your fellow flyers? They all seem to go—inevitably."

His mouth twists into a wry smile.

"Yep, they're all gone—all but me. I'm the last of my crowd. I can't understand it. In the last few months alone, four of my friends have been killed. I've outridden them all. I'm an old man so far as aviation is concerned. It's a game for enthusiastic youth. I've been flying for eleven years. I see them all go—one by one—dropping out of the sky, being cremated under the smoking motors, gasping their last breath. *And I'm still here.* Why?"

Finding no suitable answer from my equally mystified self, he continues:

"It just isn't right. I feel that I don't belong here—I belong in another world—with them. I've discouraged close friendships ever since a pal died, years ago. If you let those things get you, you go to pieces. You've got to have complete mental, physical and nervous control in this business.

Would Alice Care?

"I'VE no fear of death. Young people with expectations of a long life frequently say that, but there is a lurking fear in most people. But I have none whatever—I've been close to it too often not to know myself. I've experienced all the thrills I ever get from my profession. I've seen a lot of life. I'd just as soon see what's on the other side of the curtain. I belong there—with the others. Besides—who cares?"

"Alice White," I suggest. But Dick's answer to that is a derisive "Oh, yeah?"

Even romance has not changed his attitude toward death. Like so many young men, he seems to have left his will to live on the fields of France.

Unassuming, soft-spoken, with a literary turn of mind, Dick's choice of a profession seems incongruous. Until one senses the bitterness behind his ready smile, and the loneliness of the man who rides alone.

I think him unsentimental until I learn of his old-fashioned views about women, his contention that women *are* the race, the savior of civilization.

I think him a stoic until he shows solicitude for a minor scratch a girl-friend suffers.

I think him a darn fool, and then I remember a boy-friend who gets sickly green when he looks down from a great height and bemoans his sad fate when a tooth aches, and I lose myself in admiration for a man who can ignore a broken neck and who can crash to earth and come up smiling.

But for all those things, for his regard for women, for his concern over even the trivial injuries to one of them and for, in contrast to that, his own deprecation of an almost mortal hurt to himself, I think him something other than an unsentimental idealist or a stoic or a reckless adventurer. I think—indeed, I know—that Richard Grace is a man.

Injuries Sustained by Dick Grace During Stunts in Pictures

four necks—once broken
fourteen ribs smashed
right ankle broken
left instep injured
left leg shinbone
bullet in knee
right wrist broken
right wrist dislocated
right elbow dislocated
right elbow broken
right thumb broken
left hand broken
right collar bone
786 square inches of skin burned
breast bone smashed
nose broken
all teeth right side of jaw knocked out
lower jaw bone fractured
four stitches over right eye
two over left
fracture of skull
concussion of brain
broken vertebrae in back

Follies Girls' Follies

(*Continued from page 72*)

"There were hundreds and hundreds of girls," she says. "All waiting. And they called us out, one at a time, to see what we could do. We had to wear as little as possible—a bathing suit or a pair of trunks and a shirt—so they could judge our figures.

"They called your name and you stood out in front of all those people and went through a few dance steps—kicking and taps—just a few things. Without music.

"Then they separated us—the discards on one side and the possibilities on the other. But you had to be interviewed by about six people before you got the job.

"After you are in the show, it's all right. If you work hard and behave yourself, Ziegfeld will keep you for years.

"But you don't get anywhere. And I want to try pictures."

The Follies girls in Hollywood seem to be getting along pretty well.



The *spearit* of modern womanhood exemplified by Frances Hamilton, hurling the javelin in a track-and-field meet against herself

ADVICE *to the* Love-Life-Lorn

Since the beginning of the Love-Life Story Series in MOTION PICTURE we have received innumerable protests from readers about the difficulties of obtaining copies of the magazine

It seems the newsdealer is sold out almost before he has time to get behind his counter on the morning of the 28th of the month

MOTION PICTURE has been petitioned, indeed, to have Congress enact a law forbidding the beginning of sales of the magazine before 6 o'clock in the morning, so that the average alert reader can have a fighting chance to get a copy

This MOTION PICTURE has been loath to do. The granting of its request, of course, would come quite as a matter of form. But it feels that the responsibility rests with the reader rather than with the dealer. The merchant of magazines has to observe the policy of first come, first served. He cannot discriminate

But he can do this: he can reserve a copy for you. And he will. Tell him before the 28th that you want a MOTION PICTURE held for you on the 28th. And he'll have it. And you'll have it

It's the one way to insure your getting the next —the February—issue, in which there's another sensational Love-Life Story and a host of other features of equal interest

MOTION PICTURE
It's the Magazine of Authority



WILLIAM FOX *presents*

A MOVIETONE ROMANCE IN SONG, TALK AND DANCE

FORGET ME NOT

with

David Rollins — Nancy Drexel

Joy to the World!

The beautiful sentiment of Handel's Christmas carol, popular two centuries ago, is still the spirit of Yuletide today.

But in this miracle age, we have the newest of Christmas gifts—Fox Movietone Yuletide Entertainment, FORGET ME NOT. *All in dialog!* A charming toyshop romance among a toymaker's treasures, which come to life as if by magic.

You *hear* it all—the voices, the jingle of Christmas bells, the music, ballet dancing.

Young and old will delight in this lavishly produced Holiday Entertainment, presented by William Fox, developer of Movietone.

Story and direction by

MARCEL SILVER

Another De Luxe FOX MOVIETONE *Entertainment*

R. R. DONNELLEY & SONS CO., CHICAGO

"Cream of the Crop"



"Lucky Strikes protect me from an irritated throat."

Herbert Brenon

Herbert Brenon, Voted the Best Motion Picture Director, 1927-1928.

The finest tobacco—long even cut—no dust—"It's Toasted"—all impurities removed—flavor improved.

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation - No Cough.

© 1928, The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturers



A man isn't safe any mor

Not if he has Camels in his case

For the young ladies of the land

with their usual penetration, h

discovered the excellence of t

famous cigarette. . . . So that no

adays, whenever a male voice

heard to say, "Have a Camel

echo answers in a soft but pror

soprano: "I'd love to."



© 1928, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

S-M

FEBRUARY

25¢



Ruth Taylor

fessions of
leen Pringle

eta Garbo

Reed

Will it fade? Will it shrink?



Let the saleswoman in the smart shop tell you why this care is safe

Whenever you buy anything especially delicate or costly—a piece of cobwebby lingerie, or a gay, fine sweater—*ask the saleswoman how to wash it.*

The two important precautions she will advise are these: "Use lukewarm water" and "Use *Ivory Soap.*" (Among thousands of salespeople and buyers in leading shops of 30 cities, unprejudiced inquiry reveals that Ivory is outstandingly first choice by far as the *safest* soap for silks and woolens.)

Let several examples of actual recommendations given recently to customers in hundreds of the finest and largest stores of the country tell you *why* salespeople everywhere advise Ivory:

Their own words

For silk underwear: "Use Ivory Flakes. It is very mild and won't fade the garment. Unfortunately some other soaps cut and rot silk in time." (*Chicago*—a leading department store)

For printed frocks: "Ivory is the purest soap you can buy and if I were you, I shouldn't take a chance with anything else." (*Boston*)

For fragile sweaters:" Ivory is so mild it cannot harm fabrics." (*New York*)

Naturally a soap that is used to tiny babies in leading hospitals is safe for fine silks and woolens . . . unless a fabric will run or shrink in water alone, salespeople say with fidence, "You can wash it safely Ivory."

PROCTER & GA

FREE! A little book "Thist Treasures—their selection and car swers such questions as: Can it be v Will it shrink? Will it fade? How whiten yellowed silk and wool? Simp a post card to Winifred S. Carter VU-29, P. O. Box 1801, Cincinnati,

Among salespeople in the finest stores of 30 leading cities, Ivory is overwhelmingly first choice as the safest soap for fine silks and woolens.



IVORY

99 44/100 % PURE

© 1929 P & G Co

KIND TO EVERY-THING IT TOUCHES


EVERYBODY TALKS in this FIRST ALL-Talking FARCE-COMEDY
"The GHOST TALKS!"
There's a thrill a minute in the action and a laugh every other second in the side-splitting dialog written by Frederick H. Brennan and Harlan Thompson!
WILLIAM FOX, in this newest Movietone Feature, introduces a new technique on the screen . . . don't miss this all-talking farce comedy when it comes to your favorite motion picture theater!
The GHOST TALKS and so does the Screen in this latest
FOX MOVIETONE
Directed in dialog by
LEWIS SEILER
with
Charles Eaton
Helen Twelvetrees
Earle Fox
Carmel Myers

Last Minute News

AT LAST George Bernard Shaw has agreed to permit one of his plays to be screened. Pola Negri is the siren who won his consent to film "Cæsar and Cleopatra," and she will play the siren of the Nile. So far the *Cæsar* has not been chosen.

AL JOLSON has started production on his next talking picture, which is to be called "Mammy." His new wife, Ruby Keeler, will have an important rôle opposite him.

GRETA GARBO was put under a new long-term contract by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer just before she sailed for home for a short vacation. The first picture on her new contract will probably be Elinor Glyn's "Tiger Skin."

THE cast for "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" has finally been selected: Don Alvarado and Duncan Rinaldo will have the parts of the twin brothers; others in the cast will be Lili Damita and Raquel Torres, Ernest Torrence will play *Uncle Pio*. Buster Collier, jr., has been signed to play the juvenile lead.

"THE HEART SONG," D. W. Griffith's latest picture, is to be a silent one after all.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS has just signed a new contract to do a set of pictures for First National. His first one is called "Diversion."

"THROUGH THE NIGHT," a talkie, will be the next vehicle for Fay Wray and Gary Cooper. It is an adventure romance with a steel-rail background.

THE title of Greta Garbo's last picture, just completed, which was tentatively but appropriately called "Heat," has been changed to "Kiss of the East." Which strikes us as just as good.

THE shooting has commenced on two of M-G-M's talkies—Marion Davies started work on "The Five-O'Clock Girl," in which she makes her talking debut. "The Trial of Mary Dugan" is the second. It is reported that Norma Shearer, who stars in the picture, has had talking tests made which are a knock-out.

MERNA KENNEDY has been signed for the lead in the talking version of "Broadway"; she was also given a long-term contract.

FOX will make a two-reeler, "The Knife," with Lionel Atwill as the star.

THERE is a report out that Aimee Semple MacPherson will do a talking picture for Paramount. The amount mentioned in it for Aimee is about fifty thousand dollars; the picture is to be started early this year.

NORMAN KERRY has been assigned to play the male lead in "Trial Marriage" in place of Ralph Forbes, for Columbia.

BESSIE LOVE has been out to improve herself on her trip to New York. Daily lessons in singing, in dancing from Ned Wayburn, and in dialogue from a dramatic coach, have helped to fill up her visit East.



P. & A.

Jackie and bobby: young Mr. Coogan, the most famous boy in the world, in the course of seeing some of it, asks directions of a London policeman in Hyde Park

JAIME DEL RIO, divorced husband of Dolores Del Rio, died in Berlin early in December.

MAX REINHARDT will start production immediately in Hollywood on Lillian Gish's next picture.

WILLIAM POWELL has signed a new contract with Paramount under which he is to do talkies only.

CARL LAEMMLE, jr., has been appointed associate producer of Universal. He is to have entire control of the productions assigned to him.

ANOTHER one of the younger generation will appear on the screen when Erich von Stroheim, jr., will take a part in "Square Shoulders," for Pathé.

AN ALL-TALKING picture is to be made by Fox from the stage play, "The Command to Love." Barry Norton is to be starred in it.

BESSIE LOVE and William Haines will have the leads in "Lord Byron of Broadway," for M-G-M, from the new novel of that name by Nell Martin.

ALEC B. FRANCIS is to appear as *Father Felician* in Edwin Carewe's production of "Evangeline," starring Dolores Del Rio. Dolores may have to sing in French the folk songs, and use dialogue in both French and English in the story of the French Canadians based on Longfellow's poem.

JOHN GILBERT has just signed a new long-term contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. His latest picture, called "Thirst," in which he takes the part of an African adventurer, is now in production.

THEODORE ROBERTS, one of the most beloved actors in Hollywood and on the screen, passed away after a brief illness early in December.

THE KING OF SPAIN is making an address in the Fox Movietone News. It is said he would give all the Hollywood actors quite a run if he were not already tied up in a regal way.

PRODUCTION has been started on Richard Dix's next picture, which is to be "Nothing but the Truth." Dix has chosen Helen Kane, an actress appearing with "Good Boy," as his leading lady.

"LUMMOX," the Fannie Hurst novel, is to be screened as a talkie, after all.

F. W. MURNAU'S latest picture, "Our Daily Bread," with Charlie Farrell and Mary Duncan, is almost completed.

PHYLIS HAVER has just signed a contract with M-G-M. Her first rôle has not been decided; but it is likely that she will play opposite Conrad Nagel in DeMille's next production, "Dynamite."

A SCREEN version of "Rosalie," Ziegfeld's popular musical comedy, is to be made as an all-talker, with Marion Davies as the star.

ESTHER RALSTON is scheduled to play opposite Emil Jannings in his next picture, which is tentatively called "Tale of the Alps."

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SMACK
BONG
DING
DONG
PLONK
Educational Pictures
and NOW the
COMEDY
TALKS!
Many good things have been added to your screen entertainment by the talking film. This marvel of modern scientific achievement has added new punch to many dramas: thrills and chills to the spectacles and the mystery plays. ◀ But, NOW, *best of all*, the comedies talk! ◀ For *Educational Pictures*, always the outstanding leaders where Short Features are concerned, bring to you through the best theatres everywhere, a new laugh treat...short comedies with talking, music and all natural sound effects, from start to finish. ◀ If you have not seen and heard one of the new MACK SENNETT TALKING COMEDIES, you have a delightful surprise in store for you. If you have seen "THE LION'S ROAR" and "THE OLD BARN", you are watching now for the next one. And there will be a new one every few weeks.
EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc., J. W. Hammons, President
Executive Offices, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
MACK SENNETT TALKING COMEDIES
TWEE
Educational Pictures
"THE SPICE OF THE PROGRAM"
G-R-R-R
PLONK
PLONK

That's My Story--- By BERT ENNIS

Communiques From The Hollywood Tattle-Front

RITZY NOTE

THE mob which eats at Henry's, famous Boulevard hang-out, is not wise yet to the fact they are daily dipping their spoons into sugar bowls and using cream pitchers formerly toyed with by some of our best-known millionaires. Noticing the monogram H. M. engraved on the silver service the other day we asked Henry, "How come?" He tipped us off that the silver service on his tables came from the Hotel Maryland, one of Pasadena's most exclusive hostelries, where the patrons dry their faces with hundred dollar bills. We saw one of the silver pieces fall off a table the other day. Probably couldn't stand the coarse touch of an assistant director.

SSH!

WE discovered a guy on the Fox lot the other day who has a queer job. He is private projectionist for Winnie Sheehan, head man there. Sheehan has a complete theatre in his new Beverly Glen mansion and does a lot of film looking out there. The operator reports for duty at 5 p.m. at evening and works until unconscious.

WHAT A BUSINESS!

WE stood chinning with Hugh Hoffman, mystery man of Universal City, in front of the studio restaurant not so long ago. In the mob of players milling in and out at lunch time we commented on the fact that two former world-known film celebs had passed in and out, totally unrecognized by the younger generation of troupers. Incidentally, among them was a man who in his starring days had done much to build this very studio, through his tremendous draw in U pictures. The usually quiet Hoffman opened up and said: "That's nothing. Only last week a former general manager of this studio met me outside the gate and asked me please to pass him at the door. The gateman had refused him admittance."

WHAT PRICE STORY?

THE gossipers out here are passing 'round a tale to the effect that the Fox studio management, seeking a sequel to "What Price Glory," engaged Larry Stallings, author of the famous war epic, to do a companion story to this film at a price of $25,000. The story was duly written and delivered, Stallings received the 25 grand and then the big bosses read the sequel and tore it up. This may be one of those Hollywood bed-time stories; but it could happen.

STOCKS AND BLONDES

HOLLYWOOD has gone stock-market crazy. The speculative wave engulfing New York has hit the movie gang. Tourists who haunt the front of the Montmartre hoping for a flash of their favorite celluloid strutter are hereby tipped off to park in front of the stock broker's office in the Warner Theatre Building arcade. They're all there, every day, from ten 'till three, reading the ticker and playing General Motors, Fox, RCA, Packard and the other leaders. Nibbling at the lower-priced buys are prop boys, electricians, extras, gag men, stenographers, assistant directors—the whole Hollywood parade, in fact.



Court costumes for courting? Can this be the moment when John Barrymore persuaded Dolores Costello to consider becoming Mrs. John Barrymore?

HOW ABOUT SENNETT'S, AL?

AL JOLSON goaled them at the midnight show Warner Brothers pulled at their Hollywood Boulevard showhouse shortly after the black-face comic returned to the West coast with his new wife, Ruby Keeler. Clowning between numbers, Jolson introduced his frau with the remark: "A lot of people think I first met Ruby in a New York night club. They're wrong. I met her on the Warner Brothers lot. I probably could have done better out at M-G-M, but I didn't have time to look around."

SUB-TRIFLES

"JUST a little Quaker girl who knew her oats."

"So dumb she thought a traffic jam was a dessert."

"J. P. Mumps, just a pain in the neck."

"She was from Hollywood: you could very plainly see the film on her teeth."

"You were born a half-wit and you've been losing ground ever since."

SOME MORE SCOTCH

WARNER BAXTER claims he knows a Scot who went to have a profile picture taken and only had one side of his suit pressed.

DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN?

GEORGE OVEY was a star comic; Dallas Fitzgerald, James Cruze, Edwin Carewe, Irving Cummings, Mickey Neilan and Rex Ingram were all leading men; Gus Carney was the Alkali Ike of Essenay Films; Kenneth Casey was the Jackie Coogan of Vitagraph films; Buster Keaton was the kid member of the vaudeville act called the Three Keatons; Alice Joyce and Guy Coombs were the Greta Garbo and Jack Gilbert of their day; Jesse Lasky was producing vaudeville acts with a man named B. A. Rolfe?

PATHOS NOTE

IN a little shanty on the grounds of the studio which bears his name out on Mission Road sits an old man, unnoticed by all who pass in and out save a few of the old timers. His name was carried to the four corners of the earth for many years on one of the leading film brands. He built the studio we're talking about. He employed some of the biggest stars in the business, in the old days. Today, by the grace of an arrangement with the trust company which took over his tangled affairs, he is permitted to use a tiny house on the property he formerly controlled. His name is Col. Selig, the William N. Selig of Selig Films, one of the leaders of the old Patents' Company days.

PROSPERITY NOTE

THE widow of the late Thomas H. Ince, famous film producer, is fast developing into one of the leading apartment house owners of Hollywood. Across the street from the Villa Carlotta, a ritzy actors' dwelling which she recently erected on Franklin Avenue, she is putting up the tallest apartment hotel in the film capital. Which reminds us that Louis B. Mayer, head man at M-G-M, is building a business block at the corner of Western Avenue and Hollywood Boulevard. There are still a few movie people who won't need any benefits held for them in their old age.

WOOF, WOOF

OUR spy assures us that Rin-Tin-Tin refused to bark in his new talkie until Jack Warner personally promised him two more pounds of hamburger for his dinner during production.

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John McCormick presents

COLLEEN MOORE

in

SYNTHETIC SIN

A William A. Seiter production

Have you a talent for turpitude?

How Bad could you be — if you really tried?

Suppose someone told you you HAD to be BAD to be Famous...

Could you become a really first-class Sinner in your spare time?

Betty Lee picks Broadway as her Co-respondence School...

But right on the edge of evil — at the very crossroads of crime — a farcical fate detours her off the Easiest Way!

Make a special note to see this corking comedy — Colleen's first WITH SOUND!

If your theatre shows "Sound" pictures, you'll HEAR a beautiful musical accompaniment by a famous orchestra, and exciting sound effects in "Synthetic Sin." You'll see handsome Antonio Moreno, too, as leading man, in this William A. Seiter production from the brilliant play by Frederic and Fanny Hatton.

First National Pictures

A First National Picture

Takes the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"

Marvel of this Marvelous Age



PIONEERED-PERFECTED-
Given to the World by WARNER BROS.

SEE *and* HEAR

Vitaphone's

Supreme Dramatic Triumph

DOLORES COSTELLO
in "NOAH'S ARK"
with GEORGE O'BRIEN

Mightiest entertainment achievement since the birth of Motion Pictures! Awe-inspiring—heart-gripping—unprecedented! See and hear "NOAH'S ARK"

Vitaphone is a scientific achievement—far-reaching in its influence on the human family. It immeasurably widens the sphere of knowledge and enjoyment. Brings the whole world of *SOUND* and *ACTION* to all people everywhere.

Through Vitaphone, the foremost entertainers of the age *re-live* before you—they act, talk, sing and play—like human beings in the flesh!

Remember—Warner Bros. pioneered the talking picture. Warner Bros. perfected the talking picture. Warner Bros. Vitaphone has *PROVED* its nation-wide success and triumph in hundreds of leading theatres from Coast to Coast.

Make no mistake. See and hear *Warner Bros. Vitaphone.* It will confirm your conviction that here at last is the *life-like* talking picture—the marvel of this marvelous age.

IF IT'S NOT A WARNER PICTURE...IT'S NOT VITAPHONE



Lansing Brown

MOTION PICTURE
CLASSIC
FEBRUARY. 1929

ALICE WHITE

No one needs be told the meaning of the titles of her forthcoming pictures, such as "Naughty Baby" and "Hot Stuff"; nor need anyone wonder whether she will do them with plenty of and-how



Hommel

Richee

FAY WRAY

From the tragedy of "The Wedding March" and the romance of "The First Kiss," Miss Wray turns to an adventure story of the Sahara, "The Four Feathers"—all of which are white, in token of one man's friends' estimate of his courage



R H Louise

NORMA SHEARER

She has come to be the embodiment of wholesome glamour on the screen; and this she manifests in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney." Now Miss Shearer is engaged in presenting herself in and as "A Lady of Chance"



Autrey

CHARLES MORTON

Dizzy as were the heights to which he swung as one of 'Four Devils," Charles Morton—say those who say they know—exceeds his own earlier excellence in his appearance in "Christine," again opposite Janet Gaynor

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

Pictures and Personalities

By GEORGE KENT SHULER, *Publisher*



LIKE pride, an attempt at monopoly comes before a fall. And after a fall there comes wisdom. Or at least the beginnings of it.

We could go on like this for some time, dropping pearl after pearl of priceless truth. But perhaps we'd better not. We might get proud. So both for yours and safety's sake, we'll reveal what led to our saying it.

We got to thinking of the way Hollywood and its denizens have changed in the last few months. Changed for the better, of course. And for the more painful. And this part, we think, was kind of coming to some of the boys. Also the girls

We have in mind the rash of organizations that have no active function in making pictures that began to appear upon the nose and neck of the industry. Rashes called guilds and societies and academies and organizations for the promotion of various things which really meant for the promotion of the good of their members. There were more self-elected and self-constituted authorities and arbiters in Hollywood than there were extras.

Some of these organizations did things like getting together and voting upon which among the several score young women known to the studios would be popular from that time on.

Some of the organizations got together and took a vote on what was art and things like that.

Some of the organizations did things like getting together and deciding upon what kinds of stories were going to be written about certain stars by independent writers for independent magazines.

What the Public Better Want

IN the essence, it amounted to a lot of parasitic societies deciding upon what pictures should be, what people should play in them, and what the press should say about those pictures and those people and how it should say it.

It meant, moreover, telling the public—which pays for the cost of every picture and for the cost of the overhead of such people as are members of the parasitical societies—what it was going to get in the way of entertainment and comment; and telling it, moreover, that it was going to get just that whether it liked it or not.

Well, well. And just for good measure, again well.

It just so happens that the boy boosters of the Boulevard have other things to think about right now.

For right in the middle of all this codifying and regulating of everything within sight, along came the talking pictures. And the first thing they knew, all the good old solid oaks of established stars about which the boys grew as does ivy, began to sway a bit.

It seemed that the producers got unreasonable about things. They recognized that talking pictures were come to stay and they insisted that those who played in them should be able to talk. Outrageous, of course. But that's the way things were.

Some of the old-standby oaks stood: those with stage experience or the equivalent in vocal expression that it gives. But many did not. Options of their services came to be no more interesting to the producers than the scores of last year's world's series.

Deliverers of the Goods

AND in the place of those grand old trees about whose trunks wound such lush garlands of ivy, there came new. People from the stage. People from Hollywood long neglected. People who could produce.

The hurricane that levels the forest leaves no more definite scene of chaos than did this sudden storm of sound sweeping across the screen.

And in more ways than one, it's a panic.

In some cases, it's tragic. But from the standpoint of the health of the industry, it's one of the best things that ever happened. It has cleared out a long growth of underbrush and lichen and clinging vine. It has shown clearly who has the goods to stand up and who hasn't. It has let a lot of sunlight filter through to the roots of things. It has distressed a lot of bacteria.

The talkies, some people say, are not here to stay. Others—ourselves among them—believe that they are. But whether they are or are not, they have, if only they have achieved the uprooting and ripping off and tearing apart of a lot of cliques and log-rolling societies, done their share in the advancement of the health of the movies.

Confessions

Aileen Pringle Tells

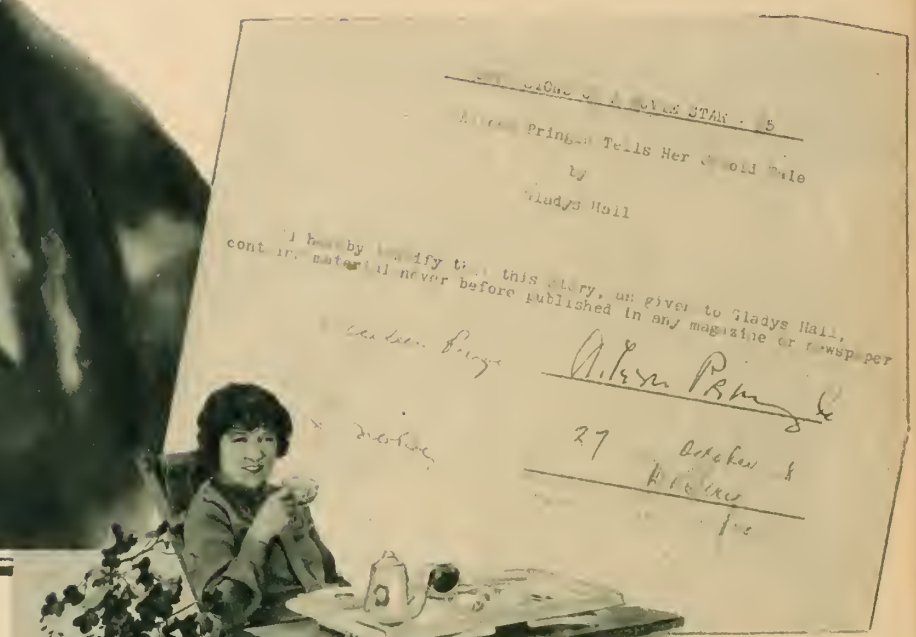
THE FIFTH

OF A SERIES OF

REAL LIFE STORIES

By GLADYS HALL







AILEEN PRINGLE has been widely known as "the darling of the Literati"—meaning, really, that the Messers. Mencken, Hergesheimer, Van Vechten and other giants of letters move in her social orbit and take pleasure in consulting with her, conversationally. She has been known as the suave, finished sophisticate, well born, well bred, charming. A dilettante playing with life and love and letters, and including the movies only as one amusing facet out of many. She is reported to say clever things, do clever things, have clever people about her, prefer men to women, know the vintages of wines, the most aristocratic cocktails, the epicurean combination of foods, and what wine to serve with what course. These things are all true things.

Aileen, known to her intimates as Pringie, has in her blood the Basque country, a dash of the Argentine. Her grandparents sailed round the Horn and settled in San Francisco, owning most of Market Street at one time. Aileen went to school with a carafe of wine under one arm because her Basque grandmother feared and scorned the tepid taint of tap water. She was liberally educated, traveled, polished. She was married at eighteen and has never been divorced. She played on Broadway with George Arliss and was eventually singled out by Madame Glyn to play the biologically yearning Queen in "Three Weeks." And thereby leapt into cinematic prominence. She has recently played vis-a-vis to Lew Cody. These and other things akin are known of her.

You are going to read some things that have not been known. Like many sophisticated women, Aileen does not at once delve into profundities. The circus of life and the antics of her fellow clowns sufficiently engage her. She accepts the elemental facts of life with a shrug and a bon mot and leaves them, for the most part, to the Babbitts and the yokels.

We dined and lunched together. We spent a long, shadowy afternoon together in her patio, with the murmur of the

of the STARS

Her Untold Tale

Pacific a stretch away from the front gate, among cyclamens, pruned chrysanthemums, rock gardens, Chow puppies, clippings of the Smith campaign forwarded her by their author, H. L. Mencken; and chosen viands set before us by an impeccable couple. And gradually there was brought forth a piece box of information and reminiscence never before given to the public—seldom given to anyone.

This is another group of facets that go to make up the color-dipped life of Pringie. The real Aileen Pringle, as told by herself:

(*Author's Note.*)



Afreda

"I SUPPOSE we begin with birth. Mine was pretty grand, really. Viewed, I mean, from a dramatic angle.

"I was born with a clubfoot, a crossed eye, convulsions, yellow jaundice, and a head like a squashed egg. My mother, insisting upon a look at what she had produced, after fifty-eight hours of hell, took one look at me and fainted.

"She said, 'I have given birth to a monstrosity.'"

"When she came to, she came to, fighting. A small and gallant soul, my mother. When I look at other mothers, I could hug the small jewel that is mine. The only woman whose good opinion I covet. And up to three years ago she had never said a complimentary thing to me in all my life. She always told me what was wrong with me, and why. When pressed as to the reasons for this unmaternal reticence, she said that there were enough people to tell me how swell I was, and that as I was not perfect it was just as well for me to hear the other side of things. I saw them. She saw to that. My father adored me and spoiled me outrageously. That helped, too. Three years ago—perhaps because she is growing older—mother informed me that she didn't know why she should have been vouchsafed the most perfect daughter in all the world. I was driving the car when she came out with that. I parked on the side of the road and asked her if she had gone mad. But she hadn't, it appeared.



Made Over by Her Mother

"TO get back to the nativity: for three months after my birth I was literally never out of my mother's hands. She slept by my side and constantly, constantly, massaged my crooked foot and crooked eye with olive oil and her own hands. A baby's bones are only cartilage, she said, and she would straighten me out herself without benefit of the operations scheduled for me at six months.

"By the time I had reached six months my foot had straightened. By the time I was three years old my eye had straightened. When I finally went to school, I was whole. I've never had the knife used on me in all my life. My mother did it all.

"Then I had some ghastly thing called sugar poisoning or something. Which meant that I couldn't imbibe one gram of sugar in any form, either cake, candy or fruit. If I did, I went goofy. I mean, really goofy. I'd chant, 'I won't have the post-cards strung round my neck,' and things of that strange ilk.

"When I was nine, I had T. B. My mother brought me to Long Beach, threw me out in the sun every morning at eight, had slides made once every month or so and wrastled it out of my system. She devoted her entire life to me and here I am, today, a pretty husky specimen.

"When I was sixteen or so, I began to have beaux.

"The winter I was sixteen, in San Francisco, I had six proposals during the season. I had to arrange matters so that I breakfasted with one man, walked with another, lunched with a third, tea'd with a fourth and took dinner with all six together. No one could stand that gaff. And I began to think

(*Continued on page 68*)

The Neck-

Day In And Day Out, Have A Daredevil

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER





Whether it's filming a city from a sky-scraper roof (above) or Greenly Island (right) from a plane, the cameraman ignores peril



When Frank Lockhart's car skidded on Daytona Beach (right), it killed him. And nearly wiped out the cinematographer who took this picture

Paramount



From the cockpit of a seaplane, a cameraman got this picture (left) of the first landing of a dirigible upon the deck of a steamer



A dizzy perch, but a secure one, at the left: the photographer has himself lashed to the bridge with enough rope to baffle Houdini

Blackpool-Gazette Herald

FIRES, floods, baby shows, earthquakes, horse-races, celebrities, beauty contests, wrecks, aviation meets, flag-pole sitters, erupting volcanoes, polar expeditions.

All these things are food for the news-reel man's camera.

Does a ship go aground? Does the Statue of Liberty get her centennial bath? Does a lady hippopotamus at the zoo have a baby? Does the President catch a fish?

The news-reel men are there to record the events and the public may view them three days later at the neighborhood theaters.

Time was when the newspaper business was one of the most thrilling in the world. To be a newspaper reporter meant (to the outside world, at least) leading an existence replete with excitement—working for scoops—beating other reporters to a story—checking up on your sources of information. Newspapers had a vision then and a conscience. Those, old timers assure me, were the days.

But times have changed. What with the growth of publicity as a profession. And the tabloids—to which a story is a story if it is interesting, regardless of whether it is important and sometimes, it is whispered, almost regardless of whether it is true. Newspaper reporting is no longer what it was.

Strangely enough, the movies, at whose door is laid the growth of the publicity fungus which has done so much to undermine newspaper morale, have begotten the real successor of the old newspapers. The news-reels.

The news-reel services, still young and filled with ideals and what-not, have just quantities of conscience and vision and ethics and all those things.

The Ban on Bunk

OVER the dead (or at least partially deceased) bodies of news-reel editors does publicity creep into their weekly offerings. News, by gosh! has to be news. (Except for occasional stunts put on when actual news is scarce, by way of making stories. But that was always permissible—even in the good old days of newspapers.)

News-reel men think just as much of getting a scoop, that is, beating other services to a story, as ever did reporters. To risk their lives to obtain a good shot is a part of the day's work, and it is very difficult to get one of them to admit that there is the least danger attached to his job.

Little things like flying over battle fields in various quarrelsome South American countries and coming back with one's airplane wings perforated with bullet holes are regular, after-breakfast affairs, one gathers. Not to be mentioned by regular chaps as anything out of the ordinary.

There was, for instance, the Paramount cameraman, Ray Fernstrom, who perched on the tin roof of a Ferris wheel cabin at Coney Island to make some shots of repairmen at work on the 150-foot high structure. Having

Riskers

News-Reel Cameramen Of A Time

clambered up there, he found that it was all he could do to stay there without attempting to crank his camera. He waited until the cabin reached the top of the wheel and came to a stop and then he made a few shots from his precarious position.

Then it was discovered that the engine had broken down and could not turn the wheel to get him back to earth. Several hours, three steeple-jacks, and any number of ropes and pulleys were required to get Fernstrom and his camera back to the ground.

It's all a part of the day's work to a news-reel man.

Side-Stepping Death

THERE was the chap who squatted by a race-track to get some close shots of speeding automobiles. And when one of the cars turned over and hurtled toward him, he stayed there, cranking his camera until the last split second when he rolled out of the way. He was so near that the tripod of his camera was crushed by the wrecked car as it crashed past him.

But he got a good shot and was satisfied.

A news-reel service operates in much the same manner as a newspaper syndicate. The central office is usually in New York and correspondents are assigned to certain territories over the entire world. Each correspondent has a staff of cameramen under him and is responsible for the covering of any event of general interest which may occur in his section. In addition to this, pictures of occurrences which may be of only local interest are often made to be shown only in local theaters.

The growth of the news-reels has coincided with the development of aviation, since these services depend almost entirely upon air mail for the circulation of their films and since they must use airplanes largely for transportation in obtaining news.

Besides recording interesting events in various localities, the services also send cameramen into far places of the earth to make pictures of unusual natural phenomena.

Blaine Walker, of Fox, made the first pictures from the air of the Grand Canyon in Arizona.

The pilot he took with him from San Francisco was a good pilot—at sea level. But he found it almost impossible to handle a plane at the high altitude of the Canyon. So Walker was obliged to dismiss him. Meanwhile an army pilot had arrived, unannounced, on the Canyon rim. Walker tried to secure his services to make the picture but he was unable to get a permit from army officials to ride with him.

Below the Canyon's Rim

FINALLY, however, he did manage to get himself and his camera into the plane with the mechanic at the controls. It was a windy day and flying conditions were bad—but Walker got the first pictures ever made from the air—

(Continued on page 84)





Above, a cameraman goes over a cliff 2000 feet above the forest below to get a picture of how it feels to look over



At the left: above, one of Byrd's camera staff in the Arctic; and below a shot of the rescuing of victims from the St. Francis dam catastrophe

Paramount



At the right is the Bremen as she looked from the news-reel plane bringing camera men to Greenly Island where the German trans-Atlantic flyers were stranded



This—at the right—is how the San Fernando Valley looked to the lens after the St. Francis dam burst



It's only fair play since so many have dropped a line to Colleen Moore, that she—at the left—should return the compliment. Although, after several hours of patience and sunburn, she's a little skeptical about the proverb which asserts that there are just as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it



And, below, in spite of her loyalty to California and the claims for its climate, she is hoping for a thunder-storm, so that the turtle will let go her finger

A Reel Star *Indeed*

Colleen Moore Proves An Effishent Angler

Greta Garbo Goes Home

For the Holidays Ostensibly. Will She Ever Return?

By RILLA PAGE PALMBORG



R. H. Louise

The joyousness of Greta Garbo's home-going for the holidays is saddened by the fact that Mauritz Stiller, the director who discovered her, cannot be a party to her welcome

"I HAVE been yust dying to go home," said Greta Garbo with a wistful smile, "and now I am going. It is all I can think of. I will be home for Christmas, and Christmas in Sweden is wonderful."

No exotic vampire now, no dangerous siren, no lady of mystery; not even a famous motion picture star, but a young girl of twenty-three, very shy, very homesick, holding her hands tight against her breast as though the bursting joy of her heart could only be stilled that way.

The great Garbo is going home. Home where people know her. Home where she is understood. More has been written about her than about any other screen star; and she has read it in amazement and in anger. How could people say such things about her? How could they believe such absurd stories? One said that she had been a barber's assistant in Sweden, another that she had been a servant. Not knowing our language, bewildered by the fast-talking reporters and the women writers who seemed to be trying to trap her, Greta shrugged her shoulders and gave up trying to explain herself to these Americans. "What they say about me: it is so silly," she murmurs.

I think I know Greta Garbo better than most of those who have written about her. Perhaps my Swedish name formed the first bond between us, for when I interviewed her soon after her arrival with my husband as interpreter, and she heard the beloved accents of her homeland that must have seemed so far away, she accepted me as one of her own kind in a land of strangers. She spoke of that first meeting now. "I think of you like an old friend I have known in Sweden," she said. "I think from your husband you have learned much about Swedes."

The Anemia Bunk

WE were talking on the set at the studio. Greta, in orchid satin pajamas, perversely refused to notice the agonized glances of director and cameraman in her direction. "I axpact," she said naughtily, "that we are wasting a lot of money." But she made no move to rise.

Her body, closely wrapped in the satin sheath, has a lazy grace which American interviewers have decided means fragility. Consequently, Greta has been called a sick girl, delicate. It has been whispered that she was afflicted with sleeping sickness, with pernicious anemia. Another mistake. Lilyan Tashman, one of Greta's few friends, laughs at these rumors. "She puts in long days," says Lilyan. "I can't keep up with her myself. She has the strength of ten ordinary women. I don't know anyone who gets less sleep than Greta. When she isn't working, she wakes me up before nine in the morning asking over the telephone, 'What will we do today? Where shall we go?' She swims, she plays tennis like a man. She takes long walks. Imagine a movie star with an imported car walking for the love of it. And she loves to eat; she and I talk for hours about food. Anemic? Fragile? Greta Garbo? That's too absurd for words."

"It is hard for me to keep my mind on all this." Greta looked with those heavy-lidded eyes about the confusion and disorder of the set. "I did not want to make this picture before I left. The time is too short. I am in

(*Continued on page 74*)



The *Mistress* of Mystery

Does the Career of Mata Hari, the Spy, Bear Upon the Riddle of Jetta Goudal's Past?

By DOROTHY DONNELL

JETTA GOUDAL has been for years an unsolved mystery of the movies. The stories that have been written of her birth and early life are palpably fiction; she has not even bothered to make them agree upon the comparatively simple matter of her birthplace. A so-called autobiography, claiming Versailles as her native town and a French lawyer as a father, was written by her press-agent in despair of ever getting the true tale from the enigmatic Jetta.

I asked her once whether she had any brothers and sisters. She stared at me with those long, pale green eyes of hers, as unwinking as an Oriental's for frozen moments before she answered icily, "It mos' hurt you to have to ask soch impertinent questions."

Even after ten years in this country Jetta maintains the secret of her past. "My work belong to the worl'," says Jetta. "My life belong to me alone."

Wild rumors have circulated about the Goudal, each purporting to tell the truth. One says that she is an East Side Jewess, and points to the way her exotic accent becomes plain American in moments of stress. Another whispers that she was born on a Wisconsin farm. Still a third insists that she is the daughter of a Chinese nobleman and a missionary. Jetta listens to these tales, and smiles her cryptic smile. She knows that mystery is becoming to her.

In the two upper corners are two views of Mata Hari, the half-Dutch, half-Javanese dancer shot as a spy by the French. In the center is Jetta Goudal

Or is there perhaps some other reason for her silence?

Where is Mata Hari's Child

ONE year before Jetta Goudal came to America, a beautiful woman faced a French firing squad in the trenches of Vincennes. She was forty-four years old, though not a soldier there would have guessed she was thirty. Smiling gaily over the armful of roses she carried, she remarked lightly to those who led her to death that it was a pity they had executions so early in the morning, when one would feel ever so much more in the mood for them after breakfast—say at three in the afternoon. A fusillade of shots crackled through the thin spring sunshine and the woman fell among her roses. So died Mata Hari, the exotic dancer, the spy, with the cynical little smile still on lips that had been kissed by kings.

And dying, left behind her a daughter, the heiress to her strange exotic beauty, to her dazzling and dangerous career—and perhaps to her fate. For wars may be over, but the secret service of warring countries does not forget, and those who are known to be friends or relatives of spies are always in danger.

What has become of the beautiful child of Mata Hari? No one seems to know. Daughter of a dancer, herself convent-bred, taught to speak French

(*Continued on page 84*)



Chas. E. Lynch

Still Acrobatting .300

Because of his son's success, he must now be known as Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. But you'd never guess that from looking at his pictures, for he is as alert and as agile as ever—as you'll see when you observe him swashbuckling down to work again as *D'Artagnan* in "The Iron Mask"



Hollywood Horrors

Tom Mix returns to find part of the electric sign over his home gone out

Stop Me, If You've Heard This One

A Few Stars Unwrap Their Favorite Rastus-and-Mandy Stories

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY



Both Al Jolson—at the right—and Louise Fazenda—below—exemplify the new fashion of color in the drawing room



CHESTER CONKLIN: A traveling man, rushing to the train, found himself in a thirst. "Where can I get a drink in this town?" he asked a passerby.

"Right down at that corner drug store. Just wink and say Mr. Jones sent you."

So the traveling man winked and got his bottle, which he didn't open until about dinner time on the train. He took one swallow and made a wry face. Finally he called his porter to him.

"George, do you want this bottle?"

"Yass, sah!" and the porter took a swig. He made a terrible face and then grinned. "Yass, sah! Dat's just about right."

"What do you mean 'just about right?'"

"Well, Ah'll tell you, boss, if it had been any better you wouldn't have given it to me and if it had been any worse Ah couldn't have drunk it."

RICHARD DIX: Rastus was arrested and brought before the judge.

"And what is your occupation?" he was asked.

"Well, Ah tell you, jedge, Ah jest circulates."

"But surely you have an occupation. How do you make money?"

"No way, jedge. Ah jest circulates here and circulates there."

"Come, come. It may lessen your sentence if you tell me what you do for your living."

"Jest circulates, sah, dat's all."

By this time the judge was righteously indignant. Turning to his assistant, he said: "All right. We'll just put Rastus out of circulation for sixty days."

BILLIE DOVE: An old Negro describing a train wreck:

"Ah could heah de train acomin' down de track lickety-split; de ol' engine was a puffin' an' flappin' its ears——"

"Hold on, hold on, Daddy," exclaimed one of his listeners. "Engines don't have ears."

"Yes dey do," retorted the old man, contemptuously, "engineers."

DOROTHY MACKAILL: "What kind of a dog is that, Mose?"

"Dat's a trained dog, yassah, he's a great watch dog. An' you give him anything to carry in his mouf an' he won't never drap it 'til you says so."

"Dat's fine."

"Yassah, an' mah house was robbed las' week."

"What, with a fine watch dog like that?"

"Yassah, you see it was dis way. When de burglar was at work, de dog couldn't grab him because he was holdin' de burglar's flashlight."

JACK MULHALL: A colored man was hired as an extra in a picture studio and was told to go into a cage with a lion.

"Nossah," he objected. "Ah ain't gwine in no cage with no lion, nohow."

"But," said the assistant director, "that lion's a pet. He was raised on a bottle."

"Yassah, Ah know. Ah was raised on a bottle, too, but Ah still eats meat."

CARMEL MYERS: Sambo: "Mah wife is jus' too lazy foh any use."

Rasmus: "Lazy, huh?"

Sambo: "Jus' that. Why, when she has a pain she is too lazy to ache."

BEN LYON: "What's your little boy's name, Mandy?"

"His name am Prescription."

"And why did you call him that?"

"Because Ah has such a hard time gettin' him filled."

DOROTHY SEBASTIAN: "What you all gonna call dat new baby at yoh house, Rastus?"

"Well, we hain't quite decided yet, but Ah 'spect it'll be after some flower, cause we already gotta little Pansy and a Hibiscus and a Lily and a Petunia and the las' one we called Nasturtium."

"Yah?"

"Yah. Mah wife wants to call this one Artificial."

LOUISE FAZENDA: "Say, bo, Ah'll knock you all right in the face if Ah sees you out with my Lily again."

"And Ah hopes you does."

CONRAD NAGEL: "Ooooo!" howled Rastus holding his left foot in both hands, "Ah jest about dispaih with these cawns!"

"Why doncha have them removed?" asked Sam.

"Removed? Ah should say not! They's hurtin' themselves moah than they is me."

Duncan

High Hats For Sale

Slightly—but No Longer—Used by Lina Basquette, Janet Gaynor, and Olive Borden

By DOROTHY MANNERS



Brown

THE hats themselves are rather nice. Very shiny. Very elegant. Very snooty. And quite high. But three very nice, very popular, very thoroughly reformed little girls are glad to see them go into the discard.

They were a mistake in the first place. A mistake in judgment and in understanding. To boot, they were unbecoming. They cast unflattering shadows over personalities that were really very sweet sort of personalities all along.



Autrey

So the high hats are for sale, though no one is really seriously looking for a buyer. Least of all, Lina, Janet or Olive.

It makes Lina Basquette sigh. It makes her sigh to think back on those few bitter months that the hat was atop her black bobbed head. She doesn't deny it. She is the first to admit that she went through bad times before she snapped out of it. And to admit one's faults in Hollywood is slightly more than courageous, kiddies; it is heroic.

"It is natural to try to find excuses for ourselves," Lina explained one day at the Montmartre. "And I want to believe that the avalanche of criticism that fell on me was at least half-misunderstanding as well as my own fault. If that weren't true, I couldn't have felt so miserable about the things that were printed and said about me. A really conceited and self-centered person, such as I was accused of being, would have been arrogant in the face of censure. But I was crushed and unhappy, so I couldn't have been quite as bad as they said I was. That's one consolation to me.



Bachrach

Competition in Unkindness

"I THINK I was the most unhappy girl in the world. I cried myself to sleep every night. It seemed as if everyone was trying to outdo the other fellow in saying unkind things about me. They said I was too fat. 'As an ingenue, Lina's a great heavy,' one critic wrote. They said I was too conceited. Too self-centered. One article that hurt me particularly said that I was on my way to the movie morgue because of my bragging.

"I tried to think what I had done. At first I blamed my critics.

(*Continued on page 82*)



Kahle

Kahle

Kahle

His Duel Personality

Barry Norton is a young blade who can wield one with uncommon skill. He is an actor whose rôles—perhaps like himself—grow increasingly more dangerous. From the mother's boy in "What Price Glory" to one of the "Four Devils" he is being graduated now into the swords-for-two class

WANTED—A



Illustrations
By ELDON KELLEY

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

RIGHT into the stronghold of the movies came Norman Nelson, H. G. Godsall and W. S. Sheldon, youthful worthies of the University of Sidney, Australia, to put it to their student friends of the University of California in Los Angeles that the world would be better off without the movies. To offer this suggestion for the betterment of the wicked world we live in, they met, the debating teams of the two universities, on the U.C.L.A. campus. And the point was threshed out under the distinguished chairmanship of Milton Sills, who, as his press agents have been at such pains to remind us at every opportunity, was once a college man himself.

Milton got right up to introduce himself as referee and gave it out that he was embarrassed. Apparently he had once talked over the radio in Philadelphia and, in answering questions put to him by listeners over the phone, he was stopped short by the query: "Where were you born, and why?" Ever since, it appeared, he was embarrassed when he was before his public. In introducing the question at issue, Milton merely suggested that just as savages strive more for ornaments than for food and shelter, so in modern America people gravitate toward luxuries, of which the movies are one. However, he admitted he was open to conviction, which one must admit was handsome of him. George Washington, he said, saw no movies and didn't sulk about it; the question to be decided was whether or not we had advanced since his day.

The Co-Eds Coo

MILTON then sat down. The co-eds thought he was just darling.

Norman Nelson, a young man whose distinguished manner and tone were only marred by his highly Austrylian accent, launched the Anzac attack by saying that Los Angeles was a city of angels, but of fallen ones. With one hand on an aristocratic hip and head cocked sideways, he said some rude things about Jack Holt which to his mind proved, apart from anything else, that the movies did not contribute to the world's artistic treasury. In Austrylia, it seemed, everybody thought that Texas was overrun with Tom Mix and cactus, a condition which, since their visit to America, they had found did not obtain. The movie magnates, said he, had made the outside world think that American life consisted entirely of wild conduct on the part of roaming horsemen. He averred that he was just

Movieless World

Australia's Youth Sends Three Envoys to Hollywood to Ask It to Desist



For Milton Sills, bedtime is bedtime; and it mattered not that he was chairman of a debate between three California students and a trio of Antipodes dose-and-dem boys

bally sick of seeing collegiate sons coming home semi-intoxicated to Irene Rich and then going to the dogs or to live in the wild west.

Mention of one of his starring pictures aroused Milton Sills, who was plainly tired, from a coma. The tony Mr. Nelson from down under said that he saw "The Valley of the Giants" in a dirty old movie show back home, and Milton's athletic prowess in it was so absurd that it made him forget all he had been learning up for a forthcoming bar examination. Milton appeared to glare at this revelation, as much as to say, "All right; go ahead and sue me!"

It was Mr. Nelson's opinion that the movies had demoralized youth by keeping it from the intellectual pursuits. He had come to this conclusion after a young lady he had met had replied to a question whether she liked Kipling that she "didn't Kipple." The best way to abolish the movies, in his opinion, was to cast Adolphe Menjou as *Dangerous Dan McGrew.*

A Night with Venus

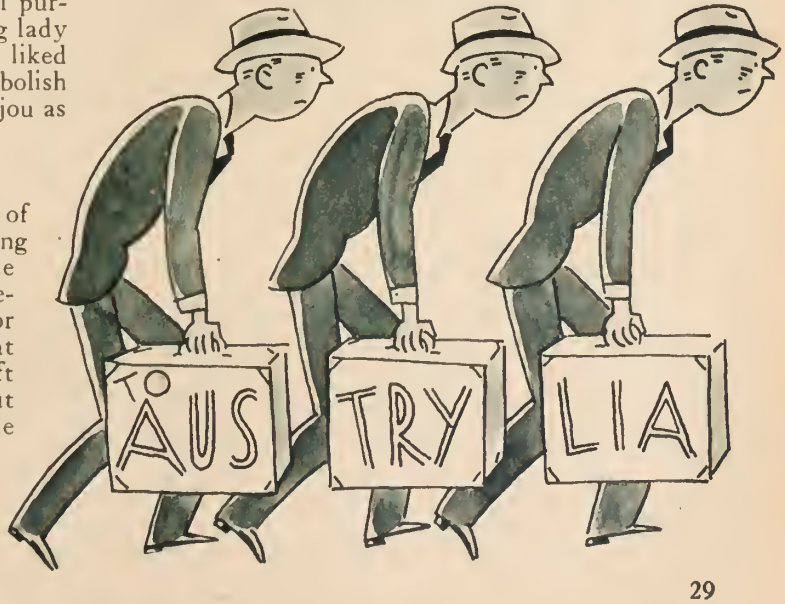
THE first champion of the movies, Harold Kraft of the U.C.L.A. team, rose and took a bull-fighting stance on the rostrum. A night with Venus, he claimed, was worth a month with Mercury—a remark which amused the co-eds, scandalized poor Milton, and had no connection with the question at issue. Waving a passionate pair of arms, Mr. Kraft said that the stage had its illegitimate moments, but they did not cause one to condemn it. What was the matter, he thundered, with "The Thief of Bagdad," "The Ten Commandments," with Chaplin and with Keaton? From this point Mr. Kraft launched upon an involved sermon about the necessity for entertainment and for what he described as rippling rivers of laughter in the lives of the people.

Mr. Kraft kept it up long past Milton's bedtime, for the eminent chairman had fallen asleep, to all appearances, before the speaker had enumerated half the blessings of the moving pictures. He awoke as Mr. Kraft was saying: "Go to the movies and look at these actresses and see what you're denied in ordinary life—ah, there's the grand thing!" Milton felt this had gone on long enough, and half leaned out of his seat in an attempt to stop the flow of verbiage. Nothing, however, was to be done and Mr. Kraft sailed through with flying colors by getting out all the reasons he could think of why the movies were O.K.

Mr. Goodsall from Austrylia came to the bat next—a smooth, mild-looking gentleman of great sarcasm. He thanked everyone for the welcome he and his fellows had received, on behalf of King George the Fifth and Queen Mary, the other four-fifths. Movies, to his way of thinking, kept people from indulging in conversation. "I sye," he purred, "the movies are in a state of degenerytion. I sye the movie unsettles the pytrons in two wyes. I sye, if a pytron can fall in love with Laura La Plante for ten cents, what inducement is there to fall in love with Mary Jyne? I sye the movie kills romance." But worst of all, opined Mr. Goodsall, was the prologue. "I sye it is the very apotheosis of banality." It was a mercy Sid Grauman wasn't there to hear this Australian death-blow to his means of livelihood.

Then we had on the rostrum Myron E. Smith, of the

(*Continued on page 75*)



The HOTBED

It's The Cocoanut Colombo, Who Plays

By
WALTER RAMSEY



WHY spend a dollar eighty-five for a cook's tour of Hollywood when you're trying to find out something or other?

We have a substitute; and it isn't "just as good." Oh, no. But it spreads further.

Take Russell Colombo, for instance: he plays a weeping-willow-violin in the Cocoanut Grove, and besides all this, keeps his eyes open. Want to hear him go? Draw up the old leather rocker, the one with the beer stains on her. Here we have it.

"Tuesday night at the Grove is called Movie-Nite, which is supposed to mean that if you want to see the stars go through their paces, you must go Tuesday.

"But you might just as well go Wednesday or Friday, or Saturday, because a great proportion of Hollywood's famous millionaires can be found there every night. Almost every important piece of movie news or history has had its beginning over a glass of ginger ale (you can call it that if you want to) in this world-renowned supper room of the Ambassador Hotel.

"If you were to lay the things that have started here together, end to end, it would make a line running from here to there and return. Just for argument's sake, take:

"Romance. Why, Hollywood starts all of her front-page romances right under our noses. In fact, any man in Arnheim's band could reach out, in any general direction on any given evening, and touch romance in its rosiest budding.

Frequently seen on the Ambassador dance floor are these stars. They are, from the top down, Joan Crawford, Jack Mulhall, Thelma Todd, Charlie Chaplin, Myrna Loy, Nick Stuart, Sue Carol, Anita Page and Buddy Rogers



Above are a few of the tables regularly reserved for certain stars either Tuesday or Friday evening

There Romance Begins

"IT WAS a beautiful Saturday afternoon in the early summer that Buddy Rogers first told Claire Windsor how marvelous she was. He continued to tell her on a number of successive afternoons in a number of different languages. It started in the Grove, so the boys in the band offered up a prayer and laid a silent bet that this one would outlast them all. Lately, they've been on different parties—with just a nod and a smile for the other. Which all goes to show that we make 'em and break 'em to music. Sometimes both.

"Sue Carol was introduced to Nick Stuart right in front of my

of WHOOPEE

Grove, Says Russell The Violin There



The among-those-present list of guests at the Grove includes usually—beginning at the bottom and up—Marion Davies, Vera Reynolds, James Hall, Billie Dove, John Mack Brown, Dorothy Mackaill, D. W. Griffith and Sally Blane

Russell Colombo—with his chin in the palms—is the violinist in Gus Arnheim's celebrated orchestra

eyes. That is, that's what I'm told. I can't say for sure because I didn't see Nick! I don't believe I saw anyone but Sue that night. It was her first night in Hollywood and she spent it right here. She still spends a lot of evenings here; and still with Nick.

"Carl Laemmle, Jr., has been number-one man for a lot of good teams. He has paraded before us, for long stretches or short spells, the following ladies of the ultra-ultra: Alice Day, Lois Moran—oh, why go further? It would just worry you. But anyhow, lately it's a blonde and she's lively.

Respect for His Elder

"WE'VE seen Ben Lyon take up flying after an evening with Ruth Elder. And Sally Blane almost every night with Tommy Lee. Even this 'Here again, gone again' act of Marie Prevost and Ken Harlan. I tell you, we don't miss a thing.

"There are several picture people who stay practically in character while off the screen. They play the same parts at the Cocoanut Grove as they play at the Metropolitan Theater. I mean, for example, Jetta Goudal. She arrives at odd hours—never the same. Always alone. She sits alone. Eats alone. Never speaks to anyone. Just watches. The fact that she comes often must mean that she enjoys being alone, and being left alone. Jetta Goudal, sitting in all her silver-screen aloofness, seems to say, 'I am sad; you'll never understand!' Then there's Gary Cooper. Invariably dining alone. He arrives, he eats, he frowns and he leaves. We've often wondered where he goes—so early.

"The band at the Grove sits on a raised dais and plays general while the stars pass in review. We see the gorgeously gowned women and the correctly dressed men. Of them all the most perfectly dressed are: Billie Dove, Claire Windsor, Gloria Swanson, Marion Davies, and Baclanova. They are followed in rapid order by Richard Barthelmess, James Hall, Adolphe Menjou and the immaculate Lewis Stone. In fact, most all of the important picture people dress well, although I must say some, a very few, look as though they might have decided to come at the last minute. It is true, in the screen profession as well as in other walks of life, that the person who spends the most money for clothing doesn't always look the best. We see a lot of funny-looking evening gowns

(*Continued on page 70*)



Seely

Old Man River's Girl *Magnolia*

She is the heroine of "Show Boat" and impersonated on the screen by Laura La Plante. The story is a romance of the floating theaters of the Mississippi some fifty years ago

Fitz and Starts

George Had To Make Several Before They'd Let Him Make Pictures

By HERBERT CRUIKSHANK





Both literally or figuratively it can be said that George Fitzmaurice sits easily in the driver's seat. Decision and authority fit him; he is a born director



HE looks like Black Irish from Donegal. A scion of one of the old county families. The master of the local hunt. A hard-riding divvle, dwelling in a tumble-down ancestral castle in the middle of wide acres. A drinker of potent beverages. Wed, perhaps, to a daughter of the Galway Blakes, or the Ballymores of Cork. Saluted by forehead-knuckling bog-trotters with a "God bless your Lordship," and hurling back careless greeting in the flawless English of Trinity, in Dublin, or slurred Gaelic gutterals.

As a matter of fact, he's French as Saint Padraic.

And his tongue is twisted with French sibilants.

A man's not a horse 'cause he's born in a stable. But a Celt born in Paris will bear the brand of the boulevards rather than that of Shannon's shamrocked dales. And never a bit of the brogue will you find on the tongue that is tutored from childhood in *la langue Française*.

Ah, these wandering Irish! Arbiters of worlds' destinies, all save their own. George Fitzmaurice comes of their clan. His parents were Irish born, but they turned their backs on the sorrowful island, and their son was born a Frenchman.

But besides his heritage of blood, his forebears bestowed upon him a fine artistic sense. And this was carefully nurtured and developed by training in the great *conservatoires* of the French capital. From this apprenticeship Fitzmaurice emerged an artist with palette and canvas and color. Wide travel throughout all Europe made him a citizen of the world, with all the suavity and sophistication which the description implies.

The Irish Parisian

WHAT more natural than that this talented youth, sprung from generations of adventurous romanticists, combining within himself the native brilliance of Erin with the *savoir faire* of his foster-mother land, should turn toward the most wonderful of all mediums in search of a career? In 1912 he made his bow as an artist of the cinema. Affiliated with Pathe in Paris, he worked first as art director of their pictures, and later as a writer of scenarios. Eventually he got his chance. A screen version of Wilkie Collins's mystery story, "The Moonstone," was produced under his direction. With an odd interlude here and there, he has been directing photoplays ever since.

He arrived in America with an established reputation. But perhaps the filmdom of that early day was not so

(*Continued on page 73*)

Playing



Virginia Valli—above—hears Charlie Farrell say, in broken Italian, "Angela Mia!"



"Yes," comes the voice of Norma Talmadge to Gilbert Roland — right — "This is the woman disputed"



George O'Brien — right—smiles when Olive Borden says, "If the papers keep getting us engaged, they ought to provide the ring, too"



The wires at the Club —above—are so hot that the chef makes toast on them

The Bachelors At The Club Find Unsafety



June Collyer — above — hears Wallace McDonald ask: "Did the Prince say 'What is so rare is a day with June?'"

Sue Carol—below—smiles when Roland Drew asks, "If I call you before that Stuart guy does, isn't it just in the Nick of time?"



Charlie Farrell—right—hears Virginia Valli exclaim, "You are a very remarkable fella"



with Wire

Sad? Of course, Roland Drew—below—is. For Sue Carol has just replied, "It would if Nick hadn't phoned first"







Olive Borden—above—isn't at all surprised when George O'Brien merely answers, "Is zat so?"



Marian Nixon —right —hears Ben Lyon say, "I've bought a plane so I can take the air"



Hollywood Athletic In Numbers

Wallace McDonald — above isn't put out at all when June Collyer answers, "No, but I should think you might"

"Well"—it's Gilbert Roland speaking to Norma—below—"Hawaii today?"



Ben Lyon — left —is unperturbed when Marian Nixon answers, "You don't have to take it. I might give it to you"









Autrey



Autrey

Flown the Coop

That's what Marguerite Churchill has done, the reference being to the restricted cage of the legitimate theater. And now she is winging her way amid the more commodious spaces of the talkies and the appeal they make, her first twittering to be done with Clark and McCullough in "The Diplomats"

For The Love *of* Joan

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Owes All His Success To The Girl He Calls Billie Crawford

By RUTH BIERY



R. H. Louise

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., accredits his recent success in pictures to the influence of Joan Crawford.

Until he met Joan he had had spasmodic successes. "Stella Dallas" was one. But there was nothing spectacular to compare with his work in "The Barker," "The Toilers" and "A Woman of Affairs."

"I was getting along passably well, but I had no real incentive. My father had withdrawn his opposition to my working in his profession, so I did not even have that barrier to overcome.

"I was doing 'The Texas Steer' with Will Rogers—just walking through the picture without any real effort at characterization—when I received an offer to play *Young Woodley* on the stage. It was a terribly low salary. One hundred a week when one member of the cast with a lesser part was drawing three hundred. But I had been studying voice with John Barrymore and I thought it a good chance to see what I could do with what John had taught me."

He paused. "Did you see the opening performance of that play?" he inquired hesitatingly.

Yes, we had seen it. We understood why he hesitated to tell us about it. Doug, Jr., is really a modest youngster.

Unaware of His Triumph

SUCH an audience as turned out to see him! I should not be surprised if some of them came that night, however, to honor Doug, Sr., as well as Doug, Jr. There were Mary and Doug, Gloria Swanson, Norma and Constance, and the rest of the Talmadge family. And John Barrymore, preening himself as the voice-father of this fledgling leading-man.

When the curtain went down, there was that absolute silence, proverbial in its meaning of awe and inspiration. Then the entire celebrity-audience rose to its feet and commenced cheering. Doug, Jr., thought the commotion was in honor of his leading lady. He kept pushing her forward. Finally, the cries of "Doug," "Doug, Jr." penetrated. He came forward again and again to bow before us. At last—the curtain-raisers were getting weary—he answered their cries of "Speech—speech." He looked for all the world like a small boy making his first Sunday school recitation as he said, "I can put my whole heart and soul into three words, 'I thank you'."

And standing in that cheering throng, with tears running down her face, was Joan Crawford.

"That night brought me my first step toward real success in pictures. It brought me my future wife, Joan Crawford." Were those tears in his eyes as he told us about it?

"She sent me a telegram. I went to see her. I—oh, that first night, sitting in her front room in Beverly, I knew something even more important than that cheering throng at *Young Woodley* had happened to me.

So This Was Love!

"THE next evening we went for a long ride. We told each other everything. And suddenly I wished that opening night—all the applause, the calls for speech, the cheers of the motion picture celebrities could happen again just so Joan could see it once more. I wanted to appear big, to make good for Joan Crawford.

"It was sort of love at first sight. We both knew it

(*Continued on page 76*)



Richee



Hommel



Richee

Oh, she has wings on her—that is, well—anyway, she has bells on her toes, has Doris Hill, at the left, doing a little Javanese jig. Above, Clara Bow shows how to keep Chinese coolies from getting cooler; and at the right, Esther Ralston proves that there are attractions in Spain more dangerous than bull-fights

Dancy

Name Any National Stars Can



Richee



Hommel



Richee

The stealthy figure above is not a Balkan peasant woman about to throw her husband's pipe in the furnace: it is Jean Arthur going through the motions of an early Cretan measure. Miss Bow, at the left, is this time being just a little Gypsy; and Louise Brooks —right—is performing the Shalimar shimmy

Dress Rhythm: These Step To It

Troupers Three

Jimmy and Lucille and Russell, The Last Names Being Gleason

By HERBERT CRUIKSHANK



Mrs. James Gleason, preparing tea, looks a little anxiously upon the libations which her husband—whose name happens to be Mr. James Gleason—and her son, Russell, are pouring for each other

WHEN Kipling wrote "Oh, East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet," that was a lot of boloney. If it were true, there wouldn't be any Russell Gleason. For Russell's pa was rolling his hoop on the East-Sidewalks of New York, when Russell's ma was picking poinsettias on the Pacific side of Pasadena. Now if Kipling has been right, you can see it would have been kind o' tough on Russell. But Jimmy Gleason's dad, Russell's grandpa, followed Horace Greeley's advice and ended up in Oakland. Probably because he couldn't go any farther without a boat. And, sure enough, Lucille Webster's folks moved up to that selfsame city. Which later on turned out to be a great break for Russell.

Now, Lucille Webster was real genteel. Hugh Webster, her grandpa, has folks in Pasadena. To this day they'll show you the first two-story house ever built in the city. And it was Hugh Webster who built it. Lucille attended the Thorpe School of Domestic Science. Her father stood well enough in the councils of his party to secure an appointment as postmaster. In a good spot, too—Alaska.

But Jimmy Gleason was show folks. As soon as he could walk, they had him playing parts at the Liberty theater. And he walked very young. So young, in fact, that he's been a little bit—not much—but just a little bit pigeon-toed ever since. It's easy to see that Jimmy Gleason's ma didn't raise her boy to be a soldier. But that kid just never could resist a parade. So back in '98, he hollered "Remember the Maine and to Hell with Spain" as loud as any of 'em. And 'listed up, too.

As a war veteran, he figured he qualified to sign articles for a matrimonial go. Somehow he persuaded Lucille Gleason to say yes. Though people said goodness knows she could have done better. Well, they married, and Jimmy hasn't had a battle since. Or won one, anyway. Whatever the reason, he always welcomes a war. He did his share to make the Mexican border safe for visiting Elks with a thirst. And when the bands played "Over There," James again showed Lucille and little Russell how pop looked in a uniform. But between wars the young couple settled down to the peaceful quietude of a life in stock repertoire and one-night stands. There was about fifteen years of this. Fifteen years. With time out for the wars, of course.

The Inevitable Play

WAS it Nat Goodwin who used to insist that everyone has written, is writing, or planning to write a play? And would prove it by asking street car conductors, cabbies, waiters, or any one at all, "Well, how's the play coming along?" Jimmy Gleason was no exception to the rule. He had a play. Lucille thought it was a good play. You know how women are. Of course, it was lousy. It must have been. Because James carried it around for four

(*Continued on page 78*)



Autrey

A Capital V

That's our opinion of the one in Jane Winton's new gown which, incidentally, is not a skiing costume. Jane, here shown both vertically and horizontally, is to appear in an important rôle in "The Haunted Lady" and also with Victor McLaglen in "Captain Lash"



R. H. Louise

The Reading Lady

Fresh from college comes Mary Doran. And for all that she has chosen a career as an actress, it is said her favorite diversion is reading. But she consented to lay aside her Encyclopædia Britannica for a moment to pose for this portrait

You Can't *trust* Women

Gary Cooper Exhibits His Shattered Illusions

By ELISABETH GOLDBECK



Richee

When it comes to night-owls, Gary Cooper prefers to hunt them rather than attempt to be one. His life in Hollywood is a quiet—and guarded—one

NOW that all the big stars are breaking down and confessing their love-lives, it's time to reveal what Gary Cooper thinks about women. Gary should know. Most of the swooning done in Hollywood lately has been at his expense. It's years since anyone in this town has had such a strong personal lure. Ladies of every type have thrown all dignity to the winds and made it perfectly clear that they consider him the last word in sex appeal. And even the men get lyrical about him.

It must be that good old strong, silent lure. That fatal charm of the Westerner, who loves animals and respects women. Not that Gary really looks like a cowboy. When you first meet him, there's no suggestion of the open spaces about him except his eyes, which are intensely blue, outdoor eyes. And he doesn't wear spurs and say, "I'd admire for to do that," and other William S. Hart expressions. Gary has made rapid strides toward complete poise. He dresses—well, more like an actor than a Westerner; and he can speak English, using many words of more than one syllable, in a voice that wouldn't outrage the Vitaphone.

But underneath it all, underneath the poise, the humor, and the clean shirt, there's something elemental about him. You know what I mean: so big, so strong, yet a babe in arms. The kind of thing that simply undermines women. He has a simplicity, a sweetness they can't resist.

His Never-Never Lady

THEY pursue him across the continent. They woo him shamelessly in restaurants. They mash his potatoes for him. But what thanks do they get? Gary admits there's only one type of woman he wants, and he's sure she doesn't exist.

To understand all this, you must look back over his career from cowboy to ladies' man. His life began in Helena, Montana, twenty-seven years ago. His father, a judge there, owned a ranch out in the country. And Gary, after being hurt in an accident, was sent there to recuperate. Without finishing high-school, he stayed there and rode the range for two years. Then, not knowing that he was to become a movie star, his family imagined he needed more education, and sent him to Grinnell College. But Gary must have felt intuitively what the future had in store for him, for he left in disgust after two years, and set out for Los Angeles to make his fortune.

Here, disguised as an advertising salesman, he looked the ground over and decided a movie career was as good as any. All he wanted was a job that would support him and a few others. For at that *naïve* age Gary thought marriage was the only real career. He was still living his life according to the precepts of Eddie Guest and the late Dr. Frank Crane, and was bent on being a husband and father as soon as possible.

Gary Won't Marry

AS soon as possible, Hollywood cured him of these foolish ideas. After four years on the screen, he has developed into one of our best cynics.

"Now," says Gary, very stern and forbidding, "I'm

(Continued on page 80)

Classic's Family Album



He is one of the powers that be and always have been in Hollywood: Jovian, if not jovial. At once a pioneer and a present practitioner of the de luxe in pictures. Had you been in New York twenty-five years ago, you might have seen him looking just like this and singing merrily in "The Bohemian Girl." But try to get him to do it now, for he is—salaam, please—

Cecil B. De Mille

Our Own News Camera



Qualified by experience to head a chain of correspondence schools is Billie Dove, below. The postage alone on her letters of reply to fans amounts to more than many a bank president's salary



Popularity in package form—in the arms of its manufacturer. Clara Bow—above—clasps to herself part of part of a day's mail from picturegoers

New Year's Eve—above—impersonated by Alice White. When a girl can dress this way and live, there's no need to ask if she's torrid

The ring of sincerity—placed on Alma Rubens's proper finger by Ricardo Cortez. And the fact that it is still there stills rumor to the effect that they two are on the brink of separation

Bullock

Two famous love-teams and their coach, Samuel Goldwyn. On the left are Vilma Banky and Walter Byron; on the right, Lili Damita and Ronald Colman

Alexander





CINEMA SHOTS FROM COAST TO



"Sonny Boy" sings himself: Davy Lee, the sensation of "The Singing Fool," gives an imitation of his discoverer, Al Jolson, rendering the song hit of the picture



Alexander

Buddy Rogers—above—has contrived without much effort to avoid the pitfalls of Hollywood. But he's fallen an easy victim to the traps. And he plays them in his newest film, "Someone to Love"



A shine for a shining personality on the screen: June Collyer gets her shoes made up outside a little barber shop just off Hollywood Boulevard. Three throats cut themselves in two the moment she stepped into the chair

Look at her from whatever ankle you will, you can't deny that Ada Williams, reposing below, is charming. She is featured in several new comedies which, like her panties, may be classified as shorts

Less than a year ago Leone Lane, below and Bostonian, made up her mind to become a screen actress. And here she is already making up herself for a prominent part



To both Ernest B. Shoedsack and Merian C. Cooper, life just now is very much a pipe. In fact, a couple of pipes. But they've had their little excitements at times, such as when they directed "Chang," "Grass" and —most lately—"The Four Feathers"



Autrey



Dyar

COAST AND BACK TO COAST AGAIN



Not to be unique did Russell Simpson—at the left—have his picture taken with his back to the camera. Being Scotch, he had to consider the wear and tear of photography upon his make-up



From the glimpse above of Audrey Ferris, you can't say that you just knows she wears 'em. But she packs 'em—in both hands—that's certain. Meaning socks



Louis Wolheim—at the right—can't seem to decide what to do with his chessmen. But with a queen, a knight and a bishop all there, we'd say the best thing to do would be to marry the girl

What a struggle Alan Hale must have not to reform for the better! Think of his having to do a hard day's menacing after having breakfast with so charming a wife as Mrs. Hale and so cheerful a youngster as their son, Karen

Playing sick: Mary Brian—below—revives an old schoolgirl practice for the sake of her part in "Someone to Love." The young gentleman very much in the picture, although not visible here, is Buddy Rogers





The king of cubs: that's the title that Ernest Corts, the cameraman, thinks this two-months-old baby lion should have, if roughhousing ability counts for anything





New

The Is

By
GLADYS HALL

Drawings By H. O. HOFMAN

"YES," says Lilyan Tashman.

We asked Lilyan Tashman because we felt she oughtta know. And Lilyan says that they have changed indeed. Ladies do not sin nor gents err as they did in the good old days. Today there are fashions in sin. Yesterday there were none.

The home-destroyers of the twentieth century, in the last decade, are not ticketed "Dangerous" as they were when Theda Bara was undulating and kohl-eying it all over the marriage mart; when Virginia Pearson was flinging her night-shade tresses into the home and hearth; when Louise Glaum was ogling the hearts out of men and husbands, the Pied Pipers of purity.

At least, in those days, the little women knew what they were up against. If hubby brought Theda Bara home for the week-end, the little woman knew, like a shot, that she was packing. Even the dumbest Dora would get Theda.

Today, if hubby should bring Theda home, the little woman would split her sides and shout, "Take her out in the car and park."

Lilyan says that the dangerous thing is that women do not wiggle any more. You could always spot a wiggle, back in the Victorian era, and get from under with the kiddies and the alimony. But wiggling is out. Wiggles won't get you anywhere now, girls, save with the lowly worm. So how is a poor wife to tell?

Debs Are Debauchees

LILYAN further says that sin, today, has acquired a sense of humor. The real sin-sisters are apt to be the slick-looking debs in sweat-shirts and berets. The gals with the long hike and the short haul.

In the days when Lilyan was in the Follies, the frillies were either *naïve* or they were thedaish. If they were *naïve*, they did their worst without knowing just how they had accomplished it. Or how they were getting away with what they did get away with, meaning sables and leases and you-knows. They had no malice aforethought. They didn't pull any lines.

Today, says Lilyan, the really, the most dangerous female is the one with mental efficiency but practical inefficiency. By which she means that men fall first and hardest for the gals who can wise crack right back at them (you simply have to wise crack to get an inning); who have dabbled in Freud; who have heard that Dostoievsky is not a disease; who, on the other hand, couldn't tell a mortgage from a murder; would rather throw their luggage away than have to check it; and who gaze at men with sudden helplessness and say, "Oh, what would you do if your ignition went wrong?"

Lilyan began life as a little Brooklyn schoolgirl, the seventh sister in a family of ten or eleven or so. Her mother wanted her to be a school marm—what a break that would have been for the *Young Woodleys* of the realm!—and her father aspired for her to be a lawyer. With a black ribbon depending elegantly from a white judicial brow. All we can say is that if Lilyan had become a lawyer, may God help the twelve tried men and true. They would have been tried but not true. Don't be silly.

Props and Propositions

LILYAN wangled along in high school and felt the footlights in her soul. Her off-hours were spent in New York at tea dances. On one of these stolen occasions the boy she was dancing with said, "Flo Ziegfeld is in the house and wants to meet you."

Lilyan was "pretty fresh," by her own admission, and she said, "Well, if he's got that craving, tell him to come over to my table and gratify it. I won't stop him."

Flo did; and the immediate result was an appointment in his office the next morning. Lilyan borrowed a neighbor's frock and a large pair of earrings. Flo disregarded the borrowed props and asked to see the props nature had given her. Lilyan didn't think of ruination—she was too young and brooklynish—and she proudly displayed the Tashman knees. Flo exulted and asked her how much she wanted per week to show God's handiwork to tired business men.

Lilyan had been getting five a week from the paternal wallet and thought that anything over five was immoral. Nevertheless she took a deep breath and gargled "Thirty, please."

Flo looked paternal and said, "We'd better make it thirty-five a week to start." Which should show you what

Fashions *in* Vamps

Wiggle As A *Yoo-hoo* Device Definitely *Passé*, Lilyan Tashman Says

is in the heart of a producer and what in a pleasing prop.

And so, for some years, Lilyan was a Follies girl. And she learned about wimmin from them. Her verdict is that if any girl covets "that kind of a life," all she has to do is join the Follies. For to the Follies flock the beastly rich and spendthrift, the pleasure-seeking and pleasure-paying of the male population. Nary a girl but could live on unearned increment in the Follies. (We're trying to be delicate.) Wedding rings are rarities. Sables, Rollses, leases, flood in and may be had for the choosing. Nary an orchid nor yet a lowly daisy but conceals in its shrinking bosom a check for this or that.

Offers from High and Lowe

LILYAN didn't accept the largesse of the Follies' followers. Not much, anyhow. She couldn't have accounted for it at home. Her father was irate enough as it was. He was of that dying race of men who say, "I'd rather see you dead than in a spangle." He did say just that, differently phrased. And when Lilyan asked him how he liked her in the Follies—when at last he could be induced to go—he said, "Bert Williams was very good."

But he was proud of her before he died. He was a rabid movie fan; and one of the sorrows of Lilyan's life is that he died on the very day she began work in her first picture.

Lilyan was engaged to an Older Man with Money when she met Ed Lowe. She took one look at him and then her heart stood still. The literal truth. And it has stood still ever since, in the same Lowe place.

And so—

The whole point is that in the old days, ten or twelve years ago, there were two brands of sin and two brands of sinner. There was the Theda Bara type, easily recognizable a block away. And there was the *naively* unconscious type. The type that wiggled without knowing why and was led into the dens of iniquity unquestioning.

Today there are a thousand types of sinner and ten thousands types of sin.

Girls pull lines today. They fit a different line to the neck of each different man and strangle him with it. They think out their methods of attack. What goes for Jack today would never do for John.

The sinner of today uses her brain as well as her body; and the combination would make a deadly nightshade look like a milkweed.

Sensible Sinning

THEN, too, says Lilyan, people have grown more sophisticated the country over. Even the small

(*Continued on page 79*)



Oscillation as an incentive to osculation no longer occupies its once supreme place in the vampire's manual of procedure. Kohled eyes now win no better reward than cold glances of ennui; and slinking is sinking into oblivion.



Autrey

All Are Dotty

The girl because in both cases she is Dorothy Burgess; and the men—Warner Baxter, above; and Edmund Lowe, in the corner—because of the disturbing quality of her blandishments. The scenes are from "In Old Arizona"

The Girl Who Wouldn't Undress

An Impression of Alice Day

By CAROL JOHNSTON

Caricature by



SHE is unique in Hollywood. She said "No"—and to a producer!

She caused a small sensation in a crazy city where the word "No" is only spoken in whispers or in fun, if at all. She said it right out. What's more, she repeated it. And then she said it again. It cost her her job. It gave her a reputation for temperament and horrid things like that. But she stuck to it. It's her favorite word.

Alice Day, I mean. That little, soft-voiced, sweet-faced, shy thing with the big brown eyes and baby mouth. That sweet, baby girl. A girl for petting and protection. And a girl who never needed it. Alice knows her own mind and makes her own way. But she doesn't look it. And that's the trick. To be able to say "No" while looking as if she is saying "Yes"—well, that means money in Hollywood. By all the rules this little Day should be one of the yes-girls. She's cuddly, and cute, and gentle. She looks like "Yes"—and keeps on saying "No." Until strong men gnash their teeth and fume and pound their desks and pace—and much good it does 'em!

She is perfectly natural. She never has cared an awful lot about being an actress. Her clever and charming mother recognized in Alice and Marceline a potential pair of Pickfords or Talmadges and trotted them to the studios. They were welcome. They still are. They make good money and have a pretty home with cars and canines and all the trimmings. Alice remains unimpressed. She isn't crazy about picture work. Oh, she's ambitious enough; and she enjoys her work, and wants to get along. But she is also quite capable of falling sincerely in love some day and getting married and going in for a life of unadulterated domesticity. In other words, going quite, quite real. And somehow you don't always feel that about a movie girl. Alice would like, she says sometimes, wistfully, to be married and have children. The hustle and bustle of the studios don't spell life to her. She is not a member of any particular picture clique. She likes people but has few intimate friends. Not that she high-hats parties or disapproves. But she doesn't like that sort of thing. She doesn't giggle. She doesn't smoke. She acts ten years or so older than her sister Marceline. Actually, she is only about one year older.

The Historic Negative

THE time she uttered her historic "No" was when Mack Sennett was going to star her in "The Romance of a Bathing Girl" or some such title. Since she first arrived on Mr. Sennett's lot she had been playing character ingenues—you remember her, half-hoyden, half-heroine, in those two-reel Alice Day pictures. She was the only girl in the comedy factory who appeared entirely clothed at all times and in all scenes and seasons. She wore funny costumes and cavorted, but always with a certain quiet dignity. There was no bathing suit in her wardrobe. Then Sennett decided to produce his feature production, with Alice Day as heroine. It was her chance to step into full-length films and she welcomed it. Her enthusiasm abated, however, when she was asked to don an abbreviated costume. She didn't like it, but she argued with herself: "Oh, well, I'm a

(*Continued on page 87*)

Laurence Reid Reviews the New Photoplays

The Celluloid





Above: Edmund Lowe and Corinne Griffith as they appear in "Outcast"; at the right, Milton Sills, as the big spiel and megaphone man in "The Barker," with Betty Compson; and below, John Gilbert consoling Alma Rubens in "The Masks of the Devil"

IF ever there was an instance of mistaken judgment in the handling of a story, it is to be found in the manner in which the latest edition of "Alias Jimmy Valentine" has been treated.

This story, which the producers refrain from mentioning, is by O. Henry. This may be due to oversight or it may be because it has been dramatized and photodramatized and rephotodramatized so often that its origin is as obscure as that of So's Your Old Man.

Be that as it may, as the saying goes, it has most lately been warmed over and served with a sauce of sound, with a fried egg of dialogue plopped in the middle of it.

The sound is none too effective; certainly, since it is mostly musical, far less so than would be a living orchestral accompaniment. And the dialogue, except where spoken by Lionel Barrymore, as Doyle, the detective, is hardly conducive to any furtherance of the entertainment.

But less commendatory than either of these two extraneous elements is that O. Henry's dramatic story has been treated so flippantly as to rob it utterly of any strength of climax. William Haines, amusing enough, wise-cracks and gags his way for some two-thirds of the length of the film and then, when the moment which makes the yarn worth-while comes, finds himself acting in a situation quite bereft of pressure. It is a masterpiece of anti-climax, the whole thing. Its one saving grace is the presence in the cast of Mr. Barrymore, whose ability no director, no matter how ingenious, can quench. If, on the evening that "Alias Jimmy Valentine" plays, you are torn between witnessing it and mending that dress, we advise your taking your needle in hand.

Appreciation of the art of villainy is growing. The public, just as a doctor looks at an infection and calls it a beautiful specimen, has come to have the highest regard for a genuinely excellent scoundrel. He does bad so prettily that one can't resist him.

All of which makes for the enhancement of William Powell's popularity, for in "Interference," which as cast goes is genuinely all-star and as speech goes, genuinely all-talkie—to get back to Mr. Powell, he does a wonderful bit of work. He is the husband of the wife of a London doctor of high standing. And yet he is not the doctor. Difficult at first, of course, to figure that one out. But as it happens in the movie, the wife thought Mr. Powell had been killed in the war. And when he discovers that he has not been and that his wife has married again, he proceeds to make



Critic

THIS MONTH

Outcast
The Barker
The Masks of the Devil
On Trial
Alias Jimmy Valentine
Interference

the most of her unfortunate plight. Doris Kenyon is the harassed wife and Clive Brook the fine-type-of-man husband who is unaware of his wife's predicament. It's a good story—its success as a book and a play has proven that. And its screen appearance clinches the matter. "Interference" is worth seeing, and especially in it, William Powell.

John Goes Earnest

IF the tone of "The Masks of the Devil" means anything, it would seem that John Gilbert is beginning to take up acting in a serious way. For this newest of his photoplays is more of an attempt at proving something than those which he usually has been called upon to struggle with and through.

The picture does on the screen, and much more deftly, what Eugene O'Neill did on the stage a season or so ago in "The Great God Brown," a play wherein characters were shown first with masks on and in the characters they would have the world see, and then with the masks removed, in the characters truly their own. This device in the theater was clumsy. But in the film and under the skilful and intelligent direction of Victor Seastrom, it becomes an effect gracefully achieved and telling.

The story of "The Masks of the Devil" is hardly one that can be denominated cheery. It is a trifle sombre, after the fashion of all of Seastrom's pictures. But it is earnest and interesting. And if the romantic scenes are a trifle conventional and the symbolism driven home as if with a sledge-hammer, the other merits of the photoplay more than compensate. For all who like John Gilbert this is an opportunity to see him in a new and effective mood. His leading woman, Eva Von Berne, disclosed in the picture some of the reasons for her being returned to Germany, although this may be said, that inexperience could have accounted for a good measure of her shortcomings. "The Masks of the Devil" is worth seeing.







Above: Evelyn Brent and William Powell as the two menaces in "Interference." At the left, William Haines being, as the police say, questioned closely by Lionel Barrymore in "Alias Jimmy Valentine"; and below, Pauline Frederick and Holmes Herbert toward the end of "On Trial"

Another Old Reliable

"OUTCAST" is like a very good cup of coffee that has stood until it is a trifle lukewarm. It is another of the old reliables of the screen, done twice before when its subject was a bit more startling to playgoers than it is in these days. The tale is of a girl not exactly of the streets, yet not far removed; and of her love for a young man of considerable wealth and station. They came upon one another at a time when he was nursing a heart badly wrenched

(*Continued on page 72*)



Bessie Love—with the personality—and Anita Page—with the hair ribbon—are to appear soon as partners in a sister-act in tank-town vaudeville. Not actually, of course, but as characters in the film, "Broadway Melody"

Two in tune with the requirements of the talkies: Anita Page and Bessie Love are arguments, and persuasive ones, for the contention that there are in the ranks of picture players today plenty of people quite qualified to speak lines as well as exhibit 'em

Who's Hoofers

Two Big-Time Stars As A Small-Time Team

R. H. Louise

Just Him and Tony

Tom Mix Can't Make Out Why His Wife And Thomasina Left Him

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE



Fond as he is of outdoor sports, Tom Mix—with Mrs. Mix just above—found little pleasure, after a hard day's work, in soup-and-fishing

IN a vast mansion on a Beverly hill Tom Mix, cowboy extraordinary, awaits developments in his marital troubles with a sad expression, softened only by the reflection that even in his darkest hour he has proved himself one hundred per cent. American.

A few months ago his wife Victoria left for Paris with the little girl Thomasina. Her last words to Tom, the cowboy relates, were: "I never felt closer to you than I do now." Shortly afterward Tom received in the mail one morning a questionnaire from a Paris divorce lawyer, in which he was requested to state for Mrs. Mix's benefit that he would no longer receive her in his home nor contribute to her support. It was the first intimation that Victoria wanted a divorce.

And Tom, ungallantly perhaps, but patriotically certainly; refused to co-operate. "American justice is good enough for me," he wrote to the flabbergasted lawyer in Gay Paree, whose first experience it undoubtedly was of an American husband acting so mean. "If Mrs. Mix has any complaint to make, let her make it right here in California, where we both live and contribute in taxation to the upkeep of the courts of justice."

And that, so far as Victoria Mix's Paris divorce was concerned, was that.

The Mix Mansion

WE called upon Mr. Mix in his mansion on the Beverly hill to find out how he was taking it. Through the gateway carved with the initials, T. M., past the rustic wooden sign, Tom Mix, we rode up the curving slope of the drive and pulled in our horses on the large sweep of gravel outside the front door, between the Mix Rolls on one side and the Mix butler's roadster on the other. Swinging from our stirrups with a clanking of spurs, we found ourselves being greeted cordially by Thomas Mix, Esquire. We call him that because, for the first time in our memory, he wore an ordinary gray suit and no fifty-gallon hat. "Come in," he said, and it was no sooner said than done.

We were ushered into a spacious and lofty room, the walls of which were covered with antlers and heads from animals wiped out by the Mix gun, the floor by the skins of similarly deceased fauna. What space on the walls was not covered with trophies of the Mix guns was occupied by the guns themselves—rows and rows of them. There were also cowboy hats, whips and a collection of medals carried off by Tom in his soldiering days. The floor-space of the room was littered by saddle and stirrup exhibits. In the stone over the vast fireplace was carved the word, Victoria, with the initials, V. M. and T. M., grouped on either side.

Tom sat down on a sofa and looked sadly into space. Apart from anything else, it must have been sad to contemplate all the initials that had been carved inside and outside the house, when the owner of the name over the fireplace was suing for divorce, and Tom himself never wanted the place, anyway. It made it so difficult to get out of the house—the house carved with memories. Under armorial bearings on the lofty windows was the word Virtute.

The Homeless House

"YES, it's real sad," Tom began, with a note of genuine pathos in his voice. "It's real sad when a man gets to where he's about ready to appreciate the blessings of his family and his home, and then the bottom falls out of it, like this.

"Money don't mean a thing to me, except that it lets me provide against the future for my wife and Thomasina. For me, I'd as lief have stayed in the small house we used to live in, it wasn't such a grand place, but it suited me. I'd as lief have kept my old car, that everybody called my old can and said: 'Why don't you buy a real car?' But what's it to me whether a car's a Rolls-Royce or just a can, so long as it gets me there? Still, Victoria

(*Continued on page 86*)



Here is Myrna Loy as she appears in "The Desert Song." Maybe before you never cared for things Oriental, but as the ads say, now you'll like East

Meet the

And Don't

Sheiks





Until Myrna dressed up like this we could never see why the whole world cast aside the Roman and (cheers lasting thirty-one minutes) voted unanimously for Arabic figures

Loy-Friend

Laugh Because.

Stay Home

All photos by Fryer



By
DOROTHY DONNELL

NOT THAT THEY MIND, BUT—

Being The Imaginary Thoughts Of Ronald Colman And Vilma Banky On Seeing Each Other Make Love To A New Co-Star

I*s This What* VILMA *Thinks?*

AFTER all the pictures he's courted me in. After all the sweet sub-titles he's spoken to me. After all the kisses he's given me in close-ups—just look at him making love to that French girl.

Of course, I know that he has to do it because it's in his contract, but he doesn't need to do it quite so well, does he? Almost as if he enjoyed it. And in the same way he used to make love to me, too: with that grim look, as if he'd just stopped fighting or plotting or drinking ale in a tavern for a moment, and would soon tear himself away from women and love and go back to a man's world.

I wonder—maybe I'm mistaken, but I believe he looks a little grimmer than he used to, as if he would tear himself away from her even sooner.

She really is beautiful. If you like that very foreign type, I mean. Of course, I'm foreign, too; but everyone says I don't look it. Didn't I play a typical American girl in one of my very first pictures, the "Winning of Barbara Worth"? But Damita makes you think of Monte Carlo and Venetian palaces and the Rue de la Paix. I wonder what she makes a man think of? I wonder what Ronnie's thinking of this minute?

She has a way with her, of course. Those French girls are brought up with the idea of pleasing men. But she doesn't look as if she could cook a dinner. And so helpless, too. She's going to take a lot of rescuing. More than I ever did. Look at the way she has to be carried up those steps. High heeled slippers on desert islands—wouldn't you just know she was Parisienne? And the way she uses her shoulders. And the way she uses her eyes.

All I can say is that I hope they don't have to make a re-take of that scene.

I*s This What* RONNIE *Thinks?*

CAN'T say I like these romantic pictures myself, with all these hot love scenes. They ought to stop making them. Take a beautiful star like Vilma Banky, for instance: why must she be cast in a picture in which a handsome young man in a uniform makes violent love to her from the first reel to the last fade-out? Why not put her into a Western or a dog picture for a change? Cast her opposite to Rin-Tin-Tin?

Not that Walter Byron isn't a nice chap, of course. English. Awfully fit, too. Where does he find his tailor? But hardly the leading man for Vilma. He's too young and—well, inexperienced looking. What she ought to have for a film lover is a more mature type. A man who looks as though he had lived and suffered. It's queer, but just at the moment I can't seem to think of exactly the right actor to take my place as her co-star.

Byron is good looking, of course. But then uniforms are always becoming. Wonder how he'd look in some of the rough clothes I have to wear. He makes love well. A little too violently, perhaps, for some people's taste, but Vilma doesn't seem to mind. There he is standing behind her. My stuff. Now he's kissing her. No, I don't care for these romantic love pictures.

Not that I mean to criticize, but is he quite the right one to look after Vilma in a picture? She does get into so many difficulties. I was always having to climb water pipes or fight a troop of cavalry to rescue her or carry her in my arms out of some dungeon. She was never the kind of heroine who sits quietly at home waiting to be wooed. This Byron chap would be all right at a dance, but can he hold her over one shoulder and fight off a dozen conspirators with the other hand? Maybe. But never with the kind of flair Vilma is accustomed to.



Hesser

A Bit of Fluff on the Rug

But one that not even the fussiest bachelor would sweep up. She is Dione Ellis, once a stenographer and now soon to be leading woman for William Boyd in "The Leatherneck"



Apeda

After playing the leading rôle in "The Trial of Mary Dugan" in New York, Raymond Hackett is to duplicate his performance for sound-pictures



R. H. Louise

Something unusual in dress design: the short neck and the low-sleeved blouse, enclosing within its folds Doris Brinkman, who is something unusual in herself

Looking Them Over

Close-Ups From the West Coast

THERE was something quietly tragic about the exodus of the little Austrian girl, Eva Von Berne, from Hollywood. It was so different from her heralded advent.

Billed as a "captivating society belle" of the old world, Eva impressed Hollywood more as a youthfully plump little foreigner who was as bewildered with her contract as were the M. G. M. casting directors after they saw her. Eva's hair was wrong. Eva's figure was wrong. There were the talkies and Eva couldn't speak English. So they shipped her home.

The day of her departure she stood on the station platform surrounded by a couple of old-fashioned grips and a few studio officials and newspaper reporters who had dropped down to see her off. Eva's large eyes mutely questioned the group as though seeking an answer to this strange ending of a career that had had an even stranger beginning. A newspaper girl who had befriended Eva threw her arms around her and asked her over and over if she had her ticket, and if she knew about changing trains in Chicago and if she would be all right.

"Yaas," said Eva; but you couldn't get away from those eyes that kept asking questions.



Using herself as a cat's paw: Rita Wilkes, of the Christie crew

Making Harry Marry

EVELYN BRENT pulled a surprise marriage that knocked Hollywood for a front page headline. Not even the best man or the maid of honor had any idea of what was coming off until they were ushered into the office of a Justice of Peace at Agua Caliente and asked to stand up with Evelyn and Harry Edwards.

Up until the last couple of months or so, Evelyn has been going around with Gary Cooper, and Harry has been looked on as a dyed-in-the-wool bachelor since his engagement to Dorothy Devore was broken years ago. He declared vehemently at the time that he would never marry—but time and Evelyn worked the change.

Linked with Lina

A KID I used to go to school with has grown up, made a big name as a cameraman, and gotten himself engaged to Lina Basquette. When Pev Marley was a little kid in the grades up at the Gardner Junction Grammar School, he was crazy about taking kodak snaps of anybody who would pose for him at recess, and he certainly made a paying job of his hobby. I understand he rates the highest salary of any cinematographer on the Coast; and after a squint at the square cut diamond on Lina's finger, that isn't hard to believe. Pev has photographed all of Cecil De Mille's super-sermons, including "The Ten Commandments," "The Volga Boatman" and "The Godless Girl."

Great Novel Wanted

CARL VAN VECHTEN'S "Spider Boy" didn't get over so well with the Hollywood natives to whom it was dedicated. Hollywood still feels that the great story of the movies is yet to be written. Most of them felt that



Bachrach

Out where women are like Lena Malena and men—it goes without saying—are mentally deranged. Such is the locale of her next photoplay, "Tropic Madness"



Richee

Philips goes where papa goes: the son of Taylor Holmes has left his studies at Princeton to follow his father's career in the studios of Hollywood

Out Hollywood Way

By Dorothy Manners

Carl could have done very much better by us.

Something tells me that Van Vechten won't care much what Hollywood thinks of his book. His exaggerations are interesting after the manner of an extravaganza. The big story of Hollywood won't see the light of day until someone is produced who combines the showmanship of Ziegfeld with the mind of a bookkeeper.

D'Arrast's Stock Rises

AL JOLSON is head man in the talkies, pappy of the new art, and no foolin'. If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, Al should be well bowled over by now. Every studio in town is not only trying to get another Jolson but at the same time trying to frame up a story practically modeled on "The Singing Fool."

United Artists are all steamed up about their contract with Harry Richman and his new picture on the verge of production.



Betty Lorraine, a new Christie beauty, proves that she doesn't raise cane

Over at Paramount they have the new importation, Maurice Chevalier of Paris, and his *mamman* personality. They were all set to make Maurice into another Jolson, when Harry D'Arrast bolted the job because he wouldn't direct a warmed-over version of "The Singing Fool." Mammy! Mammy! What crimes are about to be committed in thy name!

The Worth of Sound

"INTERFERENCE" is the first all-talking picture to win the respect of the studio people. While the first-night audience was not overcome with the picture as a drama, they were most heartily impressed with the natural dialogue and the clever sound direction of Roy Pomroy.

An odd thing about "Interference" is that it was a washout as a silent film. I saw it previewed at the Beverly Theatre without sound effects and it was as flat a little offering as I've seen in many a day.

Lucky It's Labeled

BILLIE DOVE has taken up oil painting just for the fun of it and in celebration of their wedding anniversary she presented her husband with a canvas of "some fruit," as she describes it. It reminds you of nothing so much as the juicy cluster Grandma used to hang over the dining-room buffet, but Irvin Willat wouldn't trade it for an original Gainsborough.

Bye-Bye, Buddy?

AT the time of this writing, Claire Windsor is on her way back from New York with the wife of Don Alvarado. It is a moot question as to whether she will be met at the train by a handsome young Italian (whose name escapes me, though I remember he doesn't like American football) or Buddy Rogers.

The romance between Claire and Buddy is supposed to be quite off, which explains the young Italian. But a couple of weeks before Claire left for the East, who should be sitting in front of me at a picture show but Hollywood's most beautiful blonde and her forbidden beau having a lovely time together!

(*Continued on page 85*)



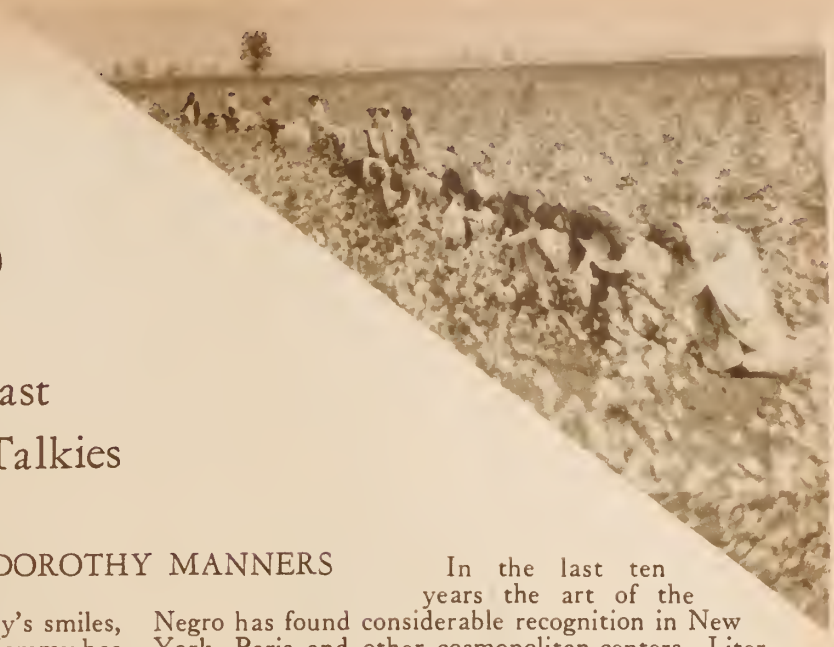
Richee

All Tressed Up

The fact that she has on a black satin slip with sequins wouldn't be enough to deceive you as to her identity. It's not that; it's the way she's wearing her hair. For sure enough, it's Ruth Taylor

Enter the DIXIES

Casts of a Chocolate Cast Find Opportunity in the Talkies



By DOROTHY MANNERS

IF AL JOLSON and his raft of imitators carry out their threats and walk a million miles for one of Mammy's smiles, they'll get there only to be disappointed. Mammy has gone in the movies. So have pappy, Old Black Joe and Old Man River.

With the advent of the talking pictures, a new race has come to the screen.

Practically every studio with a sound stage is experimenting with at least one feature all-Negro picture.

Christie is well into the series of Octavus Roy Cohen's fascinating stories of *Florian Slappey*. King Vidor has been two months on "Hallelujah," which was elaborately begun in New York, continued in Birmingham and Memphis, and equally elaborately concluded in Culver City. The Fox company has a special called "Hearts of Dixie," dealing with revivals and spirituals; and there are any number of other studios that are holding Negro stories in readiness should these forerunners prove to be the sensation they are expected to be.

The Negro is exceptionally adapted to the sound screen. The humorous drawl, the pungent philosophies, the rich gift of music and of dance make this race a boon to the singies and talkies. Whether this is merely an experimental epidemic or the start of a new feature of the screen remains to be seen.

The answer lies with the public, a public that has not heretofore been too tolerent of the talents of the black man.

In the last ten years the art of the Negro has found considerable recognition in New York, Paris and other cosmopolitan centers. Literature has its "Weary Blues," music its Roland Hays, the musical comedy stage its late Paul Robson and the theater its "Emperor Jones." But the screen plays to the audience of the world, in a sense less broadened, less tolerant. What the movies hold for this vivid race is sealed in the future.

In the meantime Hollywood is abounding in Negro talent recruited from the South, from Harlem, from the stage.

Perhaps the most important of these new Negro pictures is King Vidor's "Hallelujah" and the most important of the players, Daniel Haynes, who enacts the leading rôle of *Zeke*.

The troupe had been back in Hollywood but a week when I wandered onto the set at M.G.M. to watch a few of the scenes from the gambling sequence. Negroes of all types and varying shades of chocolate-brown were clustered about the card tables, gambling, crap-shooting, losing, winning, calling drawly greetings to one another, shuffling nervous dancing feet between scenes as well as when they were required to "be themselves" before the grinding cameras.

(*Continued on page 88*)





Negroes have found the movies easier picking than cotton. And, as they say, more emolumental. At the left are Daniel Haynes as *Zeke* in "Hallelujah"; and Roberta Hyson as *Sappho Dill* in "The Melancholy Dame"



The Bite That Failed

Flash Impersonates One Of The Earliest-Known Under-Cover-Agents

You all know, kiddies, that Little Red Riding Hood, although she was a kind and thoughtful little girl, nevertheless kept her eyes open. And so she exclaimed as soon as she saw the wolf in bed, "What long whiskers you have, grandma!" You simply can't fool these Hollywood tots. And so the poor wolf had none

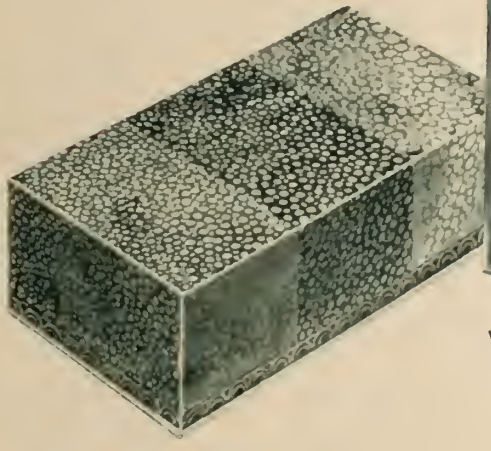
Newest!







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MADGE BELLAMY, *Fox star, in the quaintly charming bathroom—one of the finest built in Hollywood—which so effectively combines richly veined marble with natural grained paneling.*

"The 'studio skin' a star must have demands a soap that leaves the skin smooth as a rose-petal—and Lux Toilet Soap does!"

Madge Bellamy

Photo by C. Hewitt, Hollywood



Photo by E. A. Bachrach, Hollywood

The very next time you see tiny OLIVE BORDEN in a close-up, notice how exquisite Lux Toilet Soap keeps her skin. "It's so important for my skin to have the smoothness we mean by 'studio skin,' and Lux Toilet Soap is so splendid for it that I am delighted with this daintily fragrant soap," she says.



Photo by L. Thomson, Hollywood

MARY NOLAN, Universal star, gives such intelligent care to her beautiful skin, both at home and in her dressing room on location. "I am utterly enthusiastic about Lux Toilet Soap," she says.

Lux Toilet



Photo by W. E. Thomas, Hollywood

IRENE RICH, in the bathroom built in Hollywood to combine classic luxury with modern charm. "Lux Toilet Soap gives the skin as beautiful a smoothness as the famous French soaps do," she says.

Both at home and in their dressing rooms

9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap

EVERY GIRL knows how attractive she is when her skin is really lovely.

Experience has taught movie directors that an exquisite skin gets an immediate response from people.

"Smooth skin is the first essential of charm," says Paul Leni, director for Universal. "To become —and remain—a popular screen star, a girl *must* have a skin so flawlessly smooth that even in the glare of the close-up it is perfect."

Of the 451 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 442 are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap because it keeps the skin so smooth and soft. And all the great film studios have made it the official soap for all dressing rooms. You, too, will be delighted with it.



Photo by W. E. Thomas, Hollywood

PHYLLIS HAVER, Pathé star—"Lux Toilet Soap leaves my skin so gently smooth that I have no fear of the high-powered lights of the close-up."



"Under the new incandescent 'sunspot' lights a star's skin *must* show flawlessly smooth," says SEENA OWEN.

Soap

Luxury such as you have found only in French soaps at 50c and $1.00 the cake—Now

10¢

Confessions *of the* STARS

(*Continued from page 17*)

I was pret-ty swell. Pretty grand. No man could resist me, I decided. No matter who, no matter what the conditions. Black or white, long or short, married or single, one ray from my eyes meant sure death.

The Undefeated Male

"I HADN'T any intention of marrying any one of them, but to have them propose to me became a point of honor. Something like hanging scalps on the old wampum belt or something. Death rather than dishonor.

"Bee Di Giorgio, a friend of mine, visited us. She laughed at my pretensions and said, 'I know one man you couldn't get. One man who would never propose to you. His name is Charlie] Pringle. He's a darling and he lives in Jamaica.'

"As there didn't seem to be much likelihood of Charlie Pringle's coming under the gavel, I didn't argue the point. I simply looked superior, laughed it off; and sorrowed for her and for him, if ever—

"The following winter we were all in New York. Mr. and Mrs. Di Giorgio were sailing for Jamaica. They invited me to accompany them. My father, who never refused me anything, permitted me to go with them and off we went.

"En route, Bee again informed me that the one man I could never capture was Charlie Pringle. I should meet him and—I should see. She bet me that I couldn't make him propose. I bet her I could, without half-trying.

"Mr. Di Giorgio didn't take the gamester's point of view about the matter. He gave me very thoroughly to understand that he was bound for Jamaica on business which very much needed the time and co-operation of Charlie Pringle. He further gave me to understand that I was to lay off, and no funny business.

Charming Charlie

"I SPOTTED Charlie Pringle on the wharf as we docked. And said, 'What! He will be simpler than all the rest!'

"Mrs. Di Giorgio became severe and informed me—again—that Charlie was a darling and she would *not* have him interfered with by any heartless minx of my variety.

"It was funny. Charlie read me Kipling and other bedtime stories. Br'er Rabbit, I think. I was most demure and most innocuous. He didn't know that I had graduated from Kipling when I was seven.

"It came time for Mr. Di Giorgio to take a trip inland. He had expected Charlie Pringle to go with him. Charlie volunteered to send one of his men in his stead. Mr. Di Giorgio immediately sent for me. He was towering. He said, 'I came down here on purpose to have Charlie Pringle go with me on these expeditions. Now he won't go. It's all your fault, you—!'

"I said, wide-eyed, 'Why, what have I done?' Mr. Di Giorgio was blessedly inarticulate. But he went off—alone.

"One night a very formal dinner party was given in honor of Princess Marie of Schleswig-Holstein, then visiting Jamaica. We were all presented. After dinner Charlie took me out into the moonlight—and proposed.

"I felt guilty, but didn't act the part. I told him it was all a jolly sell. I had bet Bee Di Giorgio he would and Bee had bet me he wouldn't. And he had. I was sure his heart couldn't be broken, as he had only known me for seven days. I was going away. And that was that.

The Prophecy Comes True

"HE remained serious and said that he knew I had that in my heart, but one day he would make me his wife. And I thought, 'Don't be funny!'



By her own admission, Aileen Pringle would grace any man's home. Perhaps we'd prefer to have the say ourselves. But we can't deny that we'd end up by agreeing with her

"We returned to New York. Charlie followed me there. We went back to San Francisco. I again refused him. And then the war. And I knew that he was going. My inflammable imagination had no difficulty in placing him in the front-line trenches, gutted and riddled. I thought, 'He will probably try to die. A man in love with me could do no less. It will be the *beau geste*.' And I pictured unpleasant aftermaths of regret on my own part. Uncomfortable things. And he was charming and distinguished and in love with me. I wired him I would marry him in April. I did.

"While he was at war I took a course in scenario writing at the University of California. I wrote the prize scenario and graduated with honors and more self-esteem. My career was before me. I knew that what I really wanted was the stage, but I was camouflaging, leading up to it by easy steps. My father was of that school of men who cannot tolerate the idea of their daughters — their own daughters — working. Wouldn't all their friends say, 'What's the matter with you? Can't you support your own daughter?' Besides which, there was the once violent opposition to the stage with its implicit ruination of sweet young things.

"We went to New York and I sold two scenarios. This was pretty grand. I was on my way. I was active on my own account. Swell!

"When Charlie came home from the war, neither gutted nor riddled but very anxious to establish a home and a family after the most approved fashion, I knew that I couldn't carry on. I told him so. Jamaica held nothing for me. Hollywood, certainly, held nothing for him. We would try separate paths.

"He was indulgent, tolerant. If I had something within me and wanted to express it—well, run along, little girl, try the gauzy wings and when they are singed I'll always be here waiting. That sort of thing.

Her Pringle, Her Husband

"WE'VE been taking separate paths ever since. There have been occasional rumors of divorce. Unfounded. It stands like this, really—if Charlie ever wishes to marry again, or if I do, the divorce proceedings shall be begun. If not—well, who can tell? And I have, besides, a curious feeling about it all. I dislike the idea of going to strangers — even to lawyers —and permitting them to pry into affairs which, after all, belong to Charlie and to me and to no one else. More than that is the feeling that he is my husband—he and no one else. Mr. Pringle, my husband; my husband, Mr. Pringle. I couldn't imagine having another husband. There is something, perhaps, to the theme of Pascal's 'Marriage Bed', no matter how divergent the paths of the married partners may have been.

"I've fancied myself in love many times. Or thought I was. Which comes to the same thing. It's usually a deep affection. I enjoy mental gymnastics; after a repetition the spark dies, the contest is over and a life-long friendship results.

"I think sometimes of the years ahead. When I am older. Sometimes people ask me if I will be lonely—but we're all lonely, really. I've always been very active and doubtless one activity will lead to another. I give a great deal of time, thought and energy to my friends. And I've always been amply repaid. Somehow I feel that this state of affairs will continue always to be my existence.

"I don't know anything about the Hereafter, about God. I know nothing about such matters. If I were pressed I think I should say that I believe there is something. When I look at those Chow puppies of mine, not here at all a few weeks back, so very much here now; when I look at a bridal couple and, a few months later, a baby; when I plant a little footling seed in the ground, and see—then I wonder. It makes me confident that there is a greater something; I call that something God.

(*Continued on page 72*)

Helena Rubinstein Cosmetics Proclaim the Artist!



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It is essential that you visit Helena Rubinstein's Salons at this trying time of year, so that your beauty may present a harmony of perfection—skin, contour, eyes, hands and hair all exquisite. Here you will receive the last word in scientific beauty treatments and expert guidance on home treatments and make-up.

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Valaze Rouges (compact or en creme) impart a luscious bloom that actually protects the skin! For daytime you will choose gay piquant youthful Red Raspberry and for evening, Red Geranium, the vivid, the provocative. For the conservative woman there is the subtle Crushed Rose Leaves 1.00.

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Water Lily Vanities

are masterpieces of the jeweler's craft! Enameled in Jet Black, Chinese Red, Jade Green or Golden. Double compact 2.50, Golden 3.00, Single Compact 2.00, Golden 2.50.

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Accent the Beauty of Your Eyes with Valaze Persian Eye-Black (Mascara)—instantly darkens the eyelashes giving them an effect of silky, soft luxuriance. Wonderfully adherent, yet does not leave lashes stiff or brittle. 1.00, 1.50.

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Cosmetic and home-treatment creations of Helena Rubinstein are obtainable at the better shops, or direct from the Salons

The Hotbed of Whoopee

(Continued from page 31)

that probably cost over five hundred dollars. But we also see a lot of beautifully gowned girls who only make a hundred dollars a week. 'Money won't buy taste' is an old adage, and its truth is borne out in Hollywood as in no other spot in the world.

The Grove's Most Graceful

"OF course, the one thing that everybody notices, and the band in particular, is the best dancers. Of all the good dancers among the profession I believe Joan Crawford is the best. She was famous as a stage dancer in the 'Scandals,' but her fame as a ballroom dancer in the Grove is just as great. I've even heard people discussing the fact that Joan can blame a lot of her earlier breaks in pictures to her popularity at the Ambassador. We congratulate her upon having completely outgrown the necessity for any popularity other than her fame as an actress, but we're still proud to say she is as regular in attendance and just as popular as ever. Others are noted for dancing ability, among the most prominent, Billie Dove, Sally Blane, Bessie Love, Reed Howes, Alberta Vaughan, Mickey Neilan and Mike Cudahy.



John Gilbert reassures Nils Asther at the Cocoanut Grove that the absence of the girl he brought—she's taken three-quarters of an hour to check her cloak—isn't really enough to make a man lose his faith in women entirely

"Dancers are given an opportunity on College Night, as each Friday has been named, to show just how good they are. It is contest night. A silver trophy is offered to the couple that wins the dancing contest by popular applause. For the most part these little battles are indulged in by the young college crowd, but the celebrities always have at least one or two representatives. And you can't win on your reputation. It takes a good dancer to walk out with the Grove Cup. One evening the hotel management asked one entire table of stars to enter the contest. Among them were Charlie Chaplin and Marion Davies, and they won. The applause they received was tremendous. But the cheers that went up when they presented the cup to a young high-school boy and his girl-friend, who came in second, rang to the roof and back again.

"We have a great chance to test out the stage ability of movie stars, and we do it. Everyone knows that they are good entertainers before a camera; but are they so good in front of a throng of sophisticated people? Can they be clever? Some of the stars won't attempt to do anything for the crowd, but there's always Sammy Cohen to do his famous snake dance. Or Bessie Love to do her version of the Varsity Drag. Sometimes Danny Dowling will show us his wonderful skating waltz, and if he isn't with us, then Danny O'Shea can do it.

"The funniest thing that ever happened in the way of entertainment came about the time the Black Bottom was at its blackest. A whole table of actresses was asked to give its own original version of the colored contortionist's dream. First Marion Davies, then Bessie Love and—after the cheers died down—Dorothy Mackaill. The master of ceremonies had been calling them in order and he had saved the most famous dancer of them all for the grand finale. The actress who is world-famous as a wonderful dancer, Mae Murray. When her name was called, Mae crawled down under the table with stage-fright—and absolutely refused to come out until the crowd was dancing.

THE reader of CLASSIC can always count upon the unusual: the out-of-the-ordinary in subject and the out-of-the-ordinary in the manner of its presentation. It is a motion picture fan magazine which knows what to write about and how to write it. And the same principle applies to its choice of illustrations and its handling. No wonder more and more every month read

Motion Picture CLASSIC

It's the Magazine with the Personality

"And of course, there are the funsters. If you are so fortunate as to be at the Grove when Bill Haines is there, you'll have plenty of good time. Right in the midst of a dance number he'll organize everyone on the floor into a game of follow-the-leader. Following Bill on a polished dance floor in a dinner jacket and stiff shirt is great sport if the suspender buttons hold up under the strain. If you don't like that, just try playing London Bridge is falling down with Lupino Lane. It removes that tired feeling. It's an evening well spent and never forgotten, when the funsters reign.

The Favorite Songs

"THEIR favorite songs? Each one has an exclusive number that he claims as his own. Bebe Daniels, 'I Can't Give You Anything but Love'; Billie Dove, 'When Day is Done'; Ruth Roland, 'Roses of Picardy'; Pola Negri, 'Russian Lullaby'; Lionel Barrymore, 'Keep Smiling at Trouble'; Mickey Neilan, 'Sweet Mystery of Life'; Doug Fairbanks, 'Two Guitars.'

"D. W. Griffith has two distinctions in the Grove, distinctions as famous as his achievements as a director. He is the heaviest tipper of any person in pictures. And contrary to his general make-up and looks, which would lead one to believe he would enjoy waltz music, he likes the jazziest music we can play. His favorite piece is 'Frankie and Johnny.' We play it for no one else.

"Movie star patronage has made the Cocoanut Grove the one place to go. It makes an interesting clientele. There never will be a crowd of people who demand so much of the best and appreciate it so demonstratively. Jimmie, our head waiter, never receives less than $3,000 on Christmas and New Year's. A great portion of this amount comes as a gift from the picture people.

"As I said before—a lot of things start at the Grove. A lot of 'whoopee' is made and a general good time is had by all. But, if you ever want the low-down on who's who and what of it—and what they've been doing with it—just pin your ears back and spend a couple of hours or so at that little palm tree next to the band—some Tuesday next week.

3 minutes twice a day for teeth . . . that is ample to protect the beauty of your smile



TODAY, practically every woman knows that to preserve youthfulness and charm, it is health that must be guarded. So they pay strict attention to details of diet, of exercise and (as they believe) to mouth hygiene.

Unfortunately, the old-fashioned method of brushing the teeth with a "good cleansing dentifrice" has been proved inadequate. That is why so many people suffer from tooth decay and gum irritation in spite of faithful care. Think of it! To lose beauty and perhaps health, not through neglect, but because of erroneous, old-fashioned practices.

This is the danger

The trouble is that while ordinary brushing is fully effective *as far as it goes*, it does not go far enough. For no tooth-brush can reach into all the pits on the grinding surface of your teeth, or between your teeth along The Danger Line—the tiny V-shaped crevices where teeth and gums meet. As a result food particles collect there. They ferment. Acids are formed. Unless these acids are neutralized, they cause decay or dangerous gum infections such as pyorrhea.

Since mere brushing alone cannot protect you fully, your dentifrice *must* by containing a trustworthy antacid.



Squibb's brings protection

Squibb's Dental Cream contains more than 50 per cent of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia, long recognized as a safe, effective antacid. When you use it, it not only neutralizes the acids at The Danger Line, but enough remains there to protect your teeth and gums against acids for a considerable time after use.

Why should you be content to entrust your teeth and health to a dentifrice less certain to give full protection? The use of Squibb's Dental Cream for three minutes twice a day is ample to guard your health and beauty against the dangers of tooth decay and gum irritations. As an additional precaution, visit your dentist twice a year.

You'll find Squibb's Dental Cream mild and delicately flavored. Children delight in it. Get a tube today. Use it on the gums with a soft brush. It will keep them in healthy condition. It contains no grit, astringents or abrasives. Nothing that can hurt the most delicate tissues—only the finest cleansing ingredients and Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. At druggists—40 cents a large tube. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858.*

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Now the secret of lovelier eyes is yours . . . do this



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Confessions of the Stars

(*Continued from page 68*)

Born in other parts of the world, I would call it by another name.

She Thinks She's All Right

"YOU'VE asked me what kind of person I really am. Not in terms of superficial aspects, easy enough to appraise and catalogue. The kind of things, I mean, that I like: good food, and wouldn't eat a dinner alone for anything in the world; that I like to arrange flowers, breed puppies, hate shopping, never own a costume that matches, play tennis; admire my mother beyond any human being—not these things, but the central Me supposed to exist, cotton-woolled but none the less there.

"Well, I think I'm pretty swell. Pretty grand. I like myself. I think I have nicer reactions than anyone else I know. I know of no one with better ones. I'm not mean, not jealous, not mercenary. I take nothing from nobody, and expect less. Pay my own way and dote upon my own independence.

"I'm not hard to look at. Not beautiful, not even pretty. But if a man has to take this face and form to dine in public, he wouldn't spend the afternoon brewing apologies that might be necessary offerings later. Like so many men with very devoted wives, for instance, men who think, 'I understand her and appreciate her even if others don't, but oh, Gawd, that figure.'

"I'd grace any man's home and I know it. I'd know how to run it. I'd make a swell sweetheart because I'd be passionately interested in the man I happened to care about. I'd make a pretty grand mother. I'd know how to bring up infants so that in later years they would bless me. They'd be decently bred and have intelligent surroundings. I'd never be jealous of any man because I would always think, 'If he prefers that woman to me, his taste isn't as superb as I thought it. Isn't it a pity I made a mistake?'

"I like my reactions and reflexes. Egotistical? Maybe I am. But I shouldn't have been if, three years ago, my mother hadn't complimented me. She has put her stamp of approval on me. She was the most difficult to please—and am I to be blamed for the pleasure I find in having satisfied us both?"

Aileen Pringle, self-appraised.

The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page 53*)

by the wiles of a woman of his own class. Set down thus barely in outline, this does not sound particularly unusual. But as the makers of "Outcast" have done it in celluloid, the story is one of considerable interest, in spite of the fact that one does not gasp as did the audiences who saw it in the era of its first appearance. For Corinne Griffith the rôle of the outcast girl is far more winning than was her part in "The Divine Lady"; and the wonderful acting of Edmund Lowe heightens the fine quality of the piece tremendously.

For some reason or other, most probably because of the legend of his college professorship, Milton Sills has always seemed the sort of man better fitted to talk before the blackboard than before the lurid canvas of a side-show. But in and as "The Barker," he rises nobly to the occasion; and most ably aided and abetted by Betty Compson and Dorothy Mackaill and Douglas Fairbanks the younger, makes the picture quite the success that the play upon which it is founded was. Meaning one of the season's hits Indeed, the photoplay is noteworthy for its balanced merit: the story has punch, the acting is excellent, the talking sequences—and they are many—are pleasingly done, and the staging is thoroughly convincing. It is an eyeful, an earful and a ticketful.

"On Trial" is one of those big stage hits that really couldn't have been given its full power except for the talkies. It was just waiting to be recorded; and now that it has been, let this be recorded, that it is a picture not to be missed. Incidentally, it brings back to the screen, does this first of the sensational courtroom dramas, Pauline Frederick, first of the big courtroom heroines on the stage; and the result provides all the thrills such an alliance would promise. With such additional players as Bert Lytell, Lois Wilson and Richard Tucker assisting Miss Frederick, "On Trial" returns for itself a verdict of splendid.

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MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

—See Page 89

Fitz and Starts

(*Continued from page 33*)

quick to fawn at the feet of every foreign import. In any event, there is a murmur that the accomplished Fitz knew his dark hour in the land of opportunity. They whisper that he worked for a time in one of New York's shops. As a floor-walker, a window-dresser, or some such thing. If he did, it's an odds-on wager that he made a good job of it. Many a madame and many a ma'm'selle would frequent such a shop for the mere pleasure of his greeting. He would direct shoppers with the charm and urbanity with which he directs stars. And, after all, a window draped by an artist would be an asset to any shop. Anyway, either was a better racket than selling fly-paper, being a barber, driving a taxi, or just plain bumming. And good pictures have been made by gentlemen graduated from each of these professions.

Once fairly launched upon his American film career, Fitz proved remarkable for several things. First, perhaps, an unequalled facility for amazing beauty in pictorial composition. Second, a delightful delicacy of interpretation, a gossamer-fine artistic touch. And third, a quality which endeared him more than all others to the producers, that of delivering to the public a uniformly high grade of motion pictures.

Never a Failure

NOT all of his photoplays have been entitled to a mark in memory's book, but each of them has merited a tribute for sheer beauty. And while some may have been undistinguished, none has been uninteresting or unworthy. Fitzmaurice has made many successes, no failures, and occasionally a drama which glistens through the mist of movie mediocrity as a gem of rarest ray.

Such, for instance, was "Peter Ibbetsen," or, as the screen version of Du Maurier's classic was called, "Forever." Gloriously glamourous, rich in romance, breath-taking in its beauty of conception and execution, and possessing pathos to flood any heart with tears, this drama still stands as one of the finest contributions to cinematic art. Those who saw it will never, can never, forget Wallace Reid, Elsie Ferguson—or George Fitzmaurice. Then there was "The Dark Angel," first and probably finest of the pictures in which Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky thrilled the public in theaters, while the public thrilled the producers at box-offices. More recently there is "The Barker," as deep and stirring a celluloid canvas as any studio can boast. And now, Fitz's and First National's initial sound cinema, based on the late Irish Donn Byrne's yarn, "Changelings." Heaven and Harry Warner alone know what its title will be when it reaches you. The present one is "Stranded in Paradise." But even though you call it "Maggie Murphy's Matzoth," you may rest assured that you will see a thing of beauty, with an even chance that it will be a joy forever.

Among his lesser accomplishments, Fitz must be credited, or debited, with "The Tender Hour," "Rose of the Golden West," "The Love Mart" and "Lilac Time." Whether or not these plays possess the pulsing power of real drama, the punch, the kick, the thrill, so greatly in demand in this vivid age, each of them carries beauty, inspiration and a quality of artistic ecstasy which cannot, and has not, failed to arouse delighted approbation from the picture supporting public.

His Love Lives

AS evidence of versatility, it may be recalled that "Kick In," one of the forerunners of the deluge of crook melodramas,

(*Continued on page 77*)



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Physicians the world over now employ this method in the treatment of obesity. They combat the cause. That is one great reason why excess fat is so much less common now.

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Greta Garbo Goes Home

(*Continued from page 21*)

almost every scene, but I cannot keep my mind there. It is running about the shops buying presents for my friends in Sweden, choosing clothes for the trip."

Homesick or Heartsick?

HOLLYWOOD rumor whispers that Greta has other reasons for returning to Sweden besides homesickness. The most persistent one is that she does not fancy staying on at M.-G.-M. after Jack Gilbert leaves, as he may soon. But she has long since ceased to admit or deny rumors. It simply isn't worth her trouble. There is just one thing Greta Garbo asks of the world and that is to be left alone. She has the greatest natural shyness of any person I have ever known.

Nature has endowed this young girl with a personality as inexplicable as it is fascinating. Anyone might as well try to hold quicksilver, a mirage or a storm as to try to put his finger on the thing that makes Greta so alluring. Everyone I have met, from the publicity staff at M.-G.-M. to the movie players who have seen her at the few parties she attends, stands in awe of her. No one cares to run the risk of her disfavor by so much as quoting her without her permission. It is quite evident that no one wants to lose the slight hold he may have upon her friendship.

It is not because she talks so much, but because she says so little. Pola Negri, with her temperamental rages, when she shouted and hurled things, didn't begin to get the results that this girl obtains by silence. Greta Garbo will not argue or quarrel with anyone, and Hollywood cannot understand silence in anyone. It is terrified by silence in a woman.

I have never asked her to tell me about her love affairs, and I never will. Knowing her as I do, I am sure she will not share her romances with the public. Of those that have been written, she shrugs her shoulders and says, "They are too silly." It is a fact that very little is known about her private life.

Her Divine Wardrobe

BUT she was eager to talk about her trip home, which means more to her than all of the popularity and fame she has received during the three years she has lived here. Not that she hasn't been happy in her success, but because it will be the first time since she has become famous that she will be able to share it with her family and friends.

Much has been written about her apparent lack of interest in clothes. Lilyan Tashman proves that again she has been misjudged.

"She has divine things," sighs Lilyan, who has been helping her select the wardrobe that she is taking home. "Several smart tweed traveling suits, some lovely black velvet dresses, heavenly evening gowns, a gorgeous grey fur coat, a number of extremely good-looking hats, beautiful shoes: everything that a pretty girl who has plenty of money to spend would buy. When she sees something she likes, she will point to it and say, 'That is going back to Sweden.'

"She is taking many lovely gifts home to her family and friends. And you should see the toys. Piles of them. You know she is mad about children. It is a fact that it is hard to get her by the ones we meet on the street. She will be arrested for kidnaping some day.

"Greta knows when a gown looks smart, but she doesn't know why. She will say to me, 'How do you know that is real lace, Tashman? How do you know that is real fur?' I get a great kick out of shopping with her."

But Miss Garbo lives simply in a modest apartment at the beach. When someone asked her recently why she did not have larger quarters, she replied, "I have chairs, a table, a bed. What more do I need?"

Neither does she hanker for fame. The other night at a party a well-known author came up to her and remarked how stunning she looked in the black lace gown she was wearing and added, "Miss Garbo, if you wanted to, you could have the world at your feet." "What for?" was her answer.

Money? Pouf!

SHE has been pictured as one desirous of great wealth. But just recently she refused three thousand dollars that was offered her on an advertising scheme, saying, "I do not want money that way. What is money anyway?"

"Never before has she taken the slightest interest in any of the beautiful stills we have made of her," said Mr. Wheelwright, of the publicity staff at M.-G.-M. "We were delighted the other day when she asked for a full set from each of her pictures. She wants to take them home to show the folks."

She bought a small kodak and is taking snap shots of her friends swimming, playing tennis; of her maid who is always with her on the set, her new car, so she may give her family a glimpse of what her life is like over here.

Greta plans to be gone about two months. "After Christmas with my mother I will take an apartment in Stockholm and go up and down the streets I love," she said with a bright smile. "I will see my friends, go to the theaters, the cafes. For two weeks maybe, I will be very gay. I will run about everywhere. Then I will live quietly as I like best to do and see only my close friends."

She told me that she would sail on the *S. S. Kungsholm*, the newest and finest boat on the Swedish-American steamship line. It will be making its maiden voyage when she crosses.

The Passing of Stiller

IT SO happens that Count Bernadotte, cousin of the Crown Prince of Sweden, who came over here to marry an American society girl, is returning with his wedding party on the same boat. Hollywood knows that Greta Garbo was asked to help entertain the Prince of Sweden when he visited Los Angeles last winter. No doubt these royal countrymen of hers would be glad to know her, but she has requested that her sailing be given no publicity whatever. In fact, she has asked that no one shall know when she sails. She wants no crowd at the pier to see her off.

Since I have seen her, the papers have announced the death in Stockholm of one of Greta's dearest friends, Mauritz Stiller, the director who discovered her and started her on the road to movie fame in Sweden. No doubt her homecoming which she has looked ahead to with such joy and eagerness will be saddened. For all the fame and success that she has won in America has meant one thing, and only one to Greta Garbo: something to take home with her to Sweden, something to show her own people.

Readers of **CLASSIC** *not only expect the unexpectedly good; they invariably get it*

Wanted—A Movieless World

(*Continued from page 29*)

U. C. L. A. brave defenders of the movies.

Myron won our hearts immediately in the audience by calling us ladies and gentlemen. Dark-haired, soft-voiced, with the easy manner and lyrical phraseology of the most exclusive film sheiks, Myron told us all about the great advantages of the movies as an educator. He described in glowing phrases the way the newsreels take us around and show us places. Milton's eyelids were drooping again on the chairman's throne, but they sprang quickly to attention as Myron gracefully referred to the artistic merits of "The Sea-Hawk." Myron said he had been told by a Hays organization official that the movies were only producing the highest type of story—and Myron believed it. He said the reports of plays produced in New York shocked him, and he thought that with a man like Hays to keep things clean in Hollywood the movies were fine. He proved they had artistic worth by producing statistics to show that after "Ben-Hur" was shown more people took the book out of the Los Angeles library in two weeks than had taken it before in the entire time since it was published.

The last of the Austrylians made himself so unpleasant about the movies that Milton couldn't stay asleep.

W. S. Sheldon, the Anzac in question, became personal about the chairman as a beginning, perhaps because he saw that poor Milton needed something to brace him up. He said that although Milton was well-known in Austrylia he was not half as famous as his brother Window.

Cal, the Magnetic

THEN he coolly announced that Sills was not his favorite actor, but that that position was filled by President Coolidge, the spectacle of whose expressionless face trying to twist itself into a genial smile was for him the only amusing note in a picture show. Mr. Sheldon had been disappointed by Hollywood: he had spent two hours in the studios and had not seen a single scandal take place; and, whereas he had been told that the stars changed their wives as often as their clothes, he found they only changed their clothes twice a day. This was a nasty one for the chairman, who tried, with little success, to look as if he had never patronized the divorce courts. Mr. Sheldon went on to remark that movie stars marry with three dresses—a wedding-gown, a going-away dress and a divorce suit. So far as exhibitors were concerned, he felt they were like the skirts of the stars—they show too much at the same time. In his opinion, human beings were so constituted that they could be passionate only three-quarters of an hour a day—and the movies were hopelessly unreal because they ignored the other twenty-three and a quarter hours.

Perhaps Mr. Sheldon began to feel the stern and disapproving glance of the chairman boring into his back; for he cut short his flippant and flighty quips with the remark that, like *Lady Godiva*, he was now drawing near his close. At this sally even Milton could not restrain the ghost of a ghastly grin from showing on his staunchly stern visage. As a parting shot Mr. Sheldon told us that after seeing the mess the movies had made of America, he felt it would have been better if, instead of the Pilgrim Fathers landing on Plymouth Rock, Plymouth Rock had landed on the Pilgrim Fathers.

Just Look at Them!

ONE Kenneth Piper, in closing the defense on behalf of the California students, asked us to look at the lives of

(*Continued on page 77*)

10 minutes ago—



How many people you know end their colds with Bayer Aspirin! How often you've heard of its quick relief of sore throat and tonsillitis. No wonder millions use it to conquer colds, neuralgia, rheumatism; and the aches and pains that go with them. The wonder is that anyone still worries through a winter without these tablets! Friends have told you Bayer Aspirin is marvelous; doctors have declared it has no effect on the heart. All drugstores.

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Kill This Man

There's a devil inside of you. He's trying to kill you. Look out for him! He tells you not to work so hard. What's the use—the boss only piles more work on you. He tells you not to bother with your body. Do you recognize him? Of course you do. He's in us all. He's a murderer of ambition. He's a liar and a fool. **Kill him!** If you don't, he will kill you.

Saved

Thank your lucky stars you have another man inside of you. He's the human dynamo. He fills you full of pep and ambition. He keeps you alive—on fire. He urges you on in your daily tasks. He makes you strive for bigger and better things to do. He makes you crave for life and strength. He teaches you that the weak fall by the wayside, but the strong succeed. He shows you that exercise builds live tissue—live tissue is muscle—muscle means strength—strength is power. Power brings success! That's what you want, and gosh darn your old hide, you're going to get it.

Which Man Will It Be?

It's up to you—Set your own future. You want to be the Human Dynamo? Fine! Well, let's get busy. That's where I come in. That's my job. Here's what I'll do for you.

In just 30 days I'll increase your arm one full inch with real live, animated muscle. Yes, and I'll add two inches to your chest in the same time. Pretty good, eh? That's nothing. Now come the works. I'll build up your shoulders. I'll deepen your chest. I'll strengthen your whole body. I'll give you arms and legs like pillars. I'll literally pack muscle up your stomach and down your back. Meanwhile I'll work on those inner muscles surrounding your vital organs. You'll feel the thrill of life shooting up your old backbone and throughout your entire system. You'll feel so full of life, you will shout to the world, "I'm a man and I can prove it."

Sounds good, what? But listen! That isn't all. I'm not just promising these things. **I guarantee them!** It's a sure bet. Oh boy! Let's ride.

Send for my New Book ***Muscular Development*** 64 pages and —IT'S FREE

What do you think of that? I don't ask one cent. And it's the peppiest piece of reading you ever laid eyes on. I swear you'll never blink an eyelash till you've turned the last cover. And there's 48 full page photos of myself and some of my prize-winning pupils. This is the finest art gallery of strong men ever assembled. And every last one of them is shouting my praises. Look them over. If you don't get a kick out of this book, you had better roll over—you're dead. Come on then. Take out the old pen or pencil and sign your name and address to the coupon. Do it **now**. Tomorrow you may forget. Remember, it's something for nothing and no string attached—no obligation. GRAB IT!

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For The Love of Joan

(Continued from page 37)

inside, yet we both held back from saying anything so we could study one another. It's sort of like that with real love, don't you think? If you believe you are really going to care for a girl, you are a little bit frightened to tell her about it. You can say all sorts of pretty things to a woman who doesn't make any difference. But when you have a hunch that you've met the one woman, your tongue gets sort of twisted and swollen. Your heart turns such flip-flops that it almost keeps you from breathing. We realized even on that first night that there was something inevitable about our friendship, but we both wanted to make sure about it.

"I have been asked over and over how I hold the interest of Joan Crawford. So many men have been in love with her. I don't hold her. She doesn't hold me. We just hold each other because our love had a firm foundation.

Their Past's on the Table

"WE told one another our life-stories. About other men and other women. That is the reason that she isn't afraid to tell the world about the other men who have been in love with her. I know all about them. She understands all of my troubles, my longings, my ambitions. I understand hers. It has never been an infatuation. It was—and is—love with a deep friendship as a basis.

"Of course, we had to stand an awful lot of unkind publicity. For instance, you wrote that my father objected to our going together. You said it had been rumored. It may have been rumored, but it isn't true. Father is most fond of Billie. (You know Joan is just Billie to me.) We go up to Pickfair every Sunday. And my mother likes her, too. They are great friends.

"Joan used to call Dad, 'Uncle Doug' but he had his name analyzed and discovered it would be good for him to be called 'Peter.' So now she calls him, 'Uncle Peter.'

"They all know what Joan has done for me. Dad knows I was just playing around until her love gave me an incentive and helped me to take advantage of my opportunities. I don't walk through pictures any more. I try to put something into them, so that the girl who has promised to marry me will be proud of what I am doing. It is not easy to live up to anyone like Billie Joan Crawford. She is pretty big herself in this racket.

"Dad should be grateful to her—she took the responsibility from his shoulders. You know it was his fighting my entrance to pictures which gave me my start in the beginning.

Fighting His Father's Fame

"SIX years ago I was dead broke in Paris. A friend suggested I try pictures. Of course, everyone knows that story of how Jesse Lasky signed me as a stock player and then decided to star me in my first production. We made 'Stephen Steps Out.' It broke about even. But it wasn't much of a success. They never are, these pictures which depend upon a name to put them over. I realized that if I wanted to make good it must be in spite of my father, not because of him. Mr. Lasky agreed that we'd worked on an unhealthy premise and my contract was broken by mutual agreement.

"I went back to Paris broker than when I left. I didn't know where I would eat and sleep from week to week. Father had put up a terrific howl to keep me from going into pictures at all. He said I was trading on his name when I should be in school. He threatened to disown me. He wanted me to go to college like other boys. I didn't want to go to college.

"Why should I? I was studying, only I was using my friends as instructors. They didn't cost me anything. A well-known Russian sculptor, who couldn't speak English, taught me molding. I couldn't speak Russian, so we did our lessons in French. Could I have had better training?

"Dad came over to the Olympic Games in 1924. That was my chance. I had a show-down with him.

"I was just a punk kid with my first few hairs on the upper lip. I had only been out of short pants a couple of years. But I was as stubborn and persistent as though I were as old as my father.

"I went up to his apartment and told him a few things that he didn't know I knew about him. I'd been kicked out of every school I attended. Military academies—everything. When I left one academy in Los Angeles, I had thirty-six more extra-duty hours to do. One semester had always been my limit.

Youth Has Its Say

"I RECALLED to Dad that he'd had the same experience when he was a youngster. He'd been kicked out of school years before—just as I had. He'd gone on the stage against the wishes of his family. I asked him why he thought that he had any more right to that privilege than I had.

"Believe me, I handed it to him. When he got back to New York he came out in print and apologized to me. He said the younger generation had him beaten—that it was far advanced over his generation. I thought I had proved that the generations were about the same; but, any way, he gave his consent for me to go into pictures.

"That shows what a regular fellow Dad is. He put up an awful fight to give me a gentleman's education. But when he found I was determined to follow on his footsteps in spite of him, he came across and said, 'God bless you.'

"But I made him promise that he wouldn't help me in any way—or hinder me, either."

And Hollywood knows that Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., has kept that two-pronged promise.

"Mother and I raised enough money, borrowing and selling everything but lead-pencils, to get back to this country. Mr. Lasky gave me a chance in stock. I'd known him since I was knee-high to a grasshopper. During that year the studios had their famous 1925 shut-down, they asked me if I would consent to have my salary cut in half. I said 'No,'; so they cut it any way. I left and started free-lancing.

No Competition

"I JUMPED right into 'Stella Dallas,' got the idea that this picture game was easy. But I soon learned that one picture doesn't make you a success in this business. Then I started more or less dilly-dallying. I was irresponsible and reckless. Once in a while I'd get a spurt of ambition and write a poem or paint a picture. And tear them up as soon as they were finished.

"But there was nothing to spur me. I had lost my opposition and I hadn't yet found my incentive.

"Two years—and then Billie. Now do you think that my family objects to her? Do you wonder that I really love her?

"My one ambition now is to go on making a real success with each picture so that I can prove that Billie was right when she placed her faith in Douglas Fairbanks, Jr."

Fitz and Starts

(*Continued from page 73*)

was directed by Fitzmaurice. "On With the Dance," one of the earliest jazz dramas, bears its testimony to his ability to vary tempo, and to imbue his offerings with a staccato something entirely at variance with the leisurely pace evidenced in other productions. During his sixteen years behind a megaphone Fitz has been weighed in many balances, and the scales have always shown a comfortable margin in his favor.

Just in case the love-life and confession stories haven't yet gone the way of all flesh by the time this is published, let us peek through the keyholes of the past and discover that at one time the gallant George was reported enamoured of Florence Vidor. That same Florence who was once Mrs. King Vidor is now Mrs. Jascha Heifitz, and is still referred to by sundry uncouth persons as the "frozen dainty of the movies." Whether the chill on the dainty was too arctic for George's Irish-French temperament, deponent knoweth not. But he wed a warmer maiden, and in winning a charming bride, killed two birds with the single stone in her betrothal ring, so to speak, by acquiring an equally lovely lady as his sister-in-law.

The lady presiding over Fitz's high-hilled manor is known to you as Diana Kane. And Di, you know, is an own sister to Lois Wilson. So here indeed is a union of cinema aristocracy. And moreover, George and Diana are doing their duty by the film fans of the future by transmitting their genius to a new generation, by founding a family which may carry on the best traditions of the screen. In other words, Diana has been "sewing on tiny garments," and hoping that her work will not be interrupted by the censors.

Wanted—A Movieless World

(*Continued from page 75*)

Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford and Harold Lloyd, who were showing the whole world the paths of righteousness. "Look at Mr. Sills!" he cried, pointing at the chairman, who appeared grieved that, not content with not letting him sleep, the debaters were deliberately asking everyone to stare at him. Finally, Mr. Piper asked us to look at Will Hays. He painted in glowing colors the virtues of the Movie Czar, who, he said, had refused the position until one day he saw his three sons dressed in western costume and quarrelling over who should be William S. Hart. From that day, apparently, Hays had determined to make our screen stars and our movies respectable. Hays, said Mr. Piper, was rapidly kicking out immoral things, and everyone was going to live happily ever afterward. The movies were just too gorgeous, said Mr. Piper.

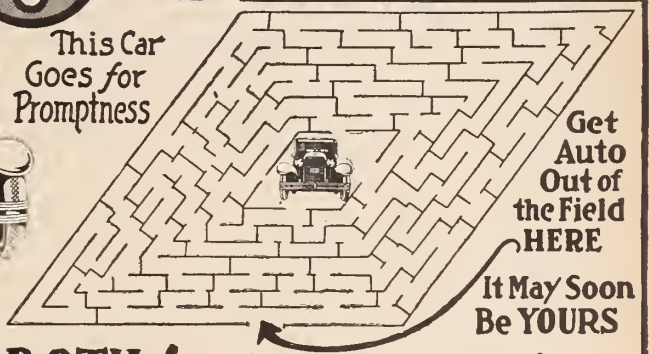
And when Milton asked us to vote on it, the shout that went up in agreement with the estimable Mr. Piper showed that, unfortunate as it may be, the gentlemen from Australia will have to get along somehow in a world where the wicked movies reign over the leisure hours of the populace.

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Solve this puzzle and solve it quick. There's too much at stake for you to delay a minute. Take a pencil and draw a line showing how the auto can be driven out of the field pictured above. There's all kinds of fences in your way and there's only one gate out of the field, but if your eyes are sharp you MAY find a way thru the various gates in the fences, and get your auto out.

If you find the way out, cut out the puzzle and SEND YOUR ANSWER QUICK

Some sharp-eyed person is going to win the $1,000 CASH and the auto, too, if on time. Why not you? The Hudson is a prize for PROMPTNESS. If you win the $1,000 you want to get the Hudson, too. Send your answer, TODAY. We will let you know at once, how close you are to winning, how to get the $1,000 first prize, and make the Hudson yours. There will be no delay in giving you your award for solving this puzzle, so mail your answer AT ONCE.

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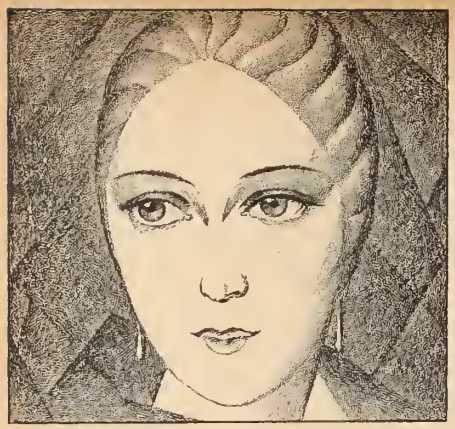
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Troupers Three

(Continued from page 40)

years. The first page and the cover had to be re-typed innumerable times, they got so tattered in being peddled around to producers. Naturally the smart-money boys just laughed Jimmy off. He was so funny. A play. Ha, ha, ha.

If there had been a war, Gleason would probably have gone to it. But there was none and he had to start something. What he did was to produce his play. Can you imagine such an umpchay? That's the way with these show folks. No business sense at all. Just children. Here he went and put on this show, after all the wise theatrical producers had told him it was the old pasta fagiole. He'd better stick to his acting.

You remember the old wheeze about the race-track guy who changed his horse's name to "Hydrant" because it was "running yet?" For the same reason Jimmy Gleason might make the identical change in the title of his "lousy" play. It's been running now for four years. But, maybe for sentimental reasons, it is still called "Is Zat So?"

Figure it for yourself. Fifteen years of trouping. Hardship. Poverty. Boarding house grub. Bills. The ha-ha from producers. The eternal struggle for parts—not big parts—just parts. Then, all of a sudden, your name in lights on Broadway, acclaim, fame, glory, front page, adulation from the hypocritical mighty, and more dollars in the kitchen than there are lies told in the Lambs.

Three in a Row

NOT long ago Lucille and Jimmy and Russell took a gang of their Rolls-Royce friends down to a colored theater where colored actors were presenting "Is Zat So?" The curtain went up, and the first line of the play was spoken. Are you surprised that Lucille began to cry?

The picture rights alone brought more dough than the Bakers' Union ever kneaded. And quite incidentally, the movie producer will have a bad time of it trying to square himself with St. Peter for the way the play was massacred. Now it was Mr. Gleason this and Mr. Gleason that, and Mr. Gleason won't you please take our money and write another show. And Jimmy gave that quizzical grin of us and knocked out "The Fall Guy" on his typewriter. More—more—more. So he wrote "The Shannons of Broadway." He and Lucille starred. The first leading rôle she ever played with Jimmy. Again they stampeded Broadway. "The Shannons" will do business for years. And there's still the picture to be made. But this time, praise be, the Gleasons—all three of them—will appear in the screen version. It'll be a talkie, too. Some day soon, when they have time.

Hollywood may never have developed any great talent of its own. But it is distinctly on the job when it comes to acquiring genius proven in other fields. So, naturally enough, the Gleasons, their first million safely under control, made the triumphal return. Right back where they started from. But boy, that California sun simply must have looked better, brighter, bigger than before.

When they finally tired of fighting off offers, and the clouds of gold-dust with which they were showered settled a bit, Lucille found herself packing 'em in as head of a "Shannons" cast on Hollywood Boulevard. In an unsuspicious moment Jimmy had signed a paper which turned out to be a contract to write dialogue for Metro sound pictures. And Russell, the kid himself, woke up an honest-to-goodness movie actor on the Pathe lot. And a picture-stealer besides. For in his very first film, "Shady Lady," he romped off with the honors. But these days we rather expect such things from a Gleason.

The Great Hollywood Drayma

THE future? Well, let's see. Jimmy has a couple of plays on the fire. There's one called "Jonesy," and a Jolson show, "Mr. Bones." Few more ideas on ice, as well. Lucille can stay in pictures after Universal films "The Shannons." Or she can continue on the stage. Or she can just sit and rest herself and do nothing, if she damn-well feels like it. And as for Russ, he's okay in the movies. He'll probably star in "Jonesy." And meantime, what fun that baby is having!

Just by the way, there's never been a good play—or a good book, for that matter—about Hollywood and the Hollywoodenheads. After Jimmy sticks around awhile, he'd be just the lad to write the great play of the picture industry.

To "give you a rough idea," as Lucille used to say in "The Butter and Egg Man," of what sort of fire-crackers this Gleason gang is, bear in mind that the film folk are not prone to take too kindly to the city slickers from the stage. The talkies have swept a deluge of theatrical people into Hollywood. And more and more picture players, writers, directors and so on, are being replaced. The usurpers aren't met at the trains with loud huzzas. But the Gleasons are different. They stand all four aces high. It's heard on every hand: "What a great guy this feller Gleason is!" "Isn't Lucille a darling?" "Say, ain't that Russell Gleason some boy?" Hollywood's tickled to have 'em here. Any one of 'em could give Will Rogers a run for the job of Mayor of Beverly Hills. The Gleasons have conquered. Just like Jimmy won those three wars in which he fought. The only fear is that New York may lure them all away.

For the stamp of the metropolis is visible on Jimmy's brow. Next to that other Jimmy—Walker—he best qualifies as the typical New Yorker. He experiences real joy when he meets a boy from the Fourth Ward. By listening a moment, he can tell whether you come from "Toity-toid and Toid Avenyuh" or somewhere in "Greenpernt." From the Gowanus to the Bronnix, Jimmy knows the town and its denizens. He's as much New York as Al Smith's brown derby.

But for all her years on the Rialto, Lucille retains a touch of the sunkist state about her. One almost suspects that she has a secret hankering for Pasadena. That when she thinks of home, it's Oakland that's in her mind. It is inconceivable, for instance, that Jimmy should have voted for anyone but Al. Yet it is equally impossible to believe other than that Lucille was Hoover in her heart. As for Russell, product of that meeting of the East and West, he probably played safe and voted for Phyllis Haver.

And so the three of them are marching along through life living a greater story than they've written or played. And the best part is that it's bound to have a happy ending. Long may they wave!

Every month has its tragedies, of course. Such as the electric light bill and the rent. But these are more than counterbalanced by the delights which accrue once every thirty days. Such as the issue of CLASSIC on the 12th square of every sheet of the calendar. Provided, of course, you're alert to get to the newsstand in time. Or sufficiently forsighted to have your newsdealer reserve your copy for you

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New Fashions in Vamps

(*Continued from page 49*)

hamlets are on to the *Tattooed Countess* and *Lorelei Lee*. The gals can't get away with the things they used to get away with. Red lights are nothing but electric light bulbs to the present-day generation. The gals of today have to give sin some thought. That's the real keynote of the change. The old-time vamp with the old-time methods would be given the merry raspberry by any wife or mother. Even the Big Butter and Egg men take their blondes standing.

In the small towns people are reading Freud and Havelock Ellis and Edna St. Vincent Millay and the medical journals. You can't fool them anymore with curvature of the spine in aspic.

Women going into business, working shoulder to shoulder with men, have an awful lot to do with the new styles in sin. It's meant that men understand women now. And women understand men. They're wise to each other. And being wise, it takes something trickier than kohl-tinted eyes and drapes to get 'em where you want 'em.

Men have acquired a sense of humor about women, too. That's been horridly revolutionary. When husbands can, and do, laugh at sirens, the old wedding certificate gets a new frame.

Lilyan Tashman, who is one of the few to give credit where credit is due and sometimes where it isn't, says that Greta Garbo is the greatest, unquestionably the greatest, Menace to the home-and-husband combine in the world today. Greta could, says her fan, Lilyan, revolutionize the world of women today—if she cared to. She doesn't. Lilyan told a story of a dinner party recently held in her own home. Sam Goldwyn was there. Greta was there, in a new black chiffon dinner frock. Lilyan chose it for her. She has chosen many for her in the past weeks. Sam Goldwyn was moved to an articulate admiration and said, "Greta, if you always looked as you do tonight, you could have the world at your feet." To which the Garbo replied, artichoking, "What for?"

The above should be words of wisdom, guide-posts, torches, even light houses, to lead the women of the world on to bigger and better sinning. For they fall from the lips of an authority on the force of women and the frailties of men. And it is also noteworthy that both the Garbo and the Tashman—known as "the two most dangerous women in Hollywood"—have the very attributes Lilyan gives to the new home-wreckers. They are indifferent. They are casual. They wise-crack. They play tennis, swim and hike. They are adepts in febrile mental gymnastics; and I'll bet my tickets to the next opening that they couldn't check a hat box to save their shriven souls.

Fashions in sin have changed. And any woman who doesn't keep up with the prevailing modes deserves to lose her happy home. We've done our bit to hold it for her, Lilyan and I.

A famous comedy dancer of the stage used to say that it wasn't the step itself that mattered, but the tricky way it was done.

You can say that of CLASSIC. Every fan magazine writes about the same stars.

But they don't all write in the same way. And none of them, of course, in the bright and modern and metropolitan way that CLASSIC does. The way that CLASSIC has to do to please its readers



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If ever the three R's were taught to the tune of a hickory stick, it must have been at this little log schoolhouse in the *mountings* where Gary Cooper—aged nine years and in the center of the group—learned to mind his P's and Q's

You Can't Trust Women

(*Continued from page 43*)

sure I will never marry. I don't intend to."

I was curious. Gary isn't the type that should live alone with his dog. He's obviously interested in women. Why shouldn't he be willing to concede a marriage ceremony or two?

"Do you want to know the truth?" he asked, looking half-sheepish and half-grim.

"Yes," I said, "but I don't expect to hear it."

"I'm going to tell it to you now," he said. "It's this:"—he paused a moment on the brink of the great revelation—"you can't trust women!"

I couldn't think of a word to say in refutation. Gary went on talking, very earnest, very charming.

"Their lives are built on deception. There's not one of them you can trust. I don't blame them, understand. Perhaps men are at fault. Deception is a woman's only weapon against men. But the fact remains—you can't trust 'em."

It has become an old refrain, a sort of coda with which he concludes all his remarks about women.

"I don't want to have to divorce my wife. I want marriage to last. Marriage based on love and companionship. But there can be no love, no companionship, no happiness, without perfect trust. And I know you can't trust women!"

It took me a little while to discover that by perfect trust, Gary means merely physical fidelity. Perhaps I shouldn't say merely, because he attaches supreme importance to it.

"If a woman is unfaithful," he explained, "there's a reason for it. It means her heart is involved. You can't dismiss it as unimportant. Because she isn't made like a man, who can have other affairs which affect him very little at the time and not at all afterwards. When a woman does that, you know it is something more, and it can't help affecting her love for her husband.

"Besides, when you take something as yours, you want it to be entirely yours."

"And would you be faithful in return?" I asked.

"Yes," Gary answered valiantly, "I would, because it is much more satisfying to give what you receive. I am not fickle. I don't deceive.

"I have trusted women. But I don't think I ever will again. Being in love is marvelous. Everything is so sweet and perfect. You think nothing can destroy your happiness. And so it's an awful jolt when you find out the truth."

I wasn't prepared for all this. It's years since I've heard the words trust and fidelity except in the names of savings banks. I wanted to know where he heard about those things in the first place, and what had induced his present bitter mood.

He considered, looking like a young

(*Continued on page 83*)

WILLIAM HAINES IN ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE

with

LIONEL BARRYMORE—KARL DANE—LEILA HYAMS

A Jack Conway Production
From the play by
Paul Armstrong
Adaptation by A. P. Younger
Continuity by
Sara Y. Mason
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JIMMY GETS
THE THIRD DEGREE



WILLIAM HAINES WITH
LOVELY LEILA HYAMS

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Yours cordially

Ramon Novarro

1—Name the six popular young players who appear in "Our Dancing Daughters."
2—Which do you prefer—Sound or Silent movies? Give your reasons within 75 words.
3—What popular murder story listed as a best seller novel and serial story last year has been made into a talking picture by M-G-M?
4—Name the Indian Chief in an M-G-M western who posed for the head on the Buffalo nickel.
5—Who is directing the first all Negro feature planned as an epic production of the colored race?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to **M-G-M, 1542 Broadway, New York.** All answers must be received by February 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine

NOTE:—If you do not attend the pictures yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

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High Hats For Sale

(*Continued from page 26*)

I figured that they were just being spiteful for some unknown reason. But that didn't seem plausible, even to me. So I concluded that I must be to blame for the bad impression.

"As I began to pick Lina Basquette, as the public knew her, to pieces I found that what I had meant to be enthusiasm about my work had been taken for self-consciousness and conceit. I did talk about myself a great deal. I talked about 'The Godless Girl' and what a big part I had in it. I said I was photographing well. I recounted compliments De Mille had paid me. I said all sorts of things that must have sounded odd to other people. But the reason I talked that way is because I have suffered from an inferiority complex all my life.

"Conceited Lina! Vain Lina! Some people will get a laugh out of that, I suppose. But it's the truth. I've always been so doubtful of my own abilities that when I do achieve something I have to talk about it and gloat over it before I realize what has happened. To my way of thinking, a really conceited person merely accepts the good breaks as her just due and acts blasé about it. But any little thing I accomplish seems so amazing to me.

Frankly Pleased with Herself

"ANOTHER thing, before the death of my husband I had been more or less in the background. I found that I was not so important as Lina Basquette as I was as Mrs. Sam Warner. Don't think that I wasn't happy and proud to be his wife. I was more than that. But when I found myself in the public eye once more as an individual who was being accepted for herself alone, I suppose I went a little haywire. My own doings became of such importance to me that they were on my mind all the time. It wasn't until I began to read unkind things about how self-centered I had become that I realized the harm of my enthusiasm.

"It isn't easy to snap out of a thing like that when you think everyone is against you. Your first impulse is to fight back arrogantly. But I was lucky enough to have a friend talk to me and tell me where I had been wrong and advise me to snap out of it. It's taken time," Lina added, with a funny little smile, "but I think I've snapped."

As to the high hat worn by Janet Gaynor, I can't speak with a great deal of authority. Personally, I've never seen her in it. Janet, to me, has always been the same unaffected little girl I knew years ago when she was struggling to get into the Paramount School or even good bit parts in big productions.

The Rush of Gaynor

BUT I've heard puzzling rumors about Janet. That, on certain occasions, she was making the grand-stand play. That she was demanding an exorbitant salary and was contesting her claims in court. That she had developed a sudden rush of Gaynor to the head. It didn't seem possible. She is such a cute, excitable little kid.

And to this day no one will make me believe that Janet, of her own accord, put on the dog for anybody. If there was anything wrong, it was bad advice.

I know of one case that illustrates Janet's supposedly high-hat actions—and her real ideas—very well. A little birdie tole me. The chirping little gossip.

It seems that Mary Pickford was giving a party for all the young boys and girls who have done so well on the screen lately. Janet was invited. Janet was tickled nearly out of her contract by the invitation. She fairly glowed. That Mary herself, the idolized Pickford, had called her on the 'phone and invited her to Pickfair.

She spent the days before the party counting the hours. She had a new dress made. She gave special care to her nails and hair, in the way girls always do when something exciting is going to happen. Everything was getting along great until a Hollywood wise-guy stepped in with a little advice.

"Now listen, Janet," he said, or words to that effect. "There's no reason why you should glimmer and glow because Mary Pickford has asked you to her house. You are as big a star as any one on the screen—and as fine an actress. Don't go up there all keyed up with excitement. If the party is for ten o'clock, don't arrive until eleven or twelve. And when you get there, don't fall in a faint at Mary's feet. Be sweet, but aloof. That's the way to do it."

She Didn't Mean It

JANET laughed. It seemed so silly. The whole world had fallen at Mary's feet. Why not Janet? But the wise-guy who had some influence in the matter won out, and Janet arrived two hours late. A few of the guests were leaving as she entered. Janet was too miserable to be herself. She wanted to apologize to Mary, but she could find no apology. She spent her evening rather quietly in a corner praying that Mary wouldn't think she had made the grand-stand entrance.

You can see how her attitude would seem to an outsider. Janet Gaynor arriving two hours late and spending her evening by herself in a corner. Ha! She was high-hat and the rest of it.

Maybe her actions were. But not her intentions. And that's what really counts.

Everyone knows by now that Olive Borden has discarded her towering topper. Olive has gone to great pains to publicize the news. And well she might, for when the hat was at its cockiest angle, there was no grander young star in Hollywood than Olive.

She was also the victim of bad advice. But Olive seemed to take to it. I have a hunch that it was Olive's own idea to have herself trailed around the studio by an entourage including a secretary, a maid and a chauffeur. And surely no one told her to say that she drove a motor car only in white kid gloves.

But no matter what she used to do, Olive has done the most complete right-about-face of any of them. There isn't a nicer or more friendly girl around the studios than the new Olive.

So give these little girls a nice hand. They deserve it.

In Scotland the 12th of October is one of the big events of the year: it marks the opening of the shooting season. Over here, of course, things are more liberal; the 12th of every month is a big event: it's the day when CLASSIC appears on the newsstands

You Can't Trust Women

(*Continued from page 80*)

Lincoln as his face grew graver and the lines deepened.

"Have you ever known a real Westerner?" he asked. "A man who has spent most of his life on the plains? A real Westerner is the most perfect gentleman you can find. That is, he idealizes women more, and has more chivalry, than any other type of man."

The Ideal Mama

THE only real cowboys I've met were never like this. If Gary hadn't ridden the range in his youth, I would suspect that he got his ideas from starring in a couple of movie Westerns. But he must be right.

"The reason he feels that way," he went on, "is because he is alone for months at a time. He rarely sees women, and then only disreputable ones. But he knows there is another kind. So in his mind he creates an ideal women. He imagines them as good and sweet, the opposite of the women he has known. And he worships them.

"Well, I don't mean to imply that I'm a true Westerner. But for a statement such as I've made there must be an explanation, and that is it. When I was a boy, I spent every summer at the ranch, and later, two entire years there. During that time I saw no women, except some half-breeds and a couple of sluts"—a good cowboy word—"so I began to think about another kind of woman.

"When you get away from the smell of perfume," said Gary—yes, he actually did—"you do a lot of thinking, and you get an idea of women—here." He tapped his forehead significantly with a long forefinger. "It was very different from what I found to be the truth.

"A boy who grows up in the city, and who knows women from the time he is fourteen or fifteen—all kinds of women—doesn't have any illusions. So he doesn't have any hard awakening. But I had a lot of jolts."

Hollywood a Bitter School

WHAT he seemed to overlook was that even a boy from the city might have several jolts if he got in the path of the screen's most cyclonic ladies. It was only natural, but it was too bad, that Gary should have learned about women from some of the most fascinating and most fickle in Hollywood. After all, boys with illusions shouldn't get engaged to Clara Bow.

The lovely thing about Gary is that he still believes in true love, though he never expects to find it. When I remarked that marriage was pretty humdrum even at best, he was quick to resent it.

"I know a couple here in Hollywood who have been married for four years. She is a foreigner, and knows how to handle men. She would kill him—has once attempted to do so—if she thought him unfaithful to her. She would kill herself, if she were unfaithful to him. They are the happiest people I know. She looks after him and takes care of him as if he were a child. They play together like children. They do everything together. There is nothing humdrum about their everyday lives. They make it romantic. Nothing can spoil a love like that, or make it humdrum."

I hope Gary wasn't kidding me. But if he wasn't, and he's really looking for a girl who is ready to preserve the sanctity of the home with a carving knife or a six-shooter, he's surely gotten into the wrong town.

"Awkward to discuss—but I must tell my sales girls"

—Says the buyer in a Fifth Avenue Shop about this phase of feminine hygiene



However hard it is to tell them, women should know of this new process which ends odor in this sanitary pad—a product already superior in comfort and ease of disposability.

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5—*It is easily disposed of;* no unpleasant laundry.

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The Neck-Riskers

(*Continued from page 19*)

below the rim of the Canyon, between precipitous and in many places, very narrow walls of the gorge.

That was an outstanding scoop for Fox.

Felix Schoedsack, of Paramount, traveled sixteen thousand miles and spent nine months getting pictures of the Iguazu Falls in South America. These Falls are said to be greater in volume, as well as higher, than Niagara Falls.

Schoedsack worked his way up the Parana Guazu River for about a thousand miles, to where it branches off at the boundary of Paraguay. From there he proceeded several hundred miles into the mountains to the Falls.

"I had very little trouble," he says, "except for a lot of climbing, which is somewhat difficult in the slippery jungles with heavy camera equipment. I had only one bad moment. That was in the river below the Falls, when I was up to my waist in water. I heard a shout from one of the Indians and at the same moment felt a slap at the linen coat I was wearing. I looked down and there was a snake, an extra poisonous South American version of our own water-moccasin.

"He had caught his fangs in the fold of linen and between his thrashing around and my hopping suddenly backward, he snapped clear."

That was his one bad moment. Another moment during which he was very nearly swept over the brink of the Falls, apparently did not count in his eyes. Nor did another moment in which the naturalist who was traveling with him was killed by their Indian guides, who then deserted, leaving Schoedsack to work his way back to civilization, alone, seem to impress him as bad.

Filming the Famous

NEWS-REEL men come into frequent and intimate contact with real and near celebrities. R. B. Nicholl (Pathe), or "Sleepy Nick," as he is known to his confrères, because of a certain slow way he has of talking, has photographed all varieties of royalty and people in high political positions.

"The bigger people really are," says Nick, "that is, the more certain they are of their positions and their importance, the less anxious they are to be photographed. Although most of the really big people will co-operate amiably with cameramen if they think there is a real reason for the pictures."

Joe Johnson, of Paramount, arranged for one of the most amazing airplane shots which was ever recorded by a camera.

Johnson secured pictures of a plane, bursting into flames in mid-air, the pilot, jumping in a parachute, the burning plane falling and barely missing the helpless flyer, dangling from the 'chute. An electrically operated camera, strapped to a wing of the blazing plane, recorded the swooping drop to earth.

And the plane in which Joe was riding, during the making of the picture, went into two tail-spins on the flight. But he made his shots which were used in the opening number of the Paramount News Reels.

They are a great lot, these news-reel men. As a class, they are unassuming and diffident. Content with anonymity. Their job is to be near the spotlight but not in it. They take part in great events but receive no credit.

A news-reel man is one of Commander Byrd's party on the expedition to the South Pole. He will bring the story of the entire trip back to the world in pictures. But we'll wager the world will never know his name.

The Mistress of Mystery

(*Continued from page 22*)

like a native, this girl seems to have disappeared from sight, late in 1916, at the time her mother was shot. And a trifle more than one year later, early in 1918, Jetta Goudal, mysterious, exotic, speaking flawless French, arrives in the United States. No one has been found who remembers seeing the Goudal in Europe. Is that, perhaps, because she had spent her life behind convent walls?

The Likeness of Names

THE daughter of Mata Hari would be about thirty or thirty-two today. Jetta does not pretend to be a girl. The daughter of Mata Hari could pass—as Mata Hari herself often did—for a native French—woman. Jetta looks more like the Rue de la Paix than Hollywood Boulevard. The daughter of Mata Hari must, one would think, looking at her portraits, have those same long oriental eyes, that same wide, cryptic mouth, those same slim and beautiful hands.

"You may say of the Goudal," Jetta once said to me, "that she has lovely hands and knows how to use them."

Look at the pictures of Jetta Goudal and see. And the name, too—is it only coincidence that Mata and Jetta are so much alike?

But what might seem an ingenious theory and a chance likeness, becomes startling when one compares the life story of Mata Hari taken from the memoirs which she wrote in those last months in prison and the few, the very few, autobiographical facts which Jetta Goudal has ever let slip to her close friends.

Jetta has said that she is of Dutch descent on one side of her family. A traveler, returning from Amsterdam recently, speaks of finding relatives of the Goudal in Amsterdam and learning from them that Jetta was born and brought up in that city.

Mata Hari was born in Holland. She spent her bourgeois girlhood there, married there and, when she broke away from the cramped life of her class and fled to Paris to become famous, she left her small daughter behind her in Holland.

Her Beauty Not Bucolic

JETTA GOUDAL has told one or two friends in Hollywood that her grandfather was in the consular service in Java for some years. Which might explain that haunting strangeness of hers that is not quite Eurasian and certainly not bred on Wisconsin farms or in the East Side Ghetto.

Mata Hari writes in her memoirs that her father was in the consular service in Java and that her mother was a Javanese beauty.

A fantastic theory! But Jetta Goudal is rather a fantastic person whose strange beauty intrigues the imagination. Surely from no commonplace background came that face, those long pale hands, "like lotus buds that float." Surely there are memories of old customs and silken loves, of dances to outlandish instruments, of burning days, and deaths that ordinary people do not die, behind those inscrutable eyes of Jetta.

The mystery of the Goudal—whatever it may be—is the mystery of all women whose beauty sets them apart from the ordinary lot of mortals and makes of their soft flesh a relentless fate.

Looking Them Over Out Hollywood Way

(*Continued from page 61*)

Janet Gaynor Confesses

THE night that Lydell Peck slipped an engagement ring on the correct finger of Janet Gaynor's hand, she raised serious brown eyes to his and said, "Lydell, there is something I must tell you first."

His face flushed. His eyes dropped. "Janet," he stammered, "I don't want to hear it. No matter what it is, I don't want you to tell me. Please."

"But I must tell you," insisted Janet; and her voice trembled. "You have the right to know."

Lydell: "I forbid it."

Janet: "But, dear—"

Lydell: "No!"

"Oh, please listen to me," Janet pleaded. "All I wanted to tell you is that my hair isn't naturally red after all."

A great and enormous sigh escaped from Lydell—and a small, very amused giggle from Janet.

New Hut for Howards

THE most beautiful home in Hollywood has just been completed by the William K. Howards. It hasn't as many pillars as Marion Davies's beach house, or as many saddles as Tom Mix's living-room, but for sheer comfort and beauty this lovely rural place in Brentwood wins by a land-site, if you'll pardon the bum pun.

The Rancid Beauty

A CERTAIN very popular and attractive star of the screen is on the verge of losing many of her local admirers unless she does something about her current facial expression. She looks as sullen as a cloudy day in San Francisco.

The other day she was stepping into her car in front of the Montmartre, when a little girl autograph hunter ran up and asked the pulchritudinous persimmon to sign a book. She turned angry, drooping eyes on the child and reached for the pen—but by this time the kid was so thoroughly frightened she had run for protection behind her mother's skirts.

Movie stars have no right to go around the neighborhood frightening little children just because they've lost a contract or a boy-friend.

Sue Escapes

DOUGLAS McLEAN has let Sue Carol slip through his fingers. Considering all the fuss Doug raised about Sue's services when any other producer tried to get her away from him, this was a rather unexplainable piece of carelessness on his part.

The story goes that McLean's attorney forgot to notify Sue that the option on her contract was being taken up, and so thirty days later she was automatically a free-lance player.

It is expected that Sue will sign a contract with the Fox company at any moment now, if not sooner.

Tearle Returns

CONWAY TEARLE is going to do a picture for Columbia, thanks to the talkies, and there is no doubt but that several other retired lights of the stage will be in demand for line-reading—for a time, anyway.

Oddly enough, many of the big stage stars whose voices are so sought after do not register on the sound screen any better than the novice picture players. Pauline Frederick's dramatic range in "On Trial" was no more effective than Lois Wilson's.



Win $3,500.00

Here's news for puzzle fans! C. W. Francis, A. F. Holt, Miss Leola Markus won from $1,800.00 to $3,500.00 each in our last puzzles. Here's the new one. Here are twelve pictures of Charlie Chaplin, the world famous United Artists' star. No, they're not all alike, even though they look alike. Eleven of them are exactly alike, but one and only one is different from all the others. That's the real Charlie Chaplin. The difference may be in the tie, shirt or hat.

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Just Him and Tony

(Continued from page 55)

wanted to branch out and make a showin', so I sold the car and we built this place and got Rolls-Royces. I was glad to build the place because she wanted it, y'see. And for the kid—why, we made the place into a sort o' paradise for her. She even had her own stables with her own ponies. She just loved it here and she never wanted to go away with her mother to Europe."

Tom creased his brow with great, deep furrows, and looked down at his feet. "D'ye know," he said, "I've just been figgerin' out somethin' to put on my Christmas card this year, and I decided on a plain picture of me and Tony. I thought of writin' under it 'All that's left' or somethin', but I decided the folks'd see what I meant anyway without puttin' it in black and white.

"Gosh, I feel lonesome up here in this big place without my wife and Thomasina. My friends all ask me why I go on livin' here. Well, if I left, what'd become of the housemaid and the parlormaid and the butler and the cook and all the others that live here? Besides, I'm used to the place now, and in a way I like it. Though mind you, it isn't really in my line.

"I never could get altogether used to the sort of life Victoria wanted us to lead. I'm just a cowboy, I guess, and nothin's goin' to change me. We hadn't been here long before Victoria was givin' her big parties, entertainin' everybody in town and doin' all this society business. Well, I'd have been as ready as any man to change my ways—because she wanted me to, see?—but how was I to be a society man in the evenin' when I was rescuin' stage coaches and jumpin' off horses and slidin' down precipices all day long? It just wasn't to be.

Those Arduous Evenings

"THERE were times when she'd be entertainin' a mob of people at the Cocoanut Grove, all dressed up and lookin' swell, and I'd come in smellin' of arnica with my hands maybe covered with iodine, after scrapin' half the skin off my body durin' the day's work in the studio or out at the ranch. You certainly can't blame Victoria for gettin' sore at me. But the mixture couldn't be made. I couldn't be a cowboy days and a society man nights, and there was no use in tryin'.

"Yet you'd be surprised—in spite of all that we were really as happy as any man and woman you'd find, and I dare say we had less fights than pretty near any husband and wife. I hadn't the smallest idea there was divorce in the air when Victoria left for Europe. It's a matter of outside interference. There were so many influences on her putting the bad side of the marriage to her, and so few to put the other side, which was that we were real happy the most part of the time. I'm pretty sure that she didn't think of divorce herself when she left. She says to me: 'Tom, I feel nearer to you than I have ever done before.' And she meant it. But influence was brought to bear on her from the outside when she was over in Europe, and then I guess she changed her mind and decided she wanted a divorce.

"Personally, I don't think even now she really wants a divorce—not in her heart. I was sure of it when I refused to have anything to do with the Paris thing. I wrote and told the lawyer in Paris that I was an American and so was she, and if she had a grievance, let her air it in the courts right here where we pay taxes to keep 'em goin'. I'm as patriotic as any American livin', and I don't see what's wrong with American justice. If you've got somethin' comin' to you, one way or the other, you get it in the American courts. They can say all they like about this bribery and corruption that's supposed to have been goin' on right here in town at the District Attorney's office. There may be somethin' in it, but I still say that ultimately you get justice in an American court. If Victoria really wants to divorce me, here's the place for her to do it.

What About the Baby?

"YOU know, though—the thing that gets me is the baby—Thomasina, and what's to happen to her. We all owe a big debt to the new generation, and I've got to feel for my part that my little girl is goin' to be taken care of right. It's one of the things that have always meant a lot to me—the right development of the younger generation. Of course, I got that way because I became a sort of idol of the boys in my pictures, and I've employed a girl for many years to do nothing but answer letters of inquiry from mothers and fathers who wanted me to give their kids a talkin' to. You can't ignore their future, whatever you do—it wouldn't be right. So that's why little Thomasina has got me worryin'. She ought to have the benefit of a father as well as a mother at her age.

"I've a sort o' feelin' everythin's goin' to turn out all right, and she's goin' to get both. I'm just waitin' till her mother brings her back from Paris.

"Meanwhile—drop in any time. The house is absolutely empty except for the cook and the butler and the housemaid and the parlormaid and one or two others and me. Make youself at home any time. We get sort o' lonesome."



Just a Dot on the horizon, but worth the pains of scrutiny. Her last name is Gulliver

The Girl Who Wouldn't Undress

(*Continued from page 51*)

business woman. It's part of my job." On her first appearance in the scanties before her director-boss it was suggested that the costume was much too modest. A bit off here, and a little off there and it would be better box-office. Alice wouldn't mind having it changed a little, would she? Alice had always been so earnest and hard-working and conscientious—she'd stand for it. It was then Alice spoke up: "No, Mr. Sennett. It's bad enough as it is. I won't wear it if it's any smaller." Mr. Sennett said: "Oh, yes, you will." "Oh, no, I won't," said Alice. And said it again. And she had the last word—as she walked off the lot. She never made another Sennett picture and it was a little while before she worked for any other company. In Hollywood any actress tagged "temperamental" finds the studio gates shut and bolted against her. But so much charm in such a tidy little parcel couldn't remain unclaimed in the movie city—and so Alice soon found herself working in bigger and better parts and pictures than she'd ever had before. She had said "No"—and had got away with it. It hadn't happened before and, so far as I know, hasn't happened again.

On the Brink of Yes

SHE was reported engaged to Carl Laemmle, Jr. Each has had crushes since but she still speaks of Junior in a wistful way. But then Alice usually seems wistful. Her most practical actions are invested with glamour and significance because of that wistfulness. She is among the most capable and self-contained of all the girls in pictures. No one has ever seen her fussed or flurried. She proceeds quaintly, quietly—and assuredly. Not even in her celebrated encounter with the famous Irishman, Mister Mack, did she waver. She does pretty much as she pleases. And she always pleases to do the right thing. This may sound as if Miss Day belongs in the category of pretty but uninteresting cuties. But no. The charm of this Alice is that she always looks as if she might weaken at any moment. That properly approached and impressed she may decide to say "Yes." She never has and I suppose she never will. But it means something to look like that, especially in Hollywood.

She's in a talking picture now. She came East to make speaking sequences for "Times Square"—one of the first picture girls to have her voice recorded. It was her first visit to Manhattan and she didn't want to leave. Nothing personal; just the shops and theaters and the big city feel of it. Behold one movie actress who could exist, who could even be happy, away from Hollywood. Alice would never miss it.

She has good manners and excellent taste. People who met her in New York for the first time were sufficiently impressed to pay her the Manhattanites' tribute: "She doesn't look like a movie actress." Meaning, probably, that she eschews velvets and laces and feathers and goes in for smart, simply tailored things. And that she doesn't crook her little finger.

Her voice, by the way, has a haunting quality. It's sweetly sensuous. Anyone slightly discouraged by the girlish wistfulness of her ensemble would instantly recover interest at the sound of that voice. If the microphone does right by Alice, she is in for a busy, prosperous season. Rather a nice Day,

Find the Real JOHN ALDEN



Here is a new puzzle that will be fun for you. In fact, you may win a Buick Sedan and $555.00 in cash, total $1,875.00, if you find the real John Alden and send your answer promptly.

Six of the pictures are exactly alike, but one, and only "one," is different from all the rest. See if you can find the different picture. If you do you may win a Buick Sedan and $555.000 cash extra, or $1,875.00 in cash. Hundreds have already won prizes; Lillie Bohle won $1500, Fred Sieglinger won $3000, Mrs. R. T. Frederick won $1000, Robert F. Spilman won $1000, and many others. You may be next. Everybody taking active part rewarded. You get your choice of Buick Sedan or $1875 in cash. Send answer quick—You may be the one who will see this ad and solve it correctly

And WIN BUICK SEDAN or $1875 CASH

$555.00 check sent you at once as an additional prize as below if you answer quickly

As a reward for quick action—we send you check for $555 to add to First Prize Buick edan if you win, and directions for getting a 4-door Master Six Buick Sedan. Send answer at once. Costs nothing. No tricks or chances.

5 Cars Given—No More Puzzles To Solve

I will give a beautiful Buick Sedan, also a Chrysler Sedan, also a Nash Sedan, also an Essex Sedan, and a Chevrolet Sedan—5 Cars and a large list of additional costly Prizes—over $6,500. Every Car has four doors and will be delivered FREE to winners by nearest auto dealers. Many have already won Prizes and now to advertise our business you can get this new Buick Sedan, or $1,875 Cash.

$555.00 Extra for Promptness

Be prompt. Just find the "one" picture of John Alden that is different from all the rest. Look carefully. They all look alike, but "one" is different. Send me the number of the "one" that is different with your name and address at once, then we will tell you how to win Buick. That's all. Send no money. All who answer can share in Cash and Prizes. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be given those tying. If you can find the answer send it right away. Hurry! $555.000 Cash for promptness.

L. M. STONE, 844 WEST ADAMS STREET, Department 371 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

ADVICE *to the* Love-Life-Lorn

Since the beginning of the Love-Life Story Series in MOTION PICTURE we have received innumerable protests from readers about the difficulties of obtaining copies of the magazine

It seems the newsdealer is sold out almost before he has time to get behind his counter on the morning of the 28th of the month

MOTION PICTURE has been petitioned, indeed, to have Congress enact a law forbidding the beginning of sales of the magazine before 6 o'clock in the morning, so that the average alert reader can have a fighting chance to get a copy

This MOTION PICTURE has been loath to do. The granting of its request, of course, would come quite as a matter of form. But it feels that the responsibility rests with the reader rather than with the dealer. The merchant of magazines has to observe the policy of first come, first served. He cannot discriminate

But he can do this: he can reserve a copy for you. And he will. Tell him before the 28th that you want a MOTION PICTURE held for you on the 28th. And he'll have it. And you'll have it

It's the one way to insure your getting the next—the March—issue, in which there's another sensational Love-Life Story and a host of other features of equal interest

MOTION PICTURE

It's the Magazine of Authority

It Depends on What You Mean by It

† † †

Lots of people, looking over CLASSIC month after month,

And noticing how, no matter how interesting one number is, the next is more so,

Say to us: "It's wonderful how you do improve upon what seemingly can't be improved.

"But we wonder you try; we wonder why you don't leave well-enough alone."

All of which is very pleasant to hear. But there's an element in the publication of CLASSIC that ought to be explained in this regard;

It's this: it's all a matter of what one means by well-enough.

If CLASSIC only had set out to achieve a well-enough that meant being better than any other publication of its sort in the world;

If in getting better news, better pictures, and presenting them more intelligently and brightly than ever has been done by any other periodical devoted to motion picture fan interests;

If that were what CLASSIC called well enough

CLASSIC would long since have been content merely to maintain its practice of excelling.

But the trouble is that those who publish CLASSIC never really are satisfied with that. Their well enough is . . . well, its never been reached, although its heights are sensed.

And toward those heights of excellenee CLASSIC is forever traveling. Looking forward to an ideal perhaps unattainable but worthy the effort to attain. Not resting on its laurels but searching for laurels ahead.

CLASSIC may some day do the ideal thing it hopes every month to do. And that will be well enough.

Until the time for planning the next issue comes.

Then CLASSIC will let its well-enough very severely alone—and try again to better it.

Motion Picture CLASSIC

It's the Magazine with the Personality



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RICHARD BLACKSTONE, B-822 FLATIRON BLDG., NEW YORK

Enter The Dixies

(*Continued from page 63*)

Through the low haze of smoke their white teeth flashed and their voices ran high with excitement like children enjoying a carnival and getting paid for it. An old woman with white eyebrows set on a black face sat contentedly in a corner with her pipe. A couple of little pickaninnies scrambled around at her feet. They were in the movies. But they might well have been down in Old Kentucky.

The Brown Bow

A VIVID black edition of Clara Bow, with great red clusters of cherries dangling from her hat, wandered in and out of the group. Her name is Nina May McKinny and upon her shimmying New York shoulders falls the part of *Chick*, the leading lady.

Some of them seemed to sense that this picture might mean an important milestone in the history of their people. Others were merely concerned with the opportunity of earning a little extra spending money. But whatever their philosophy, they mingled together freely, amiably. There was no distinction between the star and the extra—no portable dressing-room, no gaudily autographed chairs commanding the herd to "Keep Off."

Even if an obliging press agent had failed to point out Haynes to me, I think I should have singled him out from the group. His face had more character, more meaning, than the almost childlike countenances of the others. He was fresh from the New York stage where he had sung the hit song of "Show Boat" for a season and where critics had lavished praise on his acting as well as his voice. Yet all the time he talked to me his polite deference was marked to a degree. I think "honored" was the word he used at the introduction. His enthusiasm and gratitude to King Vidor were almost touching. He kept recounting over and over the kindness and consideration of this Texas Southerner who had chosen him from the whole of New York's Harlem to represent his race in its first picture.

Working with Enemies

HAYNES'S speaking voice is vibrant and without the commonly accepted accent. "I think and hope this picture will do much for my people," he said. "Mr. Vidor has written a story that should be a classic of the Southern Negro. He seems to know us as few white men have bothered to know us. Our race is rich with talents that have gone unrecognized for centuries. This may be our opportunity to prove ourselves. It won't be easy at first. Our trip through the South was filled with heartaches and heartbreaks."

I later learned that both the white man and the Southern Negro had not only resented the invasion of the motion picture troupe but had actually endangered their safety. They grudgingly worked through the picture for the money that was to be had. But as soon as their jobs were completed their grumblings developed into threats of violence against Haynes and little Nina May McKenny. They said they would "get" Haynes and his "high-brow educated airs" before he got away from there. They said they'd "put him in his place if they had to kill him." Vidor would not permit Haynes to go anywhere without a guard; and it was Vidor, as one Southerner to another, who did much toward quelling the riot. One poor ignorant soul actually pulled a gun on Haynes because he "had gone to college."

"I was born in Atlanta, Georgia, and was graduated from the Morris Brown University in that city." Haynes continued his own story. "I was setting out with the pulpit in mind. From Georgia I entered the University of Chicago to complete my education, but I was forced into the printing business to make a livelihood. I certainly had no idea of ever landing on the New York stage or in Hollywood pictures at the time. It was while I was soliciting printing in a theatrical office that I was asked to read a Negro part in a play. That was the beginning of a series of engagements in New York numbering 'The Bottom of the Cup,' 'Earth,' 'Rang Tang' and 'Show Boat.' I have been working as an actor for about four years."

He is Always Reserved

THERE are people on the M.G.M. lot who will tell you that Haynes is inspired by the story King Vidor is attempting to portray for the screen. He sees in it a mission—much more than might have been accomplished had he been successful in the ministry. And yet he does not attempt to presume on his position. He eats alone, or with his people in the section marked off for them. When he is spoken to, he speaks. The violent Southerner might have saved the threat of his gun, for Haynes knows only too well the place to which the white world has relegated his race.

Over at the Christie studios where "The Melancholy Dame" was being shot, the atmosphere was more frankly frivolous and humorous than on the sets of "Hallelujah," which borders on a dramatic tragedy. The chuckling qualities of the Octavus Roy Cohen story calls for less art and more typically Negro appeal.

A Negress of extremely pretty features, named Evelyn Preer, was in the midst of a comedy scene. It was being recorded through the mike and throughout the hushed stage smiling Negroes were grouped to watch and listen. I think they were secretly admiring Evelyn. She was recruited from the stage.

Although I was not able to get close enough to verify the hunch, I think Evelyn was darkened beyond the duskiness of her natural caramel skin for the Negro part. Between scenes she retired to a chair a little apart from the others and repaired her make-up. When she spoke off-stage, her voice was as cultured as Jeanne Eagels's and bore none of the dialect she had affected before the microphone.

Reality is Best Assumed

AN official of the Christie company told me that the experienced Negro actor or actress is worth twice as much as one who has had no previous training.

"However," he went on, "that fellow over there is a jewel." He indicated a large, smiling son of the South, whose glittering grin portrayed a mouthful of the largest and whitest teeth I have ever seen. "Watch him do his stuff."

The chocolate comedian's name turned out to be Spencer Williams and the director was rehearsing him in a typical comedy scene in which he comes flying through a door and bumps into someone else. At the first try Spencer hurled himself through the door long before the director gave the cue and stood looking around for someone to bump into.

"Not so fast," called Gillstrum. "You started before I called you, Spencer."

"Ah knows it, boss," replied the hefty one and displayed every molar in his head, "but when Ah moves, Ah moves."

And in such manner comes the Negro to the screen—with tears of oppression, with gales of dusky, rich laughter.



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FOX MOVIETONE



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At night: make a rich lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands, apply it to face and throat, massaging gently in an upward and outward motion, to stimulate circulation. Rinse thoroughly with warm water graduated to cold until you actually feel all impurities, oil, secretions and make-up carried away. Then dry the skin tenderly with a soft towel.



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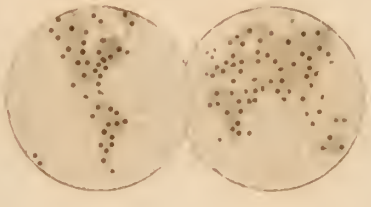
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MOTION PICTURE
CLASSIC

Vol. XXIX MARCH, 1929 No. 1

Notable Features in This Issue:

CONFESSIONS OF THE STARS (ANNA Q. NILSSON)....*Gladys Hall* 16
THE HOLLYWOOD FOLLIES OF 1928.... 18
I COULD GET ANY WOMAN'S HUSBAND....*Winifred Reeve (Onoto Watana)* 21
THE LOVE SECRETS OF REX AND RINTY....*Cedric Belfrage* 30
THE MIRACLE MAN....*Herbert Cruikshank* 33
YOU'VE GOT TO KNOW SOMEBODY....*Helen Louise Walker* 48

The Classic Gallery....11–14
BESSIE LOVE, BETTY COMPSON, JUNE COLLYER, GARY COOPER
Quite A Feller—*picture page*, DOLORES BRINKMAN.... 20
Little Miss Wolf of Wall Street....*Dorothy Donnell* 22
Claspmates—*picture page*, CHARLES FARRELL AND MARY DUNCAN.... 23
Hollywood Horrors—*cartoon*....*h. o. hofman* 24
Stop Me If You've Heard This One....*Dorothy Spensley* 25
Emil the Great....*Helen Louise Walker* 26
Picture page, BELLE BENNETT.... 27
So Famous, So Afraid....*Faith Service* 28
Suspendered Animation—*picture page*, CLARA BOW.... 32
The Daily Terror.... 34
Sax Appeal—*picture page*, JEANETTE LOFF.... 36
Club-Night Life in Hollywood....*Dorothy Manners* 37
Enchant—Dresses—*picture pages*, EVELYN BRENT.... 38
She Hates The Screen....*Beatrice Wilson* 40
In a Clasp by Themselves—*picture page*, JOHN GILBERT AND MARY NOLAN.... 41
In Fine Trim—*picture page*, CAROL LOMBARD.... 42
There's Always Carpet-Laying....*Herbert Cruikshank* 43
Classic's Family Album—*picture page*, LOUISE DRESSER.... 44
Picture page, JANET GAYNOR.... 50
Appeasing the Squanderlust....*Rilla Page Palmborg* 51
Picture page, HOOT GIBSON AND RUTH ELDER.... 54
Eat, Drink and Be Kerry....*Walter Ramsey* 55
For Pleasure Unalloyd—*picture pages*, HAROLD LLOYD'S ESTATE.... 56
Hollywood's Professional Insulter....*Cedric Belfrage* 58
Two Young Ideas—*picture page*, LORETTA YOUNG.... 59
Ain't She Cuete?—*picture page*, ESTELLE TAYLOR.... 62
Minus the Smootch....*Dorothy Spensley* 63
Out To Gat His Man—*picture page*, MONTE BLUE.... 64

The CLASSIC'S Famous Departments

Last-Minute News.... 6
That's My Story....*Bert Ennis* 8
Our Own News-Camera—*The Screen World in Pictures*.... 45
The Celluloid Critic—*Some Current Films in Review*....*Laurence Reid* 52
Looking Them Over Out Hollywood Way—*Newsy Close-Ups*....*Dorothy Manners* 60

Cover portrait of Olive Borden by DON REED, *especially created by* RUSSELL BALL

LAURENCE REID, Editor
Colin J. Cruickshank, Art Director
CLASSIC comes out on the 10th of every month, MOTION PICTURE the 28th

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC *is published monthly at 731 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Ill., by* MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. *Entered as second class matter August 31st, 1928, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879; additional entry as second class matter at New York, N.Y. Printed in U. S. A. Editorial and Executive Offices, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.,* Copyright 1929 by MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. *Single copy 25c. Subscriptions for U. S., its possessions, and Mexico $2.50 a year, Canada $3.00, Foreign Countries, $3.50. European Agents, Atlas Publishing Company, 18 Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4. George Kent Shuler, Pres. and Treas., Duncan A. Dobie, Jr., Vice Pres., Murray C. Bernays, Sec'y.*

Last Minute News

IT sounds like a cue for a song—"**Honeymooning on the Beach at Waikiki**"—but that's **Al Jolson's** story and he's not singing it but he's lived it out there in **Honolulu.** He and the pretty **Ruby Keeler** have returned to **Hollywood** where they will both help make talking pictures even talkier. . . . **Richard Barthelmess** left **New York** quick as you can say **Jack Warner** for the balmy breezes and glamour of **Palm Beach** and a honeymoon with his bride, the former **Mrs. Jessica Sargent.** . . . But that's not all in the way of wedding bells, for they pealed right merrily for **Lina Basquette** and **Peverell Marley** out **Hollywood** way. **Lina Basquette,** widow of **Sam Warner,** was married to **C. B. DeMille's** favorite cameraman early in the **New Year,** and most every paper from coast to coast carried their picture in "**I Love You So**" pose.

THE monthly engagements of the screen stars who are not already married —recently—have been predicted. **Constance Talmadge,** returning from **Europe,** was reported engaged, as usual. This time the prospective bridegroom is **Townsend Netcher** of **Chicago.** . . . And then there's **Phyllis Haver** who is vacationing East, so they say, that she may see much of **Bert Lytell,** now a stage star again, who is said to be interested in the blonde and sprightly comedienne. . . . **Marjorie Daw** is another whose name is mentioned among those about to take a significant step altarward. **Myron Selznick's** hurried trip to **New York** was all because of **Miss Daw's** presence there, say the whispering campaigners of **Hollywood.**

TALK of zero weather and snowstorms does not deter film stars from hurrying **East** on the fastest choo-choos to visit the show shops and the shrines of fashion on **New York's** *Rue de la Paix,* **Fifty-Seventh Street.** And there are others who have come to register emotions professionally. One of these is **Richard Dix** who left his **White House in Hollywood** to work in **Paramount's White Studio** in **Astoria.** . . . **Lili Damita,** too, came **East** to make personal appearances with her first **American** picture, "**The Rescue**". . . . **Belle Bennett,** winter vacationing in **New York,** found time to debate with **Herbert Brenon** on the merits of the talkies over the radio station **W O R** on their **Night Club Hour. Talking Pictures** must have proved a novelty in the way of topics as the merits of **Scotch** and the *couvert* charge are of more general interest to night club devotees. . . . **Bert Lytell,** too, has been proving that the voice with the smile wins over the radio.

BETTY COMPSON'S talents have jumped sky high with talking pictures running riot in **Hollywood** and **New York.** Right now fat contracts have been signed by **Miss Compson** due to her work in "**The Barker**" and to her talking films. . . . **Bessie Love** is finding talking pictures profitable, too, and will be **Conrad Nagel's** leading woman. . . . **Conrad Nagel** is perhaps the outstanding male success in the sound pictures. His histrionic ability has gained him two contracts whereby he divides his time between **Warner** pictures and **M. G. M.** . . . The veteran **Flora Finch** never did let grass grow under her feet and the minute she saw the trend of the times she prepared for her entrance as a **Talking Actress** by trying out her voice in a vaudeville sketch called "**The Siren**"—a bedroom farce. . . . **Ina Claire** has been lured into the talkies.

CLARA BOW not only has **IT** but she has a voice with dynamite. In her first appearance before the microphone for the scenes in "**The Wild Party**" **Miss Bow** shattered two light valves in the recording apparatus—and that is some shattering, ladies and gentlemen. . . . Will **Claudette Colbert** go to **Hollywood** to shed a ray of light in talking films? That is the question worrying her **New York** admirers. . . . **Lon Chaney** remains **Silent.** He can't see these talking films at all, at all. His next picture will give him a colorful rôle—and a hazardous one when he acts as an elephant driver who pilots boat loads of caged tigers and lions down the river.



A western star who has gone west forever; the last still photograph ever taken of Fred Thomson, who died in Los Angeles following an operation. The horse is Silver King

HAPPY **New Year** was celebrated in all lands. **Sweden** was particularly joyous welcoming home **Greta Garbo.** The languorous **Greta** returned to her native home for the first vacation since landing on the profitable shores of these **United States.** . . . **John Barrymore** and **Dolores Costello** had to take to the high seas during **New Year** celebrations to avoid the mob while honeymooning. They are on the **Barrymore** yacht on their way to the **South Seas** where they will not be harrassed as they were when they landed from the good ship, "**Virginia,**" **at Panama.** . . **Florence Vidor** and **Jascha Heifitz** are combining a wedding tour with the violinist's concert tour. It seems as though **Hollywood** were being left both high and dry so far as honeymooners are concerned.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS may not aspire to **Napoleon** rôles on the screen but when it comes to dances he chooses the **Little Corporal** as his impersonation. He attended the most famous ball of the year, the **Beaux Arts,** as the **Corsican** when he was a mere lieutenant. It may interest you to know that **Richard Barthelmess** is one actor who does not like to make his home in **Hollywood,** but prefers **Westchester County** for the **Barthelmess** homestead. . . . The automobile has been blamed for many things but it can't be held responsible for the passing of five horses good and true at the **F. B. O.** studios. They are **Flashlight, King, Black Beauty, Babe** and **Rags.** It just means there aren't goin' to be any more western pictures made by **F. B. O.**

HAROLD LLOYD has changed his mind about the leading lady for his latest production. **Barbara Kent** will be seen opposite the most famous glasses in the world. . . . **Raoul Walsh,** who has been recovering from the injury sustained by the jumping rabbit that passed through the windshield of his auto, is back on the **Fox** lot working on "**The Cockeyed World**". . . . **Nancy Carroll** was the logical choice for the girl in "**Burlesque.**" Little **Nancy** has a way with her and her experience on the stage will be a great help when the microphone gets ready to record the popular **Broadway** play. . . . **Montague Love** has joined the trek **Eastward.** He will star in two talking pictures for **Tiffany-Stahl.** . . . **Estelle Taylor** reverses the general order and will make **Hollywood** her home while playing a mother rôle to **Lupe Velez** in "**East Is East**" for **M. G. M.** . . . The big liner, "**Leviathan**" is now showing talking pictures.

REBIRTH OF SCREEN HUMOR

The editor of Exhibitors Herald and Moving Picture World, a leading business publication, writing about the use of the voice in Educational's first all-talking comedy, said: "There need be no question whatsoever about its effectiveness in comedy. The talking comedy means a re-birth of the humor of the screen."

EDUCATIONAL PICTURES are the guiding factor in this re-birth of screen humor. Unquestioned leaders for years in the field of silent comedies, they now lead the way in talking comedies as well.

Wherever talking pictures are seen and heard this re-birth of screen humor has been greeted with wild applause. It started with the Mack Sennett Talking Comedies—such pictures as "The Lion's Roar" and "The Bride's Relations"—and continued with the new Coronet Talking Comedies, beginning with "The Eligible Mr. Bangs." Each one a comedy treat you can't afford to miss. And soon you'll see and hear the first of the new Jack White Productions with sound and dialogue and the first of the new Lupino Lane Talking Comedies.

Truly, a veritable re-birth of screen humor.

There is only one big company specializing exclusively in short features. That's one reason why the *Educational Pictures* trade mark always stands for the best in this class of picture, whether with sound or silent.



EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.
E. W. HAMMONS, President
Executive Offices: 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

That's My Story--- By BERT ENNIS

Communiques From The Hollywood Tattle-Front

APPRECIATION

THIS didn't happen recently, but we're pretty sure it has'nt been printed before. A few months after Herbert Brenon made "Sorrell and Son" for United Artists release, Joe Schenck met him in the lobby of the Astor Hotel and, after exchanging the usual "How are you's?" handed Brenon a check for $20,000. The surprised Herb inquired "How come" and Schenck came back with: "That's a bonus for you on 'Sorrell and Son.' The picture has been released four months and we've already written $1,400,000 in bookings on it."

They say that since then the film has grossed over $4,000,000 and is still going strong.

PANIC NOTE

MET a director on Hollywood Boulevard the other day. A fellow who had been in the thousand-a-week class two years back. He had parked his Ford at the Boulevard's busiest point, hoping to nail a friend from the passers-by who would lend him four dollars. Queried as to the reason for the touch, he told us he had neglected to secure a license for his dog and if he didn't pay the necessary four bucks that day, the hound would go to the pound. Incidentally, it was the day before Xmas.

NEW RACKET

SPEAKING of the merry Yuletide, an enterprising faker sprung a new racket on the Boulevard the week preceding the holidays. He was selling photographs of the stars and players at three for a quarter. We looked the gallery over and noticed that the majority of poses, including those of Gilbert, Pickford, Talmadge, Haines, Griffith, et al. were taken five years ago at least. Despite this, he was cleaning up. The takers in the main were provincial-looking middle-aged ladies from Iowa and Illinois seeking photos of Greta Garbo and Jack Gilbert. One of the toughest looking mugs we have ever seen, outside of an underworld scene, bought six photos of Barry Norton, the "mama's boy" of "What Price Glory?"

A NIFTY

THERE'S a weekly published in Hollywood called "The Poverty Row Bugle," read mainly by the extras and bit players who congregate at the corner of Sunset Boulevard and Gower Street. Its Xmas number carried the following classic in modern simile-making: "As perplexed as King Solomon when a voice from another room called 'Stop reading and come to bed now, dear.' "

POST MORTEM

SPEAKING of "Sorrell and Son," the wise boys say that Herbert Brenon called Cecil DeMille on long distance 'phone and offered him the movie rights at a reasonable figure, urging him to make it instead of "The King of Kings." DeMille passed it up, remarking he couldn't see it for a special. Brenon made it for less than a quarter of "The King of Kings" cost and it has outgrossed the DeMille effort two to one, to date.



P. & A.

The bachelors of Hollywood may never forgive Richard Barthelmess for deserting their ranks. But we—now that we have seen the new Mrs. Barthelmess—should never pardon him if he had not

SNICKER, SNICKER

ANENT a pair of well-known players who have been battling merrily ever since the knot was tied a few months ago, Joe, master of ceremonies at Henry's, cracked recently: "Who married them—the Secretary of War?"

AND A CUPPA COFFEE

CHRISTIE Brothers and Stern Brothers, both makers of well-known brands of two-reel comedies, know where their next meal is coming from. The Stern boys, better known as Abe and Julius, own the ground and building occupied by Henry's, Hollywood's most famous eating joint; while the Christies collect the rent from McHuron's Grill, another popular food factory located on the town's main stem.

All of which goes to show that a guy doesn't have to wear a sign to be a sandwich man.

STILL THEY COME

ONE of the latest of the bank-roll boys to make a stab at the movies is the scion of Los Angeles' best known department store pioneer, Hamburger of Broadway. Disguised under the nonchalant movie monicker of Art Hammond, young Hamburger, rotund and guileless, has angeled several two-reel comedies in the past year. He carries the name Art Hammond splashed all over the lamps, film cases, camera trucks and other equipment he has acquired, just like the regular companies.

ONE-TWO-TIIREE-FOUR

DOROTHY DONNELL, friendly and ordinarily sweet-dispositioned Western editor of Classic and Motion Picture mags, has a peeve that is growing stronger daily. The Cansinos, ex-big time vaudeville dancing team, have a studio on the same floor of the building which houses Dorothy's office—in fact, almost next door. From nine a. m. until unconscious, according to Miss Donnell, aspiring Pat Rooneys, Albertina Rasches and Paul Swans tap, ballet, buck-and-wing and variously shake a mean hoof to the accompaniment of a piano, while Dorothy tries to concentrate on manuscripts. In the midst of a pow-wow the other day, Miss Donnell broke into a neat Varsity Drag. This can't go on.

ME-ME-ME

RAMON NOVARRO is deadly serious about that operatic career of his. He is still training under the guidance of Louis Graveure, the high-note slinger who left the baritones flat to become a tenor. The singing thing has Mexico's native son on the ropes—so much so that when he makes a tour of the Continental operatic stage next spring, he is paying the foreign impresarios for the privilege of yodeling in their theaters.

DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN?

DICK ROSSON, now a director, was a side-line musician at the old Vitagraph in Brooklyn—Ford Sterling was teamed in vaudeville with Tom MacAvoy—Florence Vidor was an extra in "The Tale of Two Cities"—Jackie Coogan's old man was a hoofer—Harry Rapf was in the music publishing racket with Gus Edwards—Those "Ladies will please remove their large hats" slides—Charlie Chaplin was the bad boy in the vaudeville act called "A Night in An English Music Hall"—When the film broke as the villain was about to get his and the operator flashed a slide reading "One moment please"—Pearl White was knocking them dead in serials?

I WONDER WHAT'S BECOME OF

OLIVE TELL—Billy Franey—Red Grange—King Baggott. Silent pictures—Gene Gauntier—Mabel Normand—Mary Miles Minter—Opportunity Night—Lloyd Hamilton—Maurice Costello?

REWARD

Find the key to unlock this FREE Bag of Gold



THERE are 19 keys pictured here. To be sure, they all look alike, but, examine them closely. 18 of them are exactly alike but **"ONE,"** and only one is DIFFERENT FROM ALL THE OTHERS. It is the key to OPEN THE PADLOCK on this $3,000.00 FREE "Bag of Gold." **SEE IF YOU CAN FIND IT.**



CLUES

The difference may be in the size, the shape, or even in the notches. So, STUDY EACH KEY CAREFULLY and if you can find the **"ONE"** KEY that is different from all the others SEND THE NUMBER OF IT TO ME AT ONCE. You may become the winner of a Chrysler "75" Royal Sedan or $3,000.00 cash money,—without one cent of cost to you. I will give away ABSOLUTELY FREE,—5 new six-cylinder 4-door Sedans and the winners can have CASH MONEY INSTEAD of the automobiles if they prefer it. 25 BIG PRIZES TO BE GIVEN FREE—totaling $7,300.00 cash.

➡ Or Win a CHRYSLER "75" Sedan ⬅

Choice of this beautiful Chrysler "75" Royal Sedan or $3,000.00 cash. We pay all the freight and tax in full on all the prizes and deliver them anywhere in the U. S. A. This is an AMAZING OPPORTUNITY. ACT QUICK, and here is why—

$1,000.00 CASH—EXTRA FOR PROMPTNESS

I will pay $1,000.00 cash money extra JUST FOR PROMPTNESS. Duplicate prizes will be paid in full in case of ties. YOU CAN WIN the Chrysler "75" Royal Sedan or—$3,000.00 cash. ANSWER QUICK.

You Cannot Lose

Absolutely everyone who takes full advantage of this opportunity will be rewarded. But, hurry, — *find the* **"ONE"** *key* that is different from all the others and RUSH THE NUMBER OF IT and your name and address to me TODAY on a postal card or in a letter. And, just say:—"Key number..... is different from all the others. Please tell me how I can get this magnificent Chrysler '75' Royal Sedan—or—$3,000.00 CASH MONEY without obligation or one penny of cost to me."

E. COLLINS, 537 South Dearborn St.
Dept. 566 CHICAGO, ILL.

HEAR HER RUN *the* SCALE *of* HUMAN EMOTION *via* VITAPHONE



Irresistible . . . FANNIE BRICE —in "*My Man*"

Again Vitaphone makes history—brings to you America's premiere comedienne—*Fannie Brice in "My Man."*

See and hear this famous star sing the songs that have thrilled audiences the world over. You will be captivated with her inimitable humor. Moved by her tender pathos. Lifted to soul-stirring emotional climaxes, as she triumphs over lost love and gains the love of millions.

The world today acknowledges the leadership of Warner Brothers Vitaphone Talking Pictures. Vitaphone success has swept this country. It has aroused unprecedented demonstrations of approval in the capitals of Europe. It has enkindled a degree of public enthusiasm never even approached in any other form of entertainment. *Decide now* you will see and hear *Fannie Brice in "My Man."*

See and Hear this charming Comedienne in her varying moods

Hear Fannie Brice sing "*My Man*"—"*I'd rather be Blue over You*"—"*I'm an Indian*"—"*Second-hand Rose*"—"*If you want the Rainbow, You must have the Rain*"—songs that run the entire scale of human emotion—that strike responsive chords in every heart.

"My Man" is a tense drama, full of tragedy and comedy. It will bring tears—laughter—love—to every audience.

A WARNER BROS. VITAPHONE TALKING PICTURE

The Characters act and *Talk* like *living people*

"My Man" is a 100% Vitaphone Talking Picture—every character in the play *alive* with voice and action!

Remember—that Vitaphone is an exclusive product of Warner Bros.—that you can see and hear Vitaphone *only* in Warner Bros. and First National Pictures.

Make no mistake. Be sure it's either a Warner Bros. or a First National Picture—then you'll KNOW it's VITAPHONE.

A WARNER BROS. VITAPHONE TALKING PICTURE

IF THERE IS NOT A THEATRE IN YOUR COMMUNITY EQUIPPED AS YET TO SHOW "MY MAN" AS A TALKING PICTURE—BE SURE TO SEE IT AS A SILENT PICTURE



MOTION PICTURE
CLASSIC
MARCH, 1929

BESSIE LOVE

If she seems pleased that the talkies are giving her an opportunity not only to act but to sing, consider how much more so are the fans who will see and hear her in "Broadway Melody"



Lansing Brown

JUNE COLLYER

It will be entirely unnecessary hereafter for a waiter to ask any man the color of beverage he prefers, for June Collyer is to be seen soon in "Red Wine"—which, with her presence should be more stimulating than the most peremptory of cocktails

Ball



Russell Ball

BETTY COMPSON

If you ever wonder why sailors became sailors remember that before they did become sailors there were such pictures as "The Docks of New York" and "Scarlet Seas," and that Betty Compson appeared in both



E. R. Richee Photos

GARY COOPER

They do say that this suffering-in-silence and secret-sorrow expression of Gary Cooper's has raised more havoc with Hollywood hearts than the sleekest sheiks ever did. He always seems to be in what you might call a frown study

The Magazine With the Personality

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

Pictures and Personalities

By GEORGE KENT SHULER, *Publisher*



THE year just past in Hollywood has been one uninterrupted series of Redecorate-Your-Home Weeks. Never before in the history of the screen has there come about such a multitude of upheavals, of changes, of unexpected developments and expedients.

There has been more than dusting and a new set of curtains. Things have been brought down from the attic that were sent there not long before for a life sentence. Other new trappings were returned to the store without ever having the paper and excelsior removed. Walls have been cut away between some of the rooms, and partitions erected across the portals of others.

The talkies, of course, are responsible. They have swept through the screen colony like a rash of modernist design in furniture. They have wrecked some careers, made others, remade still others and glorified still further others.

Stars Risen Again

TWO notable and recent examples of motion picture players to whom the speaking screen has meant a new lease on professional life are Lionel Barrymore and Bessie Love. Both because they could not only act but could utter words effectively and intelligently. Miss Love, in addition, because she can play and sing.

In contrast to these, there are movie favorites to whom the microphone has not been too kind. Among these are—to cite an American first—May McAvoy, who recently has acquired a husband, perhaps for the more sympathetic reception of sound. Dolores Del Rio, who recently lost one, is another who is more effective pictorially than audibly. And hanging in the balance of results are a host of foreign stars, many of them most excellent actors and all of them soundly established until these last few moons. Emil Jannings, greatest of them all, is one. But he may, by choosing stories which permit an accent, overcome the handicap. Then there is Lili Damita. She must learn to speak utterly without a foreign inflection or be lost to the screen, this ultimatum coming to her in the midst of her very first picture over here. Greta Garbo has taken a vacation trip to her native Sweden; and while there is assurance that she will return, there is rumor that she will not.

Two Tough Breaks

THESE are but a few of the instances of international exchange of stars and of the uncertainty of the position of those not born to the English language. Perhaps the two most disheartening experiences are those of Eva Von Berne, released after a single performance on the screen; and of Dita Parlo, returned before even having achieved that much.

But new names have come not only from abroad but from Broadway. Some for the first time, others for a second. We hear such names as Helen Twelvetrees, Clark and McCullough, Eddie Cantor, Ruth Chatterton called about the studios. And again a few such as Bert Lytell, come back now after an interval on the spoken stage to continue his screen career. The talkies, too, have won back the interest of Pauline Frederick.

One of the outstanding successes of the sound pictures has been that of Conrad Nagel. For years a leading man of reputation, he has never been until recently an exceptionally celebrated player. It just so happens that his voice is precisely of the sort suitable for the audible screen; and overnight he has become a big shot.

He Made The Singema

HIS contribution, together with Lionel Barrymore's, to the talkies is second only to that of the one man who made the speakies what they are today: Al Jolson. With "The Jazz Singer" and "The Singing Fool," the Mammy man with one fell whoop turned the whole movie world upside down and convinced those who control it once and for all that the audible form of photoplay was here to stay. Jolson, incidentally, and like Charlie Chaplin, is responsible for the bringing of a new child star to the attention of the public. Meaning Davey Lee.

Another manifestation of the late lamented twelve-month is the vanishing of two screen institutions, the cowboy and the comedian. As for the funny men, there are only Chaplin and Keaton and Lloyd.



Confessions of the

Anna Q Nilsson Tells

THE SIXTH
Of A Series Of REAL Life Stories



ANNA Q. is the star of whom it was surely written, "She tells the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth." Or words to that effect. Such being the case, to elicit a confession from one who has, apparently, spent her life confessing, seemed an all but hopeless task. For Anna Q. is everywhere known for her forthrightness, her honesty her complete freedom of speech. She has told things that other stars—and lesser persons—carefully leave untold. She has no inhibitions about describing to those interested the poverty of her childhood, the lack of luxuries, the actual deprivations she knew, the honest workaday people who are her parents. And for whom—though this you find out for yourself—she has done so much. She has no inhibitions, no false pride in describing her own working days when she first came to this country, a child of thirteen. Her career as nursemaid. Her days modeling for artists, photographers and modistes. She has never created for herself the well-known background of a conventual education, a title in the family, aristocratic poverty or any of the other hocus-pocus dear to the stellar soul and dearer still to the stellar press agent. She has dared to be herself in an industry where almost nobody is. And for this refreshing honesty and the courage that it takes, for this absence of all pretense and all pose, Anna Q., beautifully blonde and decorative, is doubly dear to her friends, both personal and journalistic.

This, then, is assuredly the first time in any public print that Anna Q. has revealed the things you are about to read. For like the majority of great-souled, fundamental people, Anna Q. has her reserves, her reticences, and keeps them hidden all the more deeply because they are few—and real. Such being the case, these revelations, these confessions, are thrice precious and thrice important.

(Author's Note)

Anna Q. tells her untold tale:

"MY middle name is Qverentia. It means 'ever seeking.'

"And I mention this first because it is the key-note to what I am going to try to tell you. The key-note, really, to my entire life. It is what I am: ever-seeking. Never quite finding. And so, ever unsatisfied.

"I have never known a great love.

"I have never once, experienced the devastating passion which makes the world well lost for love, or the like.

"Hard to believe, perhaps, considering my two marriages and some near-marriages but true, nevertheless.

"There are different kinds of love, of course. Different ways of falling in love. I know because I've had experiences of that sort. More than once. But never, never the great love.

"And in spite of this, or maybe because of it, love has been the curse of my entire career. Love has been the one great stumbling block.

"Love has always hurt me, never helped. Love has always wounded and worried, always dragged me down and never lifted me up. Love has taken more than it has given. I have believed where I should have doubted; trusted only to be deceived; helped only to go unthanked.

STARS

Her Untold Tale

By GLADYS HALL



Russell Ball

Perhaps it is because I have taken second-best when somewhere deep down inside me I must have known better.

My Sixth Life

"THERE is an answer to this, I think. I'm not sure. I don't really know. I'll tell it for the first time, now. And I've never told it before, partly because it was so tremendous an experience, partly because I've been afraid of being laughed at, and partly because of the uncertainty I feel about it.

"Well, some three or four years ago I went to a very famous psychologist, astrologist—whatever name you will. A woman. A very marvelous woman who claims the power to see into the past lives she believes we all have lived before, in other ages, on other planes.

"She read mine. She says that I am living my fifth or sixth incarnation.

"There is something very strange about it. It seems that two or three incarnations ago I was a young prince—in jail, she said. After years of weary struggling and futile desiring to break the bars that bound me—the bars of convention and tradition—I met a great astrologist. One of the wise ones of the earth. I ran away with this astrologist, with this wise man, and we traveled the earth together and looked on life as it is not seen by casual eyes. I was free—for a little time. Then the king, my father, died; and I was forced to return to my jail. I spent the rest of that life of mine beating my hands and heart to ribbons against the bars, thirsting for the freedom I was never to know in that life again. And so, for the rest of my lives I am doomed ever to seek until I shall find it again, that lost freedom.

I Should Have Been Male

"TRUE—or not true? Who is there to say? All I know is that I have always had the strong feeling that I should have been born a man in this incarnation, that I am forever striving for a freedom I never seem able to find, that I am beating my hands and heart to ribbons against bars no less strong because they are invisible.

"In another incarnation—I can't remember whether she said it preceded or followed the one I have just told you about—at any rate, in another life of mine I was a very famous—or rather, a very infamous siren. A home-wrecker. A destroyer of hearts and faiths and hopes and happiness. She did tell me, too, that in every incarnation of mine I have been at the top of the heap. Whether for good or for evil I have always been on top.

"In this life I lived as a siren my rôle, my chief objective, my ruling passion was the ruining of men. I made them love me only to work disaster upon them. Like the *Lorelei* of legend I sat upon my velvet-clad rock luring men to their destruction. Like *Circe*, I turned them into swine. Toward the end of that other life of mine there came one man—an onlooker. He watched, apart, remote, inaccessible. I spun every web I could devise, made use of every spell and enchantment, all to no purpose. This man was the one man I could not have. This man stood apart and watched me, sorrowful and tinged with contempt. And for the rest of my lives I have been seeking him—or so the seer said—trying to find him again, never quite succeeding.



Hartsook

"I hope I haven't been a conscious *Lorelei*. Certainly I trust I haven't been a *Circe*. And I wonder, sometimes I rather more than wonder: is there one man on the fringe of my life today, one man who stands apart, remote, inaccessible, an onlooker? And if so, shall I ever meet him?

Wanted: An Idol

"I DON'T know. Because I don't know and because it is all so curious and so apart from the everyday living of life, I haven't cared to

(*Continued on page 68*)

The Hollywood

The Year Has Been Lush



One of the wonders of Hollywood is the wonder of tourists at Chaplin's shoes and the Pickford curls in a glass case; and one of the mysteries is what thirty-six thousand have to write to Clara Bow about every month

A New Feature!

Once a year we shall sum up the follies and foibles of Hollywood's past twelve months as a warning for the next twelve, as the Broadway "Follies" review the amusing events of the year. It's all in fun. We hasten to state this because Hollywood doesn't always know a joke when it sees one.—Editor's Note.

WHEN you live in New York and think of the "Follies," you think of Mr. Ziegfeld and of glorified girls and of—well, we won't print what you do think, considering the kiddies in kindergarten. But we know; we know; shame on you!

When you live in Hollywood and think of the Follies—and try to think of anything else for a week-end, you think—well, here goes:

You think, first of all and probably last of all, of some of the talking pictures. The polyglot kind wherein the characters break into loud, very loud, speech with one breath and lapse into mouth movements with the next. Chow mein. Hamburger. Hash. Meat for the lunacy commission. Medical men have opined that a bit more of this and America's morons go maniac. Which is lapsing from comedy into tragedy.

Extras who besiege the studio gates, tell harrowing tales of starvation and park benches and, like the lilies, toil not, neither do they spin. If such as these dwelt in hives instead of in Hollywood, they'd be kicked out into the nearest zinnia.

Mothers who drag their pitiful progeny about and offer them up for sale. Keep your hats on, gents. Bared heads are not always *comme il faut* when the flag goes by.

The pomp and circumstance of producers. Appointments made weeks in advance by Mr. Ziegenspiel's secretary's secretary. The great affectation of being busy with imposing documents, dictaphones, telephones, foolophones . . . .

Jim Tully.

Tom Mix.

Museums and Marriages

THE Museum of Motion Picture What-Fors. The chance to pay twenty-five cents to gaze upon Mary Pickford's curl, Chaplin's old shoes, Lon Chaney's wooden leg, Valentino's scarlet sash. Ten paid admissions are recorded to date. Some men actually can live by bread alone.

Hollywood engagements. Nothing vital about these statistics. The bud seldom blooms.

Hollywood marriages. Why go through all the trouble and waste the ministers' time?

The Harry Langdon marriage. Twenty-five good, solid years of it. The rock of temperament and the wreck of that hymeneal *Hesperus*. A pathetic folly, or I'm the brass hat check.

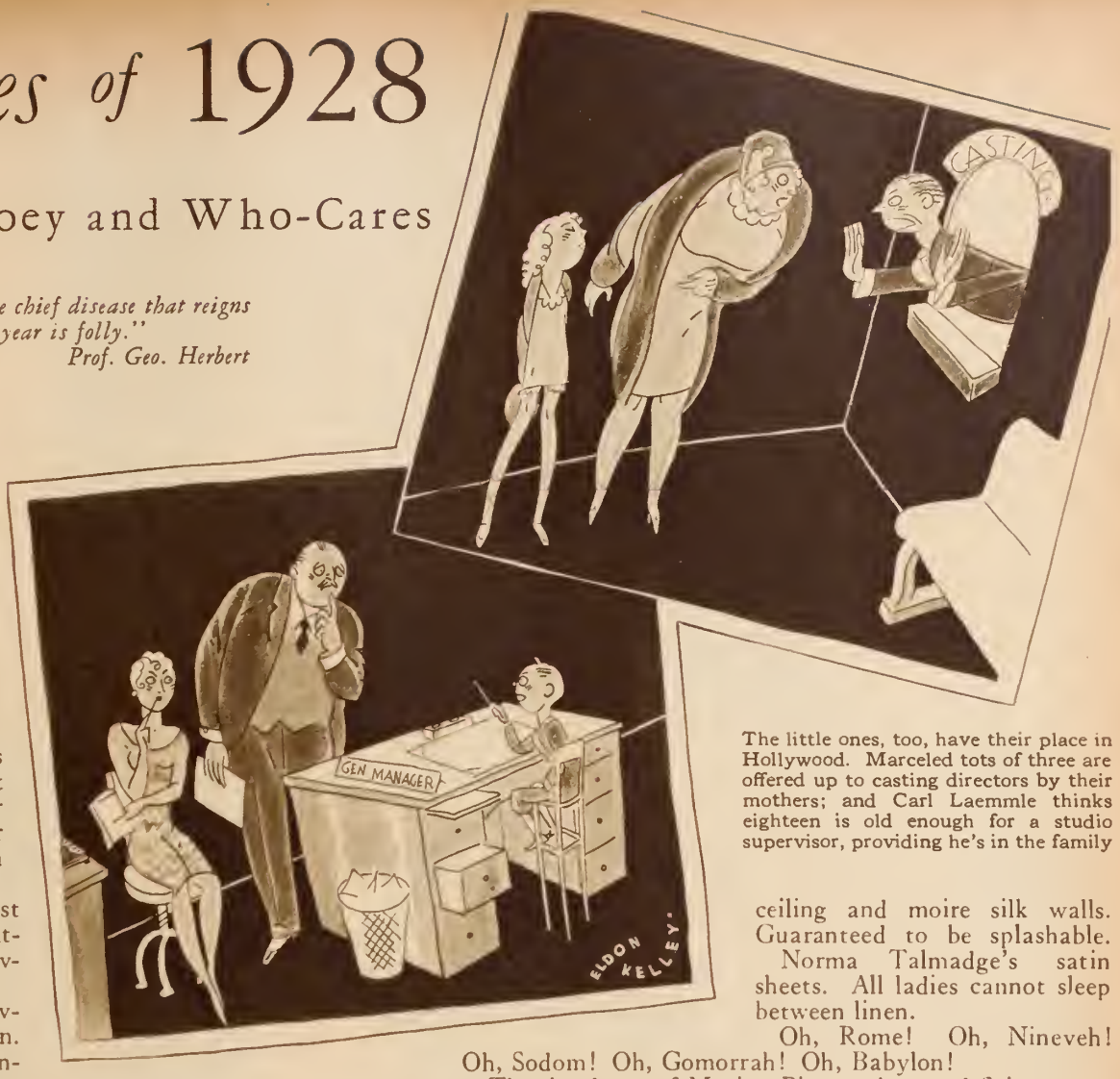


The Talmadge poker parties, where stakes are Normal and abnormal

Follies of 1928

With Hooey and Who-Cares

"The chief disease that reigns this year is folly."
Prof. Geo. Herbert



The little ones, too, have their place in Hollywood. Marceled tots of three are offered up to casting directors by their mothers; and Carl Laemmle thinks eighteen is old enough for a studio supervisor, providing he's in the family

The whole battledore and shuttlecock of hearts that's gone on in Hollywood in this year of our BlessedLord, 1928. Clara Bow and these and those. Alice White and this and that.

Nils Asther's broken engagement to a Duncan sister who pasted a waiter in the map with a piece of pie.

Molly O'Day's lost hips. On an operating-table. For Heaven's sake, girls!

The newest Beverly Hills mansion. Early William Jennings Bryan New Yorkese design. The House of Astor on Fifth Avenue is the immediate ancestor with only a bare bar sinister between. One looks for the sign "Open Daily. Check Umbrellas in the Lobby."

Corinne Griffith's bath, with its satin-quilted ceiling and moire silk walls. Guaranteed to be splashable.

Norma Talmadge's satin sheets. All ladies cannot sleep between linen.

Oh, Rome! Oh, Nineveh! Oh, Sodom! Oh, Gomorrah! Oh, Babylon!

The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, or toothy words to the same effect. Learned Solomons who sit in judgment on the erring Daniels.



Matronly stars are as addicted to sheik young things as the proverbial tired business man to chorus girls

Vanishing Americans

SEVEN young aviators doing stunt flying for flickers. Now there are three. They regret that they had but one life to give the movies at $7.50 a day.

Down at Universal. Carl Laemmle's young relations. One an assistant director at—is it fourteen? Another a supervisor at—is it eighteen? The common mental age of the country is—what? Twelve? Uncle Laemmle mustn't get senile.

The thirty-six thousand fans who wrote Clara Bow in the month of July last. Don't let the problem of the unemployed kid you.

Billie Dove visiting operating-rooms where brains are made safe for democracy.

Tourists who throng the portals of the Montmartre for one look at Phyllis Haver.

Little boys who run around with matronly stars. Little boys who should be spanked and put to bed by same.

Ben Lyon's onetime phone calls from Hollywood to New York and Boston to the blonde enchantress of the Ziegfeld Zodiac. Dollars dripped like Harold Lloyd's Niagara over the wires. And there are starving wimmin and children in the Levantine.

"Hell's Angels." Begun B.C. Not finished A.D.

"Noah's Ark." But we can't go into that.

The Whoopee Club. One of the reasons why not to

(Continued on page 75)



George Washington was. And Dolores Brinkman is, to fell a whole cherry tree with a single swipe of the hatchet. As for telling a lie about it—never. She's entirely too proud

R. H. Louise

Quite A Feller!

"I Could Get Any Woman's Husband"

So Says Camilla Horn, Artist In Pajamas And Photodramas

By WINIFRED REEVE

(*Onoto Watana*)



Camilla Horn, above, contends that there is but one man in the world for her, her husband, with her at the left. But she is content to let her career draw her six thousand miles away from his side

"AMERICAN married men very easy to take from wife," said Camilla Horn. "I could get any husband if I want. On'y I don' want!"

Camilla is unique. Camilla is extraordinary. Camilla is unbelievable. No publicity genius speaks for Camilla. Imagine a publicity man making such a statement as that. She may indeed be said to be the *enfant terrible* of the United Artists lot, for off the screen Camilla cannot act or pose.

She came into the room with a rush, on the heels of the studio executive who introduced us. She was wearing an unlovely drab colored muskrat coat and her natural blonde hair was tucked under a tight little toque. I thought at first her eyes were the color of the Danube, but then she told me they were "Any color you like. Maybe brown, blue—green." They are changing eyes, black-lashed, wide and clear. She grasped my hand, smiled at me eagerly:

"Ach! I t'ink maybe I have also already met you before? No? So many writers I have meet. It is a great pleasure some time. When first I come from Germany, big crowd from newspapers meet me, and I cannot speak English. So they look at me and I see on their face what they think: 'Ach! This Camilla Horn—she is dumb!' "

I laughed, I don't know why; and after a moment she joined in heartily. We became instant friends. Camilla put her arm around my shoulders, as if we had known each other for years and, "Come," said Camilla, "I will feed you."

Camilla Not Dumb

SHE took me to her bungalow dressing-room, where a beaming waiter who looked like von Stroheim served us a colossal meal. Camilla studied me thoughtfully. What was I thinking of her? Her fair candid brows knitted. She spoke with genuine regret upon the end of a sigh.

"Everybody t'ink of me that I am—dumb! You, too? Is because I do not mix so well. I go to some party, I sit in some quiet corner, I do not make the handspring or dance the jazzy bottom. So then they say: 'Ach! she is

(*Continued on page 80*)



Little Miss Wolf *of Wall Street*

Lois Moran Got Rich by Following Ford Instead of Franklin

By DOROTHY DONNELL

Little Miss Wolf of Wall Street Advises:

1. **Don't Buy Unknown Stocks Unless You're Able to Lose.**
2. **Don't Buy on Too Big Margin Except as A Gamble.**
3. **Don't Hold Falling Stocks Bought on Margin for More Than A Five-Point Loss.**
4. **Ask the Bank's Advice Before Investing in Stocks.**
5. **Study the History of Each Stock and Its Board of Directors Before Buying.**
6. **Keep All Money Invested and Working.**
7. **Don't Take Tips.**
8. **Read the Newspapers for News Affecting Stocks.**
9. **Hold Your Stocks as Permanent Investments Unless There Is Some Real Reason for Selling.**
10. **Don't Play the Market Unless You Enjoy It as a Game as Well as a Business.**

YOU can tell if a man is a success by the way he starts giving advice on how to be successful. There was Ben Franklin, who told the boys to save their pennies, and Horace Greeley who urged them to go West, and the other chap who insisted that they stick close to their desks, and the rest who advised chewing each bite fifty times, and going to Sunday School and never touching a drop to drink.

I have often wondered if anyone takes the advice these men give; and if so, if it works? Now at last I've discovered someone who followed directions literally with the result that . . .

But that is ten years ahead of my story. At the close of the World War a young Pennsylvania widow happened to read a newspaper interview with Henry Ford. It was in the next column to an advertisement of bargains in silk petticoats. They wore 'em then. "If I had to choose between hiring a man of forty who had lost a fortune and a man of forty who had never lost a cent," said the father of the Ford, "I would choose the man who had lost his money, because he would have acquired the most valuable thing in the world, and that is experience."

"If I hadn't read that sentence," says Mrs. Moran, "Lois and I would still be living in a small town trying to make ends meet on the income from the insurance money I had been left at my husband's death. That's what my family expected me to do. If they had dreamed that when I went to New York for a visit I took with me half the money I had in the world, determined to play the stock market with it, they would have had a guardian appointed for me."

With enough money left in the bank to support herself and Lois until she was twenty-one and had inherited her own share of her father's estate, Mrs.

(*Continued on page 94*)



Experience in stock has proved valuable to many a screen actress. But Lois Moran has found her experience in stocks even more than that

Van Rossem & Lang



But neither Charlie Farrell nor Mary Duncan can be said to be freshmen in the curriculum of unplatonic friendship. The occasion for this application of their knowledge is "The River." There promises to be nothing chill about its waters

Max Mun Autrey Photos

Claspmates



Hollywood Horrors

Tourists, A. D. 1979, weep at the ravages time has made in the perfection of Hollywood's plaster cows

STOP ME If You've Heard This One—

The Stars' Stories About Prohibition Are The Best Wet

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY



JACK MULHALL: A man who had been drinking consistently of bootleg liquor accosted a man on the street. "Shay," he asked, "where'sh opposite side of the street?"

"Right across there," pointed out the stranger.

"Thanksh. Feller over there shaid thish was it!"

GEORGE O'BRIEN: Smith and Brown meet at a college reunion.

"'Lo,Smish!"

"'Ullo, Brown!"

"Jones wash asking about you."

"I didn' know he was here. Where ish he?"

"Who?"

ANDRES DE SEGUROLA: Smith meets a drunk staggering down the middle of the street.

"Can I do anything for you?" Smith inquires.

"Yesh. You can take me home," hiccoughs the drunk.

"Glad to. And where do you live?"

The drunk draws himself up haughtily: "Thash my affair!"

LUCIAN PRIVAL: Pat's wife had carried the woes of a drunken spouse to the priest. Together they concocted the plan that the good father was to tell Pat that Jesus would reward him ten dollars if he signed the pledge. The money was to be slipped beneath his pillow by his wife.

Duly, Pat came and repented, and his wife put the money beneath his pillow. But, being low in funds, she only put five dollars. On the five, Pat went out and got gloriously drunk.

The father was outraged and decided to punish him. As Pat rolled up the street on tottering legs, a sheeted figure jumped from the graveyard.

"Who are you?" asked Pat, quaking.

"I am Mary, mother of Jesus," the apparition answered.

"And begorra ain't I glad to see ye! Yer Son owes me five dollars."

ROBERT ARMSTRONG: Jones was given to looking on the wine when red. One evening Mrs. Jones was awakened by the sound of much shouting, and on going to the window saw three weaving figures on her lawn.

"Is this Jones's place?" demanded one.

"Certainly," answered Mrs. Jones, as she recognized her husband's voice.

"Then, lady," the voice requested, "will you please come down and pick out Mr. Jones. We can't decide just which one he is."

SAMMY COHEN: A wooden salmon on a plaque hung before the fish store. It drew the attention of an admiring crowd. At that moment a gentleman who had been imbibing too well, but not too wisely, elbowed his way to the fore, and, taking one look at the attraction, announced:

"Shay, lissen, folksh! The fellow that caught that ish a liar."

WILLIAM POWELL: There was a great clatter at two A.M., and the man on the tenth floor poked his head out of the window.

"Hey! What's the matter? Did you lose your key?"

"No, shir! Got lots and lots of keys. All I wan' is a keyhole. Can you throw me down a han'ful?"

KARL DANE: "'Lo? 'Zis the Salvashun Army?"

"Yes, sir."

"I hear you save fallen women?"

"Yes, sir."

"An' wayward girlsh?"

"Yes, sir."

"All ri'. Tha's fine. Save me two blondes for tonight."

CHARLES FARRELL: He: "Hello! I hear Bill was right tight up at your house last night."

She: "Rather! He was absolutely blotto."

He: "Horrible!"

She: "It was ghastly."

He: "Ah-er-by the way—did I happen to be there?"

CHESTER CONKLIN: A Negro walked into a downtown speakeasy.

"Ah wants a drink of squirrel whiskey."

The proprietor eyed him: "Sure you don't want no Old Crow? We don't sell no squirrel whiskey."

"No, brothah, squirrel whiskey is what Ah want. Ah don't want to do no flying with dat dere crow stuff. All Ah wants is a little ground jumping."

HAROLD LLOYD: An officer hastened to the wrecked motor.

"And how did this happen?" he asked the driver, who was staggering out.

"Well, ya shee, offisher, it was thish way. I was driving along and I saw two bridges. And I jush took the wrong one. Thassal."

No wonder Stan Laurel is sad. He remembers all too vividly the day when the joke Oliver Hardy has just told was buried for good and all

Emil the GREAT

He Is As Happy As His Coffee Is Good. And Always He Must Have Momma About

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER



Richee

EMIL JANNINGS is a difficult man to describe. One feels that one should pay tribute, do justice, somehow, to his greatness. For he is unquestionably one of the finest artists, if not the finest, that we have.

But the man himself eludes you somewhat. Big, pink, Teutonic, round bodied, ponderous and naïve, with amiable blue eyes which twinkle in the friendliest possible manner. He might be a large, beardless, German Santa Claus.

He will spend hours in the discussion of food. His wife told me, when they first arrived in Hollywood, with what trepidation she employed a cook. "Herr Jannings is so particular about his coffee."

On the first morning of the new cook's régime, Mrs. Jannings awaited her husband's verdict with deep concern. She heard the tray carried down the hall to his room. She waited. After a pause, long enough for the great actor to taste and savor his morning cup, she heard a voice, shouting, "Momma! It is all right. It is good. I shall be happy in Hollywood. I shall be able to work."

Frau Jannings, erstwhile famous actress on the German stage, sighed with relief. The coffee was all right. The career of Emil Jannings could proceed.

Make-Believe Is Reality

HE never theorizes or propounds abstractions about his art. Indeed, he seems almost bewildered if anyone tries to persuade him to do so. And yet he will talk for hours with tremendous enthusiasm about a character he is studying to portray. The character is as real to him—perhaps more so—as the flesh and blood people around him. He has a large and intensely sympathetic understanding of the man he is to become upon the screen. One gathers that he feels his characters rather than analyzes them intellectually.

You sense a terrific power under the simple, almost timid exterior which he presents to the world. A power which has to do with emotion, imagination and instinct rather than intellect; and which Jannings himself perhaps finds it difficult to understand.

There is no mistaking it. I walked onto the Paramount lot one day when he was making "The Last Command." There was a long, double line of extras—perhaps two hundred of them—such as you might see any day, waiting to be costumed. Bearded men, mostly, in shabby overcoats. Some of them ragged.

One figure in the throng—at the far end of the line stood out instantly. Stronger than the others—set apart—arresting, somehow. Bearded and shabby, like the others. But different. It was Jannings. I hadn't even known he was working.

"Isn't it pathetic," asked someone, "to think that some of those other men in that line might have achieved the same heights as the one standing there among them—if it hadn't been for fate—or bad breaks—or something?

(*Continued on page 83*)

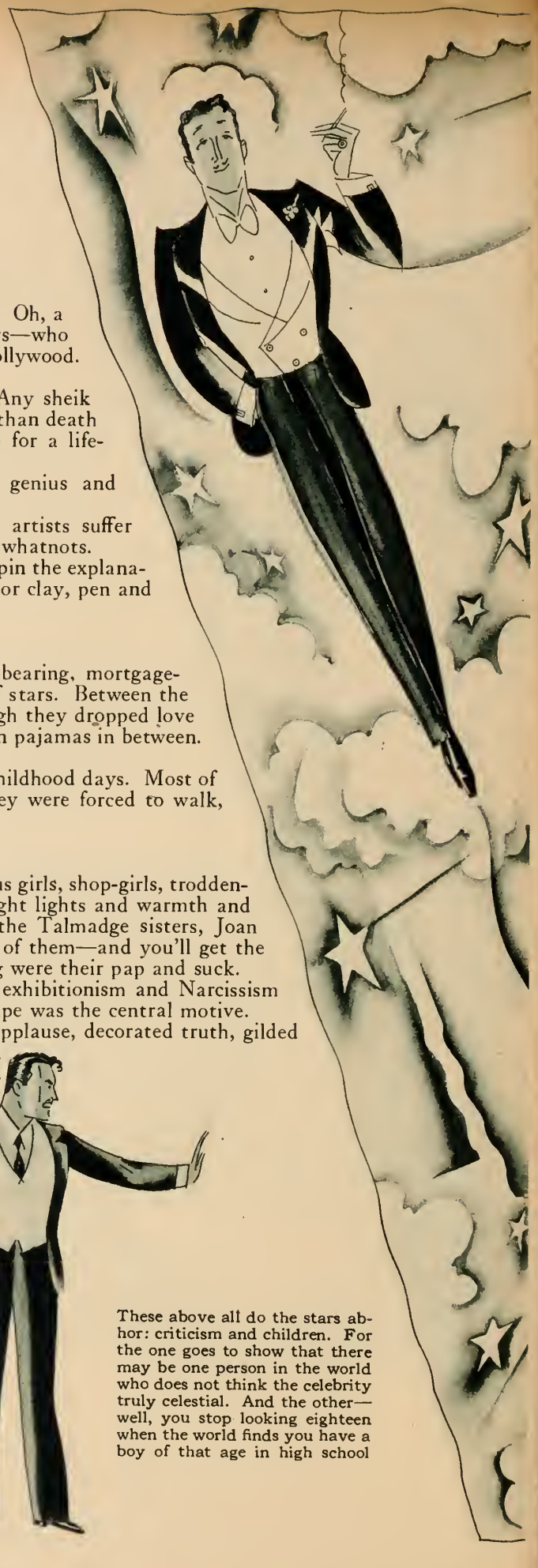


F. R. Dapprick

Whether it's a rôle associated with the sceptre or the sink, Belle Bennett can be at home in it. For from personifying the Queen in "The Iron Mask," she suddenly has chosen to demonstrate she can portray equally well such a character as a servant girl on the order of Fannie Hurst's *Lummox*. And the conviction with which she does so proves beyond doubt that she knows her onions

So Famous,

By FAITH SERVICE



HOW long is forever in Hollywood? Don't be funny. Oh, a day, a coupla weeks, five years, twenty-five years—who knows? And further, who cares? No one—in Hollywood. There's no such word as forever.

"Until death do us part" is apple-sauce out this way. Any sheik or sheba who can't think up a peppier reason for separation than death is an oil-can and deserves to be put in the conjugal coop for a life-sentence.

Psychologists have given innumerable explanations of genius and genius' still-born child, Mere Talent.

Psychologists have said that writers, musicians, actors, artists suffer from exhibition complexes, Narcissism, escape-neuroses and whatnots.

They probably approach the truth most nearly when they pin the explanation on escape. Escape from reality into a world of gelatin; or clay, pen and ink, paint and powder.

The stars of the screen escape from reality. And *how!*

They are engossamered.

There *is* a world of swearing, worrying, envying, child-bearing, mortgage-carrying, toiling males and females. And there is a world of stars. Between the two worlds there yawns a chasm they would not cross though they dropped love and loyalty, their mothers' eye-brows and the cat's well-worn pajamas in between.

They've had too much of it, that other world.

Most of them had all they could stand of it during their childhood days. Most of them were poor, born of poor parents into a life where they were forced to walk, shrinking, hand in glove with poverty.

Their Chill Childhood

MOST of them were tawdry stage children, obscure chorus girls, shop-girls, trodden-upon nobodies, starvelings for pretty clothes and bright lights and warmth and recognition. Take a bird's-eye view of the beginnings of the Talmadge sisters, Joan Crawford, Clara Bow, Anna Q. Nilsson, Greta Garbo—any of them—and you'll get the idea. The stern, ugly facts of threadbare, dish-watery living were their pap and suck.

They had to escape. They couldn't stand it. Doubtless exhibitionism and Narcissism and the other whatnots played their parts, too. But to escape was the central motive.

And they *have* escaped. Into a world where is light and applause, decorated truth, gilded commonplaces, fawning sycophants, perfumed hours and enough money to make old Midas look like Francis of Assisi.

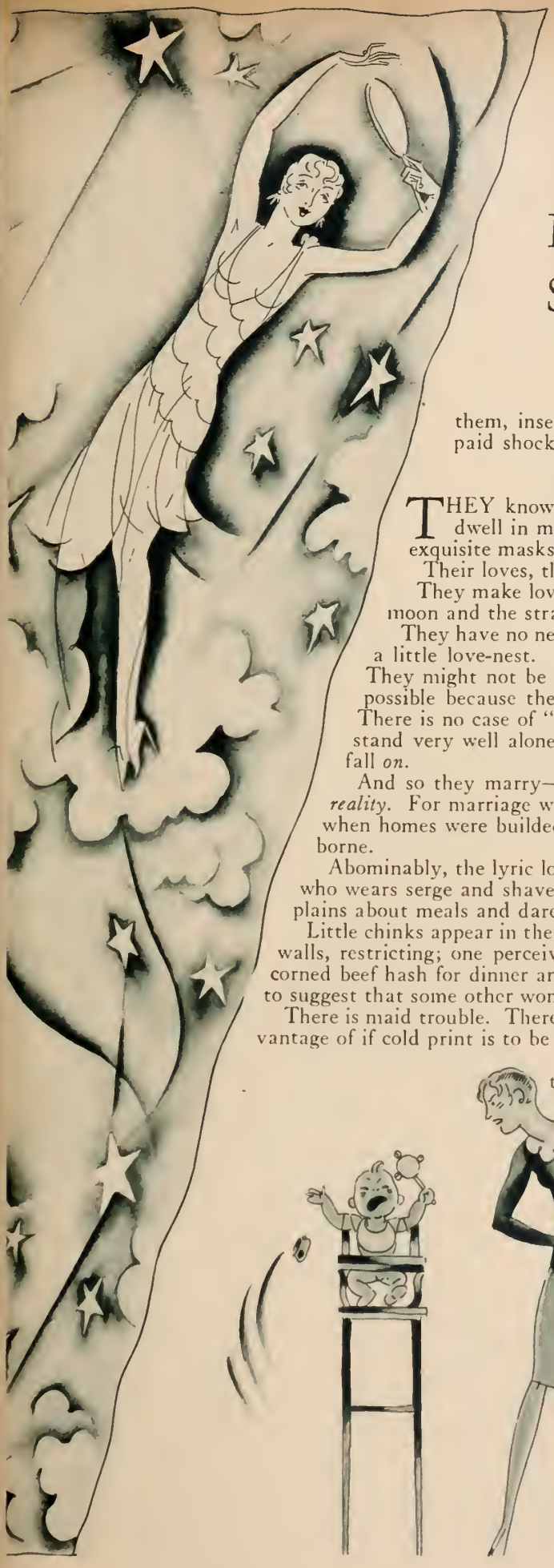
They seldom hear the truth. Poverty is decently veiled for them. Life's seamy side is stitched with fairy silk. Fame draws an iridescent veil over their lean, lost years. And they arise, new personalities, phœnixes from the ashes of the slums. Nothing coarse or unpleasant is allowed to touch them. They move through mists roseate.

This explains so many things:

Their marriages:

A lad with a profile and a swell contract meets a girl with a contract and a swell profile. Alone, they are emperors and czarinas. Together they inherit the earth. They loll in rosy, tempered waters. They move in padded chassis through vistas of jackawanda and mimosa. They touch food and clothing through the mediums of valetage and maid service. They live in cellarless houses wherein a delicate whir of oiled machinery keeps from them the forgotten facts that food is cooked by toil-worn hands and clothes manufactured in sweat-shops. They are followed about by vassals who powder their faces for

These above all do the stars abhor: criticism and children. For the one goes to show that there may be one person in the world who does not think the celebrity truly celestial. And the other—well, you stop looking eighteen when the world finds you have a boy of that age in high school



So Afraid

Most Movie Stars Are Scared to Death of Life

them, insert cigarettes into their tinted mouths at timed intervals, paid shock-absorbers between them and fact.

All Is Illusion

THEY know very little because they need to know very little. They dwell in marble halls, and God—or biology—has clapped on to them exquisite masks.

Their loves, their marriages, are of a piece with this muted music.

They make love and are made love to by the light of the Cocoanut Grove moon and the strains of Irving Berlin in the Cafe Montmartre.

They have no need to plan and figure and make ends meet in order to attain a little love-nest. Their bank accounts are not mentioned. No need to be. They might not be able to add that high. There isn't any parental objection possible because they are the emperors and czarinas of their fawning worlds. There is no case of "united we stand, divided we fall" to reckon on. They can stand very well alone; and if they should start to fall, there is a waiting list to fall *on*.

And so they marry—and almost immediately there is *the threat. The threat of reality.* For marriage was made when men and women were emerging from caves, when homes were builded by two pairs of hands, fires tended, meat cooked, babies borne.

Abominably, the lyric lover becomes a man, a husband. Real. A fact. A creature who wears serge and shaves and makes queer noises in his throat mornings and complains about meals and dares not to understand—well, things.

Little chinks appear in the paradisiacal veil and through the chinks one perceives four walls, restricting; one perceives income taxes and insurance and the fact that *he* likes corned beef hash for dinner and that *he* has a career, too, and that he occasionally dares to suggest that some other woman is desirable

There is maid trouble. There are enchanting side-adventures which cannot be taken advantage of if cold print is to be kept cold and not sizzling hot with scandal.

This is horrible. *It is reality.* A dream is punctured and the thin golden blood begins to trickle out.

A divorce is, of course, the only panacea. A divorce will heal the gaping rent, the seam through which obtrudes the calloused body of that thing called reality. Reality, the arch-foe, that must be conquered, must be kept at bay.

And if you think I am talking for the pleasure of hearing the typewriter click, use your optics again.

Think of Madge Bellamy and her bridegroom of two days. Two days was long enough for Madge to see something she didn't want to see and to clap on the blinders via the law.

Think of Helene Costello: it took her two weeks.

On the other hand, consider the Harry Langdons. They were wed for twenty-five years of fair and foul weather. When the weather grew too fair, Harry perceived the 'orrid fact that his career was hampered.

(*Continued on page 73*)

By
CEDRIC
BELFRAGE

The Love Secrets

"Marriage Is Not Enough," says Rex, King of Wild Horses; "We Stallions Need Fillies and They Must Be Mignon"



To all declarations that a stallion's place is in the stall, Rex simply says, "Neigh, neigh." Except, of course, when Lady—the blonde with him at the left—is there, too



Rex: "My real name," whispered Rex, King of Wild Horses, into my ear, looking around to see that we were not overheard, "my real name isn't Rex at all. It's Casey Jones. I wouldn't tell anyone else a thing like that, but you—you are so sympathetic. I feel you are my friend. I can trust the greatest intimacies of my life in your keeping—is it not?

"Yes," he continued, whinnying at the thought, "it was as Casey Jones that I was first registered when they took me away from that happy, carefree colt-life in the open spaces. It was only later, when I became wedded to my art, as they term going into the movies, that we felt the name should have been Rex."

I coughed. "Most interesting," I assured my distinguished companion; "altogether absorbing, my dear Mr. Jo - - er, Your Majesty." I leaned forward and made a mysterious pass in the air with my gold pencil—a present from Gloria Swanson. "And now—what of your real wedding, and its aftermath? What of your love-life?"

The King of Wild Horses placed his hoof affectionately in mine. "I can feel such strong vibrations of sympathy emanating from you. I have never breathed a word of that side of my life to anyone. But I know I can trust you—trust you not to keep a syllable of what I say out of print. That is why I am going to break the silence. Because I want the experience I have gained to be a guide for the millions of stallions who read your articles. Please do not think that the idea of publicity is even present in my mind."

His Fair Mare

"YOUR Majesty!" I cried, shocked and pained.

"It is well," he neighed. "Then I can proceed. "I was married when I was still but a colt. I was young, headstrong, and—need I add?—passionate; and I fell a victim to the first beautiful blonde I met, as hot-blooded colts will. Her name was Lady. God bless her, she was as ravishingly lovely as a full cartload of hay. Something in my tempestuous advances must have pleased her, for she resisted but little and in a very short time we were horse and mare.

"But it was not long before I began to realize that marriage is not enough for a wild horse—let alone me, Rex, the King of them all. Lady was everything that a mare should be to a horse. She has been by my side through good times and bad ever since I started my career in pictures six or seven years ago. I worship the very ground she gallops on. And she, the precious thing, she loves me distractedly. Whenever I so much as leave my elegant stall at Universal City for a few

(*Continued on page 76*)

of Rex *and* Rinty

"A Jug of Water, a Meat Loaf and Thou," says Rin-Tin-Tin; "A Dog Need Not Flirt and Stay Out Nights to Enjoy Life"

Rin-Tin-Tin:



A happy dog but not a gay one is Rin-Tin-Tin, first of the barkie stars. His smile—alone, at the top; with Nanette, right below that; and with their family, at the bottom—is one simply of content. Just below he is broadcasting his views on matrimony

"I RISE to the defence of good, old-fashioned morality," declaimed Rin-Tin-Tin, rising.

"What has come upon this modern generation that has filled them with these insane ideas about free love? Why do we tolerate in our midst such libertinous animals as Rex, who actually tries to prove that in flitting from filly to filly he is merely fulfilling the dictates of his soul? Thank heaven, the old virtues still persist in a few corners of society today.

"You ask for my love-life. I answer, my love-life is in one word—Nanette!

"Nanette has been my pride and joy for more than seven years. Ever since I started my career in pictures she has been my leading lady both in public and private life. They try to tell me that to continue as a star nowadays one must have a varied and colorful love-life—that one must have run the gamut of passion, or the world will become tired of you. I say, 'Horse-feathers!' I have been before the public for seven years, am still starring in my own pictures and yet I can honestly say that I have never swerved from my faithfulness to Nanette. We have lived together in our bright, sunny kennels during the whole of the time, or have traveled about the country together, hardly ever out of each other's sight. We have loved as perhaps never before dogs loved. Passion? Yes, but strictly in the home! Sex? Yes, but we say with the eminent Carl Laemmle: 'Give me sex, but let it be clean sex!'



Fryer



Clean Fun Pays

"SHOW me another star of the screen who has lasted in public favor as long as I have. Where have the flaming love-lives of some of the stars got them? Rex champs the bit month after month in his stable, waiting for another chance to display himself on the screen. I go steadily on grinding out new pictures. What is the answer? Just that clean, wholesome fun pays in the long run.

"And now look at the new situation created by the talkies. I am the only animal actor able to continue on the screen. They tell me I have the best barking voice in pictures.

"Marriage of the old-fashioned kind is the secret of happiness. After seven good years of it and after raising more puppies than I care to remember, I am more convinced of it than ever. Many have been the occasions on which I have risen to address Rotarian and other meetings on this subject. One of our

(*Continued on page 76*)



E. R. Richee

Suspendered Animation

Vivacity is but one characteristic of Clara Bow. Consistency is quite as definitely marked in her, for when she turns to unfeminine attire, she sees to it that her shirt and her trousers are, like that of her hair, boyishly bobbed

The Miracle MAN

Max Reinhardt, The Genius Of The German Theater, Arrives To Make His First Movie

By HERBERT CRUIKSHANK


P. & A.

TWENTY little newspapermen were sitting in a row. Not sitting, exactly. And not exactly in a row. Some sprawled on divans here. Others half-reclined on tables there. More with their various limbs draped over deep, sinky chairs. But, after all, the attitudes were appropriate. For the large, luxurious, hot and noisy room was designated The Lounge by a tall-lettered sign at its entrance. And what may a Lounge be for, save to lounge in? This particular Lounge, to be more specific, explicit and concrete, was The Lounge of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Whoosis. And the occasion of the gathering was the arrival of a Genius in Hollywood. Max Reinhardt. Reinhardt, the Omnipotent Oom in the oom-pah—the Gin in the orgins-juice—the The in theater—the Duce in producers—the Belasco-Gest of Europe. Seven thousand miles, from the old home town of Salzburg to the rabbit-hutch of Hollywood, Genius had come. Bringing its bag of theatrical tricks to the movies. To the silver scream.

The United Artists press agent, whose diplomacy entitles him to the presiding position in a Committee-of-the-Whole meeting of the League of Nations, had called the conclave for an hour now half passed. The Press was beginning to get on its dignity.

"What do you think of that guy?" queried one. "Two 'phone calls and a telegram for me to be here. And me with a couple of shows to cover today at that."

"Aw, dry up, and have another drink," replied a second with apparent contradiction.

"I dunno why they wanta get us guys out of bed for," chiseled in a third. "This here Einstein—or whatever his name is—was here a while back, and didn't do nothin'."

"Yeah?" yawned a lad who was wending his way toward the bourbon. "That's right; I remember. 'Bout a year ago. They gave him a great ballyhoo then, and he goes back home again without a camera crankin'."

"I dunno why we gotta get up early just 'cause this guy's got a deal on with Joe Schenck to film a pitcher," complained the other. "Where's that Filipino boy and the licker?"

"What pitcher's he goin' to make—and what of it?" queried the yawner, back with his bourbon.

"Originally it was a play called 'The Miracle' written by some Austrian—von Hofmansthal was his name, I think. Now Schenck has it tied up for Lillian Gish. And they're goin' to call it 'The Miracle Girl.' Can you beat it?"

"They don't give the public credit for no intelligence," gargled the bourbon boy. "They think they gotta tack the word girl, or kiss, or sin, or something, onto a pitcher to make it box-office. Just 'The Miracle' would be a good enough title. I know the story. Damn' good comedy, too. Something about a Scotchman who paid admission, or something like that. Be a wow for Chester Conklin or Charlie Murray."

"Aw, dry up, and have another drink," chipped in the chap who had made this suggestion originally. "What ya tryin' to do, start an argument?"

The drink took precedence over the argument. Presently complaints and grumblings were washed away in libations. A twenty-first reporter entered the room. Three glasses were shattered and a bottle overturned. The twenty-first reporter wore a monocle.

"Looky, looky, Lon Chaney!"

"Naw, it's ol' Andy Segurola. Come on, let's sing, 'Ol' Segurola is a good ol' soul.'"

"'Tain't Andy a tall. Don't you reckernise Lucien Prival?"

"Ah, g'wan; that ain't Lucien. There's only three monocles in town. The other is Polly Garon's ex, you know, Lowell Sherman. And this ain't any of 'em."

"Well, maybe he thinks it's a masquerade an' he's come as a periscope. Let's see——"

But just then a heraldic voice bearing similarity to the fanfare of trumpets, announced:

"Gentlemen, Professor Reinhardt!"

"Where does he rate the professor stuff?" whispered the bourbon bibber. "Sounds like Madame Sophie Tucker!"

But the boys had snapped to a newspaperman's idea of 'tention, and the quip went unnoticed.

(*Continued on page 88*)

CIRCULATION
MORON TWO
MILLION

THE DAILY

"WHERE IS MY BABY?" SOBS



Richee

Grief-crazed by tot's loss, Mrs. Agnes Meredith collapsed after police quiz



He may be another victim of fiend. Barney Cook, office boy, who has been missing from work



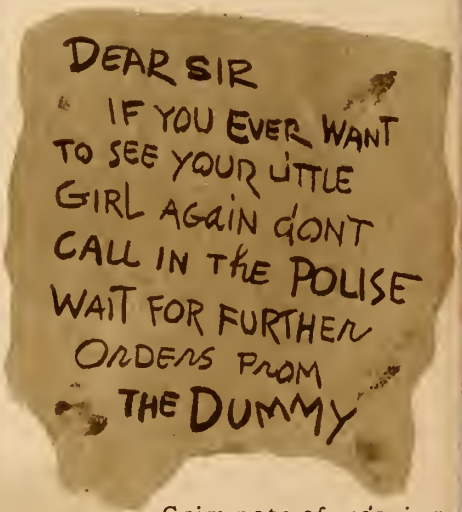
Richee

Inspector Merritt announced today he has thrown dragnet about entire city to capture "The Dummy"



Their sorrow remates them: disappearance of their child brought together the estranged couple, Mr. and Mrs. Meredith. He threatens to kill "Dummy" with his own hands





Grim note of warning, scrawled on greasy piece of bag-paper which Mrs. Meredith received after first visit of police. Detectives are using it as a clue to identity of kidnapper



Otto Dyar

The Meredith mansion, from which baby Peggy Meredith was spirited away by "The Dummy." Police are investigating theory that the child-theft was inside job

Red Cooper—shown on police circular, center—is one suspect cops are combing city for. $10,000 reward is offered by authorities for his capture, dead or alive

TERROR

EXTRA
FINAL EDITION

HEARTBROKEN MOTHER



Richee

Missing child, little Peggy Meredith, kidnapped by unknown man calling himself The Dummy. Countrywide search is being made for her

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF BARNEY COOK, OFFICE BOY, BELIEVED ACT OF MEREDITH KIDNAPPING GANG. WILL GRIEF BRING ESTRANGED PARENTS OF KIDNAPPED CHILD TOGETHER?

HIDEOUT OF KIDNAPPER OF MEREDITH GIRL SOUGHT

Los Angeles, 18 March, 1928; Special Despatch to The Daily Terror. It is now two days since little golden-haired Peggy Meredith was lured from her beautiful home in the fashionable Westchester town of Rye by the fiend who signs himself The Dummy, in his letters to her parents.

From the moment when, apparently in response to some call, she left her toys and stepped out of the French windows of her nursery onto the lawn, she has not been seen, though her picture has been printed in every newspaper, her description has been broadcast by radio, and the entire state has joined the manhunt. The police confess that they are as much in the dark as to Peggy's whereabouts as on the first day.

However, the last twenty-four hours have brought several startling developments in the Meredith case, among them the disappearance of Barney Cook, twelve-year old office boy in the employ of Walter Babbing, the private detective employed by Agnes Meredith to search for her daughter. Inspector Merritt, of the Central Headquarters, is convinced that there is some connection between the kidnapping of Peggy Meredith and the disappearance of the boy.

Barney is large for his age, freckled and sandy-haired. When last seen, he was wearing a brown knicker suit, a red plaid necktie and a straw hat. He came to the office yesterday morning at the usual hour. About ten o'clock he answered the telephone, showed excitement, and hurried out, telling the bookkeeper that he "had a clue to Peggy." When he failed to return home last evening, his father notified the police.

The theory which Mrs. Meredith held at first that her child had been kidnapped by her estranged husband, Trumbell Meredith, has been discarded. The police, who were at first inclined to believe in this theory on the grounds that Peggy would not have answered the summons of anyone whom she did not know and trust, admit that Meredith is no longer under suspicion.

The reporter for The Daily Terror found the father of the kidnapper's victim with his wife when he called at the Meredith home. "Our grief has brought us together again," Mrs. Meredith sobbed. "How can we remember differences when baby is gone?"

Meanwhile, from all quarters of the city and all parts of the state telephone messages continue to pour in to Headquarters from well meaning people who claim to have seen the lost child with her captors. Early this afternoon police bills advertising a reward for information about "Red Cooper," gangster and former convict, appeared throughout the city. It was learned that Cooper was convicted of second degree murder ten years ago, but was paroled after serving four years of his term.

Is this sinister figure hiding behind the alias of "The Dummy"—the man who holds the fate of Peggy Meredith in his hands?



Will her tiny fingers ever fondle them again? Here are the toys belonging to golden-haired Peggy Meredith, just as they were before her mysterious disappearance from her home. Police have examined doll's crib for strange fingerprints

Sax Appeal



Jeanette Loff has it, and by that token is horning in upon a more than fair share of the responsible rôles being assigned to the newly arrived actresses of the screen. After her performance in "Annapolis" it is said that the recruiting department changed its slogan to Join the Navy and See Jeanette Loff

Hesser



Spurr Photos

Club-Night Life in Hollywood

It Ranges From For-Men-Only Smokers To Readings From Wordsworth

By DOROTHY MANNERS

ANY heretic who doesn't believe that Hollywood is just like any other little town with a lawn-mowing complex and a mammy-fixation should see us getting into our dyed ermine of a Monday or Thursday night and motoring off to club meeting. True, we aren't all going to the same club in the same coat. Some of us wear mink.

Next to beauty parlors, going to club is our most popular sport outside the studio. Practically everybody belongs to some sort of club. And the rest are union people, anyway.

Unlike other groups of men and women throughout this club-going country, Hollywood clubs are for the most part purely social or professional; and no one has yet brought up a problem before any one of them. It is very doubtful if the members would know what to do with a problem should it be brought up.

On the other hand, we gossip and chatter and put on playlets and make fudge and play games. Which is really the most satisfactory way to conduct a club meeting, anyway. It does away with all sorts of censorship actions and other nose-thumbings, which seems to take up most of the time of the really important clubs.

Smoke Screams

I GUESS our most professional club is The Masquers, an organization for men only, and well it might be. Every once in a while the Masquers put on a series of little skits among themselves that are quite *risque* and other French words. The boys carry on something killing and everything is allowed to smoke, including the plot.

But the Masquers don't frivol away all their time; once a year they put on a big benefit performance where women are not only invited, but encouraged. Like the famous Lambs' Gambol in New York, all the parts are taken by men. (By the way, I forgot to mention that the Masquers organization is very similar to the Lambs'.) You should see Jack Mulhall as a dashing blonde mannequin or Bobby Agnew on high heels. Laugh? You'd die.

When they aren't busy with a benefit or something, the boys sit around the club-house—which is a modest enough looking little brown cottage on a quiet street and play bridge for high stakes. This probably accounts for how some people who haven't worked in months are still eating. Every kind of car from a Rolls-Royce to a second-hand Henry is liable to be parked in front of The Masquers. The last time I went by I saw John Ford, Bert Lytell, Earl Fox, Jack Mulhall, Walter McGrail, Dick Tucker, Ned Sparks and a couple of other boys sitting on the front porch.

The Thalians is a co-ed club. That is, both boys and girls may belong; and every Thursday night they get together and mix it up. The Thalians have been in existence for about three years; and if they aren't the mischievous ones with their drop-the-handkerchief, post-office and other kissing games! I was one of the original members of this club until clap-in-and-clap-out wore down my resistance. But under the guidance of Lincoln Steadman, Clive Moore, Duane Thompson and Marjorie Bonner, the organization has grown more and more peppy—if possible.

There must be fifty or sixty of them now, including

(*Continued on page 82*)

At the top are four regular attendants of the meetings of The Regulars. They are, from left to right, Marjorie Bonner, Jobyna Ralston, Sue Carol and Marian Nixon. Below them is a group of The Thalians

Enchant-

Evelyn Brent, as Five of Vampires, Models the





Difficult advice to follow, we grant; but we should counsel any man, young or bold, to avoid an emotional encounter with Evelyn in any of these guises: as Salome —at the top; as Camille, —just above; or as the Queen of Sheba—at the left. For it's just as well now and then, you know, to keep out of charm's way

Dresses

History's Best Thrall Styles







Fashions in passions are unchanging, we are informed. But the mode in gowns to elicit them is not so. For while Miss Brent's educational specimens of the garb of the Sheban Garbo—at the top—and of that of Cleopatra—at the right—manifest an economy capable of stirring even Cal to admiration, the costume of DuBarry—just above—is more ample



She HATES The Screen

And As For The Talkies: Pauline Frederick Thinks They're Odorous

By BEATRICE WILSON

AFTER ten years of intimate friendship with them, of personal observation of them, and interviewing, I have come to the conclusion that almost all movie stars are exactly alike. The process involved in the development of an ordinary human being into a screen celebrity somehow seems to leave the famous ones with a certain flatness, a peculiar non-reality, like the effect one has in seeing motion picture characters as they appear on the screen.

There's no body to them. They seem to have failed to round out with experience, with life. They all talk alike, they think alike. Every interview reads like the other. They all have the same ideas; even their answers to the weary newspaper or magazine writer who calls upon them for their views on life vary only by the smallest possible fraction.

Yesterday I received a shock. I lunched with Pauline Frederick. I had never seen her before in person; I knew little or nothing about her. From her work on the screen, I knew her to be a fine actress. After witnessing her performance on the stage in a play called "The Scarlet Woman," I realized that her cinema ability consisted of just that: she had always been a fine actress on the stage, long before her film career, and she had carried this talent just as it was, and is, to the screen. Most players who have wandered into the films leave a good deal of their theater technique behind, under the impression—a false one—that it is necessary. All that Pauline Frederick lacked in her screen work to give the impression that one was watching a talented dramatic player was the sound of her rich, wonderful voice. Was she ahead of her time?

Selling Her Name

TO GET back to the shock: her first words proved that here was the great exception to the monotonous similarity of stars.

"I hate the movies," she declared passionately. I knew she meant what she said.

"For the past eight years I have been making pictures—almost all of them terrible. When I first went into the movies, I felt that I had found a medium which would develop my acting ability. I wanted the experience, I have always loved to work. I made several pictures that were good. If you remember, in my first stories, I had considerable success.

"After that, I came to realize that it wasn't my acting ability they wanted; it was just my name. I've been resting on the name of Pauline Frederick for eight years. My stories were terrible. They made me do any kind of a story, no matter how bad, because they felt that my name would carry it." She paused a moment and looked at me as if hesitating to utter her next words. Then she said quietly:

"They almost had me whipped. I had gotten to the point where I was ready to quit. I felt that I had ceased to exist, that I was merely an automaton who was being used for her reputation, and that I had better throw the whole thing over.

"I've got a lot of people depending on me," she continued in her lovely, well-modulated voice. "I found I couldn't lay down on my job. I was a nervous wreck and ready for a sanitarium. Then I decided to go back to the

(*Continued on page 74*)



John Gilbert has chosen Mary Nolan — who was Imogene Wilson of the "Follies"— as his latest leading woman. And he has elected to share several close-ups only with her. The picture is "Thirst"; and the subtitle for these scenes is, "Water, water, everywhere; but who cares?"

R. H. Louise Photos

In *A Clasp By* Themselves

In Fine Trim



Carol Lombard is, both as regards costume and health. Her gown—below—is edged with white fox; and her physique, also below and now called upon to withstand the racking of dramatic rôles, has been developed by a considerable period of training in the athletic school of Mack Sennett comedies. To a point where it is, indeed, in custard-pie order

Thomas

There's Always

CARPET-LAYING

In Case The Powers Insist on Lon Chaney's Doing Talkies, Because He Won't

By HERBERT CRUIKSHANK



R. H. Louise Photos

THE big car careened through the imposing portals of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios by leaps and bounds. Which was exactly the manner in which sundry mere pedestrians gained the comparative safety of the walks. One of these persons, togged out in horn-rimmed specs, a checkered cap and a green tie, missed a fanny-full of fenders by an act of God and the flexible spine of an acrobat.

"Look out," I giggled to the gleeful driver. "It might be Lon Chaney!"

Imagine my embarrassment. It was.

Yep. Lon Chaney, himself, in person, and not The *Hunchback* of Notre Dame, The *Phantom* of the Opera, or *Mr. Wu*. At first, I thought he was disguised as a human being. But he wasn't. He's just that way naturally. Very much so.

Now Lon Chaney doesn't look it. I mean he doesn't look like Lon Chaney. That is, of course, the Chaney who makes us marvel by being minus a few arms, legs, eyes or other parts which habit has accustomed us to expect in *homo sapiens*. In fact, the most astonishing discovery about Chaney is that he possesses a Barrymore profile. Perhaps a secret shame at this first caused him to seek concealment behind putty noses and crepe hair. He's the kind of guy who'd hate to have a Barrymore profile. Which, in itself, makes him unique among movie actors.



Having exposed Lon's secret sorrow, it is only fair to dwell upon his pride and joy. Without doubt, Chaney derives his greatest satisfaction from the fact that he is still a member in good standing of the Stage Hands' Union. Card and all. That's where he started and he wouldn't be a bit afraid to end up shifting scenes again.

"You never can tell," says Lon. And true enough, you never can. Though the odds seem a bit against the Union's ever having Brother Chaney as a working member.

Carpet-Layers Never Forget

IF by any chance you ever arouse the ire of the miracle man, beware, I warn you, of one threat. If Lon gets mad and bellows that he'll "lay you like a rug," let discretion be the better part of valor and a yellow streak guide your feet. For if he carries this particular thought into action, he's sure to do a thorough job. Lon takes pride in being a past master of the carpet-laying profession. That was a long time ago. But Chaney never forgets. And right now if the missus wants a real fancy job of carpet-laying done around the house, Lon is there with the old stretcher and tack hammer.

It was from the carpet-laying racket that Chaney drifted into show business. After a season in burlesque, another in light comedy, a little in stock, some of this and some of that, he landed in San Francisco as a stage manager who doubled as an eccentric dancer, or a comedy

(*Continued on page 70*)



Classic's Family Album

Remember the days when the great song hit of the day ran, "Through the sycamores the candle lights are gleaming, On the banks of the Wabash, far away"? It's important here because that's not only when this personage in our album got her start in things theatrical, but how. The way she sang it made her. And ever since then she's been made much of. With Charles Frohman and Henry Savage on the stage and more recently, at the prompting of Pauline Frederick, in pictures. You know by now, of course, that she's Louise Dresser

Our Own News Camera



From yachts to lots: Sir Thomas Lipton is somewhat out of his element in visiting the studios in Hollywood. But his smile is more genial than ever, for Madge Bellamy has taken him both capably and literally in hand

A Lane whose turning is upward and promises to continue so: young Mr. Chandler in his Hollywood home, for whose comfort and restfulness he evinces here a deep-seated liking



A Marine goes to sea again: Major George K. Shuler—at the right with Mrs. Shuler—publisher of *Motion Picture* and *Classic*, departs for a cruise of the West Indies. Duncan A. Dobie, Jr., business manager of the publications, and Mrs. Dobie bid them bon voyage



R. H. Louise

The current vogue for color in decoration reaches the studios. And a more than fair example of it is Nina May McKenny—just above—the heroine of King Vidor's all-Negro film, "Hallelujah"



"Well," says Dione Ellis, aloud and gazing at her portrait in *Classic*, "Here's looking at you." It's less than a year ago that Dione was a typist and used to sit this way and merely hope that sometime she might be able to give that toast



The Kit's clever! Meaning this Kit, the last name being Wain. He's only nine; and when he's not playing with Edward Everett Horton on the Los Angeles stage, he's doing movies, both talkies and the other kind



Putting on weight at the wrists. Yet they remain slender. Mona Rico tries out Huston Ray's suggestion to hang six-pound bags just above her hands to strengthen the muscles for piano playing



Novel personalities should be commonplace to William J. Locke, who has created so many in his books. But, from his attitude of interest in her—at the right—he finds Mona Rico's exceptional



You might not think it, to look at Richard Arlen—in the center—but his part in "The Four Feathers" calls for the experience of many a close shave



Even the life of Reilly is drab in comparison with that of Mulhall—if scenes like the one above are usual in Jack's routine of existence. He has every reason to bubble over with good spirits



Their clothes are uniform, but not their luck: Philippe De Lacey—at the right—has far too fancy a name and a line for Junior Coghlan to cope with. But maybe Anita Louise is just trying to make him jealous. If she is, it's working

COAST AND BACK TO COAST AGAIN



Maria, now that she has taken to flying, is suspected of being the girl who put the Alba in albatross

He cops the prize for an idea of what paradise is like, does Lew Cody—at the right. The selection he's twanging out is "My Bluecoat Heaven"





Making light of their rôles: Marie Prevost and Ben Lyon—below—enliven their severe Mormon appearances in "The Exodus" by smoking cigarettes, which weren't invented in the days of the story

She was the captain of their soles: Alice Pitman, in the black trunks, was formerly the leader of John Tiller's chorus in London. Here she is teaching Anita Page how, for a dance number in "Broadway Melody"



Giving tongue to their emotions. The four Polynesian dancers above stick them out, in this scene from "Under the Southern Cross," to express the idea that they hope the audience like their performance. They do not mean, "Is there a doctor in the house?"

So much good has Max Factor—seated, at the left—done in making up screen stars that they say his first name should be Bennie. The job he has in hand here is Camilla Horn



You've Got To Know

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

"WHOM do you know?"

That is probably the most important question in Hollywood. Certainly one of the most often asked.

Not "WHAT do you know?" or "What can you DO?" But "WHOM?"

"Mr. Blank sent me," announces the embryo actress, entering the casting office.

Now Mr. Blank is a studio executive and when he went East last spring he met an Important Theater Owner. The two had dinner together and exchanged much Rotarian persiflage, calculated to induce good will and cement business relations. In the course of the evening—along about the time that matters got onto a Bill-and-Al basis—the Important Theater Owner leaned across the table.

"Look here, Bill or Al," he said, "I have a niece who is just dying to go into pictures. She is a nice kid and we all think she has a lot of talent. I know you have a lot of influence and I thought perhaps you could do something for her, as a personal favor to me. I'm going to send her to Hollywood next month."

"Sure thing. Send her to see me," said Mr. Blank. After all, one can't antagonize an Important Theater Owner.

So next month when Mr. Blank is back in his office, the niece is announced and he is reminded of his promise. He sends her to the casting office with instructions, "Use this girl somewhere!"

The casting director looks at her with weary patience.

A Blank from Blank

"MR. BLANK sent me," the girl reiterates with emphasis. "I DO so want to act in pictures! Everyone at home says I have just HEAPS of talent." Etc. Etc.

The Important Theater Owner's niece is cast for a bit in the next picture on that lot.

When Ulrich Hauptmann, a distinguished European actor of wide experience both abroad and in New York,



Does it pay to be the friend of a friend of the casting director? Just ask any of the players above. Like dad, they know. They are, from left to right: Gary Cooper, Shannon Day, Richard Arlen, Anita Page, Adolphe Menjou, Josephine Dunn, Fay Wray and Diana Kane



Somebody Ability May Keep Jobs In Hollywood, But It's Pull That Gets Them

arrived in Hollywood, he overlooked the importance of Knowing Someone. He fancied, naive soul, that it was enough to be a competent actor.

He managed to get an interview with the casting director at United Artists when they were looking for a heavy for "Tempest."

The director, much impressed with his screen possibilities, sent some pictures of him up to the powers that be, with the notation that he considered him a real find.

"Never heard of him," said the powers. "Besides, he doesn't look Russian." And that was that.

A week or so later, it is said, Lionel Barrymore went to his brother, John, with the information that there was a bird out here who had been on the stage with him (Lionel) in New York. He might be just the man to play the heavy in "Tempest." John went to John Considine. Considine 'phoned the casting office.

"Ever hear of a guy named Hauptmann?" he inquired.

"Yeh."

"Well, get a test of him, will you?"



A Friend of a Friend

HAUPTMANN got the part. And did so well by it that a number of important parts in other productions have come his way since.

So it goes. If you don't know someone, then the next best thing is to know someone-who-knows-someone.

Fay Wray, for instance, had a neighbor who knew Erich von Stroheim. Fay had been in Hollywood several years, doing bits and waiting for a chance to prove herself. When Von was casting for "The Wedding March," the neighbor took Fay to see him. And he selected her for *Mitzi* in his picture.

That is why parties are important professional occasions in Hollywood. People are always getting to Know Someone at parties and jobs come out of these relationships.

Take Josephine Dunn. She had been in the Follies. Which is, in itself a recommendation of sorts for the movies. She was, moreover, a graduate of the Paramount School. But she accomplished nothing of any particular account in pictures until she met Billy Haines at a party.

Billy had her come round to the studio for a test and she was selected for the leading woman in "Excess Baggage."

Gary Cooper had one of the best breaks on record. He had an appointment with a studio executive at Paramount one Friday, the day of the weekly executives' meeting on that lot. The executive forgot about him, Gary being unknown and executives being like that.

A Coup for Cooper

"THERE'S a guy named Cooper waiting for you," an office boy informed the executive just as the powers gathered about the table.

"Oh, gosh! That's right! Well—let's have him in and you can all take a look at him"

(*Continued on page 72*)



To beat the Dutch, for charm, assumes an aspect of impossibility when it is represented by Janet Gaynor. And it is, in her next forthcoming feature, "Christina." With her, as in "Four Devils," will appear the hero of that quartet, Charles Morton

Appeasing the Squanderlust

Agua Caliente Was Designed To Quench Hollywood's Thirst For Spending

BY RILLA PAGE PALMBORG

LONG have the movie stars had a grievance. After they have made their money there is no way to spend it. When they buy sable coats and Paris gowns, there is no one to see them. When they are through working for the week, there is no place to go.

To answer Hollywood's need of a pet extravagance, a different destination, a brand-new thrill, Agua Caliente, a Mexican Monte Carlo, has risen out of the bare plains and brown placid hills across the border, a three-million-dollar pleasure resort sumptuous even for screen stars, glittering even for a movie set. Half a world away from the great palace of chance on the Mediterranean, the little ivory balls click just as merrily here, the wheel of polished wood revolves just as dizzily, the numbers fall just as unluckily.

Stepping down on the accelerator of the Hispano Suiza, the tired picture player can make the hundred and fifty miles between Hollywood and Caliente in three hours—unless some wretched pedestrian gets in the way or a mean old speed cop interferes. It takes rather longer to come home, because it's so difficult to decide which of the roads one sees is really there. Sometimes a star makes the wrong choice and drives off a cliff.



P. A. McDonough Photos

Losing de Luxe

A SWIFT race is necessary to beat the trek of moneyed tourists who are swarming to this de luxe playground from all over the United States to get a little change. (It's the Casino usually that gets their change!)

Ever since the resort opened its doors seven months ago, it has been swamped with ten applications for every available room, for Agua Caliente is a hotel as well as a gambling palace. Baron Long, who has been for years the czar of gilded games of chance in this part of the world, with two American business men, Wirt Bowman and James Crofton, were laughed at as crazy visionaries when they started negotiations for a ninety-nine-year lease on fifteen hundred acres of Mexican scenery. Now they cannot build extra bungalows fast enough to keep up with the crowd, eager to toss its money onto the green baize tables and to experience the ultimate thrill of excitement-connoisseurs,

(*Continued on page 78*)



Agua Caliente is a place not for the thrifty but for the spendthrifty. For if one is not entirely bereft of cash by the charge for rooms in the hotel—above—he may achieve poverty nearby, at the Casino — at the left. Or perhaps make a million

LAURENCE REID REVIEWS THE NEW PHOTOPLAYS

The Celluloid



Hodge-Podge Story But Fine Production

THE heading above is tacked on "The Awakening," which serves to introduce Vilma Banky with a new Britisher, Walter Byron. The Colman man has gone his way to stardom—and the Byron man should prove acceptable to the girls. He has poise and looks regular—and proves to have some acting ability. But his start is not so auspicious because of the story, which never seems to know how to conduct itself. In other words, the yarn is sacrificed to declare a cameraman's holiday.

Yes, the backgrounds are gorgeous and lighted in such a way as to win compliments. Had the story measured up to the technical displays it would have been one of those outstanding films. But what do I see? Well, there are suggestions of "The White Sister," and "The Scarlet Letter," to say nothing of scenes that might have been lifted from a dozen war pictures.

That the Liberty Loaners and the Four Minute men, who stirred up things not so many years ago, have been completely forgotten is proved in the figure of the hero. And the Britisher, Byron, plays this German. It is Vilma's privilege to portray a peasant girl and then a nun—and in both portrayals she creates some appeal. The "nigger in the woodpile" is Louis Wolheim. His characterization isn't convincing because the story-writers didn't know what to do with him. So the yarn tells its plot and drags interminably in the process. Moreover, there's nothing of surprise or suspense in its scenes—it being very familiar and obvious in both idea and treatment. But



At the top are Antonio Moreno and Colleen Moore in a scene from "Synthetic Sin," with the latter effecting an imitation of a *cullahed gal*. At the left Walter Byron and Vilma Banky have an emotional moment in "The Awakening." Below are Mary Astor and John Boles who contribute their talent in "Romance of the Underworld"

IT'S become quite a habit for the boys and girls to black up these days, the latest to go sepia being Colleen Moore, who, because of her clowning and some imitations, succeeds in making her newest essay, "Synthetic Sin," (oh, let's come out with it) safely enjoyable. It's not so much when you look over the story, the idea being one of those things lifted from a stage play that should never have been born. The screen treatment is a vast improvement.

So we have the picture of Colleen setting forth, a society girl, toward a stage career in New York. She hails from a Southern town and she wants to sin and suffer in order to gather some understanding of how to portray bad women. She takes up quarters in a cheap hotel and hob-nobs with gangsters. Which, naturally, introduces some obvious gun-play and excitement.

These are interludes to spice up the story, they don't really belong if you consider that the fair Innocents abroad in New York really know what it's all about. But pictures must have incident and dramatic license. Hence the hokum. "Synthetic Sin" is good fun—and Colleen Moore makes it that way—coupled with some nifties inspired by the title writer and some good gags introduced by the scenario writer. It is fairly human and adequately humorous. I prefer seeing the star in this type of picture than in such flowery favors as "Lilac Time." Comediennes are too rare on the screen to drown their humor in a bucket of tears.



Critic

THIS MONTH

Synthetic Sin — The River — The Awakening
My Man — Romance of the Underworld
West of Zanzibar



you'll like the photography and all the personalities very much.

Chaney in Disguise as Usual

HE'S still at it—is Lon Chaney with those eerie disguises. And they are beginning to pall. This star has a unique place in filmdom in that he has to resort to weird characterizations to make his appeal to the fans. But it strikes me that he could vary his rôles more. He did it not so long ago with "Tell It To The Marines," and he should be allowed to do it again.

In the new number, "West of Zanzibar," he has a story which skips about without having the strings of the plot very well tied together. But it is colorful and carries the kick. And there is Lon in the foreground and background, mussing around as a cripple, mentally as well as physically. Having been dealt a bad deal, he dedicates his life to meting out a fiendish revenge. As is customary for dramatic conflict, the revenge happens to fall on an innocent party. And still for purposes of conflict, the revengeful plotting strikes down Lon himself. Thus he fails to win the sympathy anticipated.

Lon's wife had run off with another man—and Lon, a stage magician, is crippled in fighting his rival. Later when he finds the body of his wife and a live child, he plots to wreak vengeance on the hated menace through the child.

The scenes take one through Holly wood's Congo, with Lon rearing the youngster in a dive in Zanzibar. He performs his feats of magic and wins the respect of the superstitious natives. It is when Lon goes *loco* that he fails to win sympathy. But all the same, the yarn is uncanny and filled with salty action. The portrayal of Lon's is gruesome and realistic. He has the lion's share of acting, as Lionel Barrymore's part—the other man—is a meager one. Mary Nolan and Warner Baxter have other rôles and do adequately by them. There are moments of tedium in the picture since it isn't so exciting as some previous Chaney canvases. Yet it is quite worth your four bits or six or eight—it depending upon what they charge you at the window.





At the top, Guinn (Big Boy) Williams shows his affection for Fannie Brice in "My Man," the film marking Fannie's talkie début. At the right Mary Duncan tries to frighten the man she conquered. The man, please be advised, is Charles Farrell. Below are Lon Chaney and Lionel Barrymore having an argument in "West of Zanzibar"

Just Pretty Good

"ROMANCE of the Underworld" hasn't the wallop of some previous crook melodramas which have graced the screen the past year. Maybe the boys are running out of ideas—maybe the suspense is gone of seeing so much gun-play and gangster goings-on. Anyway, it lacks something to place it above and beyond the general run of pictures that go in for crooks.

Whoever adapted the script from the late Paul Armstrong's play made a pretty free translation of it. That is, a lot of incident has been injected to give it a modern touch. The original idea is intact. It tells of the woman with a past who after reforming and marrying comes a cropper with the villain who would blackmail her. And to make the characters still more orthodox, the kind detective is much in evidence—and he gets his man and brings peace to the heroine.

(*Continued on page 96*)



Reckless Hoot Gibson may be—and is. But never, so long as he has a say-so in the matter, is he likely to be Ruthless, with such a girl as Miss Elder available to play opposite to him. As she does in a forthcoming neck-risking thriller entitled "Birds of a Feather"



Russell Ball

Eat, Drink And Be Kerry

Norman Goes in for the Squire Life

By WALTER RAMSEY

HE'S the squire of Beverly Hills.

While everyone else is busy living like an actor at the Ambassador, on the installment plan, Norman Kerry is estating it on three of the most picturesque acres in Roxbury Circle.

As a setting, it is as quaint as the frontispiece of an old issue of House and Garden. Aged trees, young flowers, huge rooms, small nooks, high ceilings, low gates, stables, kennels—and the fresh odor of damp pine cones. Which is all very well for, say, Lillian Gish, Conrad Nagel, or some other blonde personality. But as a background for Kerry's waxed mustache—and black at that—it can hardly be called in character. Why, even in the Scotch kilts of "Annie Laurie," Norman couldn't shake that cocktail-at-eight, dinner-at-nine-thirty expression. Of all the boulevardiers in pictures, Kerry brings more memories of midnight on the Great White Way than all the rest put together.

"Surprised?" asked Norman, after I had commented with awe on the imported tapestry, French swords, and old muskets lining the walls. "This may not look like Norman Kerry to you, but it looks just like him to me. Hollywood bachelor apartments may be all very good for some, but I like a home. Yes, I might say an old home. A home with flowers and vegetables growing around it. One with rare old treasures, books, furniture—and quiet. A place to really live.

His Portable Mansion

"COULD you believe that this place and all these old trees have only been here for a few years? Well they have. But they are much older than those few years. They have been a part of my life ever since I came to California fifteen years ago. This house and the pines and banana trees and all were located down on Wilshire Boulevard where the Talmadge Apartments now stand. I liked the old place so well that I moved it out here. The house in four parts. Today it looks exactly as it did then. The wall you see out the window is a duplicate of the one I have around my place in England. I guess I'm the only person in Hollywood who doesn't like new Spanish bungalows.

"My ideas of living are not American: they are the result of living on the Continent. Life over there is easier because they have learned how to play. And they do. Every time you turn around in this country it is for one purpose; a dollar! And Hollywood is no different in that respect from Detroit, except that Hollywood cares nothing about making automobiles and Detroit wants none of pictures. It doesn't seem to make any difference how far an actor goes, he still gets down in the mouth when he doesn't work every day. I find time to do a lot of living and still make a few pictures every year.

Kids of Nearly Ninety

"I JUST returned from the Isle of Man off the coast of Ireland where I made my last picture. On the island were two oldtime friends of mine: one a young fellow eighty-nine and the other eighty-six. Even they had time to play. They were getting the most out of life at the time when other men of their age were hobbling around to save funeral expenses. They weren't too old to sit up until two o'clock in the morning and swap yarns over a whiskey and soda. And get up the next morning at six for a brisk canter on the bridle-path.

"But Hollywood's idea of playing is to get together over a few bum gin highballs and talk about the last part and a complete sketch of the next great part.

"I've got a reputation of staying up late, doing the night

(*Continued on page 92*)

Man's best estate, Norman Kerry believes, is a country one; and there he dwells after the manner of an English country gentleman. Above, he appears with Henrik, his Great Dane







Where slicing is in order, even by the best of golfers: the luncheon given by Harold Lloyd to the participants in his golf tournament (at the top of the page). In the foreground is Harold, on his left is Bob McDonald. The others, opposite, from right to left, are: Walter Hagen, Tommy Armour, Cyril Walker and Leo Diegel. Just above, the match in progress

Seven years ago Harold Lloyd lived in a furnished room with his father. Now, on his grounds, are a playhouse—on the left—built especially for his little daughter, Gloria; and a replica of an old mill, whose wheel is turned by water from a stream artificially created

For Pleasure Unalloyd







Landscape effects, formal and informal but, invariably beautiful abound on the Lloyd acres. Just above is a stretch which may be taken either as a vista or a fairway; and adjoining it is the rose garden surrounding a lagoon filled with lily-pads. The owner is seen at the right, seated on the rim of an old well

Golfers from all over the United States come to play on Harold Lloyd's private course. Among those who have sunk puts on the green at the top are the British Open Champion, Walter Hagen; the former American Open Champion, Tommy Armour; and Leo Diegel, the Professional Golfer's Association Champion. Not to mention Harold, who flicks a niblick pretty handily himself

Harold's New Estate Is A Paradise For Gloria and Golf

Hollywood's *Professional Insulter*

Vincent Barnett Earns His Living By Being Even Ruder Than The Movie Mighty

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE



YOU, too, can make big money this new way—if you can be as rude as Vincent Barnett.

Vincent, the world's rudest man, is making a pile by telling the high and mighty of Hollywood where they get off. In the short time he has been in Hollywood, he has infuriated more dignitaries than all the scenario writers put together since the dawn of the movie. The ruder he gets, the more money he makes.

It's all in a spirit of healthy fun. Being insulted is Hollywood's latest fad, and Vincent Barnett was the chap who introduced it. He is preparing a scale of prices ranging from a moderate sum for criticising your table manners up to a fabulous amount for throwing an insinuating spanner into the machinery of your birth.

Vincent has practically grown up in the business. His father more than twenty-five years ago started the idea of posing as a head-waiter at parties given by his friends, insulting all the guests, and then, when pandemonium was approaching, having himself announced and the hoax revealed. The thing caught on and Luke Barnett started doing it professionally, at first making $10 a night. Now Luke gets $500 a night in New York for the waiter hoax or any of a number of others he has perfected. Vincent, the son, was graduated from Carnegie Tech. in 1921 and acted as understudy to his father until 1927. In that year he went into Earl Carroll's "Vanities." At the end of the run he branched out for himself in the insulting business, worked it in all the big Eastern cities, then decided to establish himself in Hollywood.

Testing His Testiness

VINCENT soon made his mark in Hollywood, where he has worked not only his father's waiter gag but a number of others even more delicious. He has insulted guests at Hollywood parties up hill and down dale. He has hoaxed the highest moguls of the industry and made them look ridiculous. And by those who wanted to see them looking that way he has been lavishly remunerated.

He was first taken up by Jack Warner, who decided to try him out right on the lot. In company

(*Continued on page 86*)



A set-to on the set, between Vincent Barnett—on the right—and John Davidson. After Barnett has told the other what a bad actor he is, Davidson is about to show that at least he is a good bouncer. Then comes the dawn of explanation, and a handshake

Two Young Ideas



They are both upon how to dress when she's out for the evening. When Loretta Young is really out, she wears a velvet wrap like the one in the upper picture. But when, after a strenuous studio session, she's home and merely out to all callers, she prefers the less complex costume of a length of brocade

Preston Duncan



Elmer Fryer



Mitchell

Because she's proved she can, she is to play in "Speakeasy." Lola Lane—above—has just been enticed from the stage to lend herself to the talkies

At the left—in flannels and increasingly in demand now for his vocal abilities—is H. B. Warner, soon to appear in "Conquered"

Looking Them Hollywood

Close-Ups From The West Coast

HOLLYWOOD is in a panic of uncertainty and excitement.

The talkies are turning the Boulevard into Broadway.

Off and on I have lived in Hollywood since so long ago that we won't go into that, but I have never seen the village in such an upheaval.

Stars of long standing are being rudely uprooted from their berths. Names and faces that are barely known to the movies are getting the fat parts in the new sound productions. Ever hear of Helen Twelvetrees, Dan Healy, Helen Kane, Colette D'Arville? These are but a handful of the stage people who have been cast in feature talkie productions.

Robert Benchley, Irving Berlin, Gus Edwards and others from the Algonquin and way places are crowding the regular Montmartres out of the ringside tables.

Now, the question is, can Broadway with all her enunciation, singing and dancing, fill the places left vacant by long established idols of the screen who for some reason or other can't make the talkie grade?

No Talkie, No Part

EMIL JANNINGS is being lost to the American screen because he cannot cope with the microphone. Jannings cannot learn English. No English, no talkie. No talkie, no contract.

I hear Alice White is to be freed by First National.

Bebe Daniels has made her final starring picture for Paramount. Esther Ralston was signed by the skin of her teeth.

Eva Von Berne was shipped home before she got a fair trial before the American public. So was Dita Parlo.

Lili Damita has a contract which stipulates that she must learn the English language without a trace of an accent within a period of six months, or mademoiselle sails for France.

More Than a Fad

THE less hysterical of the colonists look on the new invasion of stage talent as a fad-panic, something on the order of the eminent-author stampede of five or six



An even dozen of the most successful transplantations from Broadway to the soil of the cinema is Helen Twelvetrees. In "Nobody's Children," she should win instant adoption

It looks as if Walter Byron's removing his coat means he's settled down to work in earnest in Hollywood. At present he is in "Queen Kelley" in support of Gloria Swanson

Over Out Way

By DOROTHY MANNERS

years ago. Remember when Sam Goldwyn brought out all the great brains of literature to write for the movies? They lasted about five or six months and then the old-fashioned scenario writers were returned to their positions with a general sigh of relief from everybody. But this time it looks more serious.

Tempering Temperament

MOVIE salaries are taking a terrific slump and temperament is practically obsolete. Hard-working stage stars who have been making three or four hundred dollars per week on Broadway jump at a seven hundred fifty dollar movie contract. When the movie actors protest at the cuts, the producers say, "O. K. We'll get Molly O'Molly from Broadway. Take it or leave it."

Needy and Seedy

IT looks like a long cold winter. And several of us are down to our last mink coat.

Don't Eat That Pimiento

SAID the Bright Young Thing, looking over the studio menu: "I'll have a Lon Chaney Sandwich, please, without make-up!"

Hollywood learned of the death of that grand old man, Theodore Roberts, at the American Legion fights when a spotlight was turned on his empty chair. It was the first fight he had ever missed except when illness confined him to his bed.



Kenneth Alexander

The entire assemblage rose, and with bowed heads, prayed a moment or two for Hollywood's much loved character actor.

I saw Al Jolson and his bride. And Bebe Daniels with Ben Lyon.

Bebe and Ben

SEEING Bebe with Ben reminds us that Bebe was once engaged to Jack Pickford, the ex-husband of Marilyn Miller, former fiancée of Ben. Put that all together, it spells, "Mammy!"

Dick Barthelmess stepped out in a new guise when he

(*Continued on page 90*)



Russell Ball

Ain't She Cuete?

The answer is yes—and then some. For Estelle Taylor, whether it be on the screen or at the billiard table, has something on the ball. And with Lon Chaney in "East is East" she promises to chalk up several thousand new fans to her credit

Minus the SMOOTCH

The Bare-faced Tale of Chester Conklin's Life

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY



'IT?" Chester Conklin gave a twinkling look from blue eyes. Eyes the blue of cornflowers, of gentians, of pots and pans, of beaming, blissful summer skies. A blue-eyed twinkle edged with taffy-colored lashes. "*It?*" gurgled Chester. "Say, I've got so much *It* that they're calling it *those!*"

On the screen he's the symbol of the world's futility.

In person, he's a five-foot fellow in suit of gray, with fine blue lines. He's a good-natured guy with a crimson carnation in his buttonhole. And a frisky necktie. He's every inch the comedian, with a good joke on the tip of his tongue.

On the screen he's the symbol of the world's futility. But he won't admit it.

He's very funny, too, on the screen. But all the time he's funny, it's that ghastly kind of fun, full of pathos and bathos, that makes him the butt of all pranks. He's the poor little man who never gets anywhere. He's like life, so darned futile, for some people. He's like the excursion trip that lands you back where you started from, with a canceled ticket and two cents in your pocket. But with pleasant memories.

Over at Sennett's where Chester worked for five years, he played villains. Comedy villains. They'd say this: "Aw right, let's make Chester the villain. Let's make him a master mind and have him hatch a plot that is too big for him to handle." And that's just what they'd do. The plot was always a boomerang. It came back and socked him in the face, along with the custard pie, and the smootch had to be taken out and completely dry-cleaned.



Holland Kin

THE "smootch" is what he calls that thing that hangs from his upper lip. It's not German. Nor is it Croatian. It's Conklinese. And Chester's ancestors settled from Holland in New York when the big town was still called Niew Amsterdam. There are many little smootches in many sizes, shapes and shades. They come in little boxes and are glued on before each scene. Many people think the smootch is a permanent Conklin appendage, like his ears, or his nose. They err. The smootch nests, between scenes, in Chester's vest pocket.



Inattention to the little niceties of appearance is the chief reason why so many husbands succeed in losing their wives, Chester Conklin believes. Hence his own precautions. The boots protect him against his helpmeet's charging him with being all wet; the daily use of the curling iron makes his hair almost impossible to grasp; and the powder puff employed after breakfast removes those so unsightly flecks of egg from the smootch

Well, Chester would get the Sennett pie and the plot in his face and would have to wipe off his glasses. They're plate glass and fake. Chester doesn't wear them, or others, off-screen.

And then they'd call it a day, over at Sennett's, and Ford Sterling and Mack Swain and Mack Sennett and the bunch would go down to Barney Oldfield's *rathskeller* on Spring street and blow off the foam. They'd talk over Barney's racing days and the price of Pilsener. Real, genuine Pilsener. That is, if they had the money. Otherwise they'd go home and wait for tomorrow to come and after that was pay-day. Maybe.

"I was born in Oskaloosa, Iowa," said Chester, easing

(*Continued on page 96*)



Down in Mexico, where men are men and six-guns make their own wide open spaces—that's the kind of scenery Monte Blue surrounds himself with in "No Defense." Arsenal that he is with this equipment, he hardly needs one

Elmer Fryer

Out To Gat His Man



MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN
World-Famed Beauty Specialist

Helena Rubinstein's Make-up Chart

THE foundation of a perfect make-up is a skin perfectly cared for—free from blackheads, large pores, wrinkles or other blemishes. Among the creations of HELENA RUBINSTEIN you will find a scientific answer to every need of your skin—plus the ultimate in finishing touches. For Helena Rubinstein is artist as well as scientist.

When you use Helena Rubinstein's new indelible lipsticks, you will marvel at their amazing combination of lasting color and satin-softness. There is witchery to the make-up masterpieces of Helena Rubinstein.

For your guidance in choosing the smartest and most becoming cosmetics, Helena Rubinstein has prepared the following make-up chart. Read it—you can tell at a glance the correct shades of rouge, powder and lipstick for you. Clip the chart and keep it in your dressing table.

The Keynote of a Chic Make-up

Before you apply your finishing touches, cleanse your skin with Helena Rubinstein's Pasteurized Face Cream, *the concentrated beauty treatment.* The only cream cleanser in existence that benefits and beautifies an oily skin (1.00, 2.00). Dry skin should be cleansed with Valaze Cleansing and Massage Cream (.75, 1.25). Next, smooth a little Valaze Beauty Foundation Cream over your face and throat—it lends the skin a most flattering finish and makes rouge and powder doubly adherent (1.00). Now your skin is ready for the clinging, exquisite Valaze Powder (1.00, 1.50). Next, blend in the provocative, becoming Valaze Rouge (1.00). Follow with Cubist Lipstick (1.00) or Water Lily Lipstick (1.25). Both are indelible yet marvelously soft. Lastly add a soupçon of Valaze Eye Shadow (1.00) and bring out the lashes with Valaze Persian Eye Black (Mascara) in black or brown (1.00, 1.50).

Helena Rubinstein Cosmetics are the finest in the world. These rouge and powder masterpieces not only enhance beauty—they safeguard it.

Helena Rubinstein Creations are obtainable at better stores or may be ordered direct from the Salons

Which Is Your Coloring?

Brunette

Valaze Powder in the enchanting Mauresque tint.
Valaze Red Raspberry Rouge—Chic! Fascinating!
Cubist Lipstick in Red Raspberry—an unusually warm, beautiful tone.
Valaze Eye Shadow (Black or Brown).

Medium Type

Valaze Powder in the bewitching Rachel shade.
Valaze Red Raspberry Rouge.
Red Ruby Lipstick—a rich, deep tone.
Valaze Eye Shadow (Brown).

Blonde

Valaze Powder in the exquisite Blush tone.
Valaze Red Geranium Rouge—smartly daring.
Cubist Lipstick in Red Geranium—vivid, alluring.
Valaze Eye Shadow in Blue.

Titian Blonde (*Auburn Hair*)

Valaze Powder in Cream.
Valaze Red Geranium Rouge—Irresistible!
Red Cardinal Lipstick—the dashing light shade.
Valaze Eye Shadow (Blue or Green).

For Evening

Valaze Powder in Mauve or Cream.
Valaze Rouge in Red Geranium.
Cubist Lipstick in Red Geranium.
Valaze Eye Shadow to match your eyes.

Write to HELENA RUBINSTEIN describing your skin and hair, and you will receive a Special Treatment Schedule. Ask for her booklet—"Personality Make-up". It tells how to express your most beautiful *you!*

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Philadelphia Boston Chicago Newark

Blondes ... such yet all screen stars

Nine out of ten screen stars keep their skin lovely with Lux Toilet Soap.

AN exquisite velvety skin is any girl's greatest charm, and for the screen star it is *all* important, leading motion picture directors say.

"I don't know a single girl without really lovely skin who has won enough of the public to become a star," says William Beaudine, director for First National.

"Exquisite smooth skin is the all-important asset of the star who must face into the glaring lights of the close-up," Joan Crawford explains.

The next time you see any of these lovely screen

RED-HEADS



Janet Gaynor, Fox star, says: "Lux Toilet Soap makes my skin feel so soft and smooth!"



Clara Bow, Paramount—"Lux Toilet Soap keeps the skin so lovely and smooth."



Joan Crawford, M. G. M.—"Lux Toilet Soap is lovely for keeping the skin smooth."



Nancy Carroll, Paramount—"Lux Toilet Soap helps keep one's skin so very flawless."

BLONDES



Marion Davies says: "Deliciously smooth 'studio skin' is a great asset. I am delighted with Lux Toilet Soap."



Esther Ralston, Paramount, says: "Lux Toilet Soap is excellent for keeping the skin delightfully smooth."



Dorothy Mackaill, First National, guards her beauty carefully. "Lux Toilet Soap is lovely for the skin," she says.



Anna Q. Nilsson, F. B. O. star—"Lux Toilet Soap is a splendid aid in keeping the skin smooth as velvet."

BRUNETTES



Bebe Daniels, Paramount—"Lux Toilet Soap is such a very great help in keeping the skin smooth and lovely."



Billie Dove, First National star, says: "I find Lux Toilet Soap delightfully pure and so very refreshing."



Lupe Velez, United Artists star, says enthusiastically—"Lux Toilet Soap certainly keeps my skin velvety."



Louise Brooks, Paramount star—"Lux Toilet Soap gives the skin the satin smoothness a star's skin must have."

Brunettes - Red-heads - widely varying types

alike have the vital appeal of smooth lovely skin

stars in a close-up, notice how smooth Lux Toilet Soap keeps her skin. "It gives my skin that beautiful smoothness I thought only fine French soaps gave," Renée Adorée says.

Nine out of ten screen stars are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap, and all the great film studios have made it the official soap for their dressing rooms.

The exacting screen stars can tell that Lux Toilet Soap is made by the French method. That is why it leaves your skin always so satin smooth. You will also like the way this white, daintily fragrant soap lathers so generously even in hard water!

AND BROWN HAIR



Evelyn Brent, Paramount star—"Lux Toilet Soap is so very pleasing and soothing."



Renée Adorée, M. G. M.—"Lux Toilet Soap gives my skin the texture I thought only fine French soaps gave."



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A few more of the lovely stars who always guard their skin with Lux Toilet Soap . . .

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Phyllis Haver—Pathé
Jeanette Loff—Pathé
May McAvoy—Warner Brothers
Glida Gray—Independent
Lois Moran—Fox
Mae Murray—Independent
Greta Nissen—Independent
Vera Reynolds—Independent
Ruth Taylor—Paramount
Alice White—First National
Josephine Dunn—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Gwen Lee—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Blanche Sweet—Independent
Lilyan Tashman—Independent
Thelma Todd—First National
Mary Nolan—Universal
Claire Windsor—Tiffany-Stahl
Priscilla Bonner—Independent
Rita Carewe—Independent
Kathryn Carver—Independent
Mary McAllister—Independent
Mae Busch—Independent
Ivy Harris—Independent
Kathleen Key—Independent
Lucila Mendez—F. B. O.
Barbara Worth—Universal

RED-HEADS

Mary Astor—Fox
Sally Eilers—Mack Sennett-Pathé
Merna Kennedy—Universal
Jacqueline Logan—Pathé
Marjorie Beebe—Fox
Audrey Ferris—Warner Brothers
Dorothy Gulliver—Universal
Margaret Livingston—Columbia
Myrna Loy—Warner Brothers
Blanche Mehaffey—Independent
Sally Phipps—Fox
Ethlyne Claire—Universal
Doris Hill—Paramount
Jocelyn Lee—Independent
Ann Rork—First National
Elinor Fair—Pathé

BRUNETTES

Madge Bellamy—Fox
Olive Borden—Independent
Mary Duncan—Fox
Marie Prevost—Independent
Aileen Pringle—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Irene Rich—Independent
Dorothy Sebastian—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Lya de Putti—Columbia
Sally O'Neil—Tiffany-Stahl
Alma Rubens—Independent
Virginia Valli—Independent
Lina Basquette—Pathé
Anne Cornwall—Christie-Paramount
Alberta Vaughn—F. B. O.
Fay Webb—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Barbara Bedford—Independent

BROWN HAIR

Betty Bronson—Warner Brothers
Sue Carol—Independent
Betty Compson—Independent
Louise Fazenda—Warner Brothers
Doris Kenyon—Independent
Patsy Ruth Miller—Independent
Mary Philbin—Universal
Estelle Taylor—Independent
Lois Wilson—Warner Brothers
June Collyer—Fox
Anita Stewart—Independent
Marceline Day—Independent
Bessie Love—Independent
Jobyna Ralston—Independent
Fay Wray—Paramount
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10¢

Confessions *of the* STARS

(*Continued from page 17*)

talk about it. There may or there may not be any basis of truth. All I do know is that I am forever seeking and never finding; seeking the one man who would be for me. Bigger and stronger than I. Better. A teacher as well as a lover. A god as well as a man. This is what all women seek, consciously or unconsciously, if they will confess as I am doing. Because nature is undefeatable, a mate is the normal objective, and the need of idolatry persists in every human heart.

"And strangest of all, I think, is that in this incarnation I should have been given the name Qverentia, ever-seeking. Where my father got it—because he gave it to me—or how, or why, neither he nor I will ever know. He has no explanation. He never had heard of the name before. It just came to him.

"And that it is the key-note of my entire life is as true as the facts of the Zodiac.

"There have been numerous casual, or more or less casual, romances in my life. And all of them have had the quality of dream and of seeking.

"There was that winter in London a few years ago. While I was there I began to get mysterious and completely beautiful notes from a man I didn't know, had never seen, didn't even know the name of. I knew nothing of him, nothing about him except that every day these exquisite letters would come to me. Beautiful letters saying beautiful things. I began, of course, to create a gorgeous romance in my mind. I built about this unknown man a dream so shining no man could hope to live up to it. I should have known that.



Woodbury

Hiding behind the mask of masculinity. But you can't fool us, Anna Q. Nilsson. Take off that golf cap; we know you

Less Than Dreams of Him

"AFTER several days of this I chanced to discover that the man was stopping at the same hotel as I, that he had the adjoining suite. To let him know that I knew where he was I began to answer his notes. This went on for more days. Thrilling, throbbing notes, each containing some of the best of each of us, passed back and forth between us, under the door, each unseen by the other. He, of course, had seen me. I had not seen him—to know him. And every man I saw in the lobby, on the streets; every tall, beautiful mysterious stranger I met I would think to myself, 'This is he.'

"It couldn't go on forever, of course, and so, one day, I met him. He was not the man I had thought he was. He didn't measure up. He didn't look as I had thought he would look in those improbable dreams of mine. Charming. Gracious. But not—not he.

"Shortly after that episode I returned to New York. He had returned, too. One evening he called me on the 'phone and invited me to take dinner at his home with him and with—his wife.

"So much for dreams and the dreaming of dreams.

"There was my first marriage. I have never talked about it before because, in the first place, it happened when I was beginning in pictures; and in the second place it wasn't, and it isn't now, a happy thing to talk about.

"That first marriage of mine was prompted by a maternal emotion. Nothing more or less. Everyone told me how much he needed me, what I could do for him, make of him. He told me, too. He couldn't carry on without me. He couldn't stop drinking unless I helped him. He couldn't amount to anything unless he had me by his side. I believed him. I thought, 'He is mine, mine to take care of.' And this seemed to me to be a good and sufficient reason for matrimony. I wasn't in love with him. I knew that, too. Well, I married him; and for five difficult years I learned the bitter lesson that what a man cannot or will not do for himself no woman can do for him.

That First Mistake

"TO marry a man to reform him is to delude yourself with a folly that can never become a fact. These were five burdened years for me. And I got from under only when I realized that my service was no service at all.

"My second marriage was of much the same calibre, although the reasons for its failure were different ones. Simply, the whole premise was wrong again. He was not for me nor I for him. It was a second mistake.

"It has always been so with me; love, the deterrent, I have met everywhere.

"I wish to God I had had children. I should have had them. I want them now. Need them now. I might have found satisfaction in them, enough to fill my life. As it is, I shall probably marry again; and if I do, this time I shall stop working. I'll stay at home, have children, be domestic and be satisfied to be so. Human beings cannot live alone and be completely normal. Or I cannot. Home is necessary to me. A companion is necessary to me. I can't be happy alone.

"I am a fatalist. I believe that what is to be will be, that it is written, and neither attempts to escape nor attempts to force matters can change one jot of it.

We Are Ruled by Fate

"EVERYTHING I have ever had in my life, everything that has ever happened to me, has just come to me. The good as well as the bad, the bad as well as the good. I have had nothing to do with my own life. I don't believe we can help what we are very much. I do think that every so often in life there are two paths to take, two turns to choose from. But two turns, two roads only, and almost always there is someone or some set of circumstances to give us a push in a direction we are not certain of.

I believe that everything that happens is for a purpose. When I had my accident seven months ago, I began to rail at this accursed fate of mine. I swore at the jade like a trooper. Then I began to think. I had plenty of time to think. And I believe I changed. I learned a patience I had never known before, a tolerance. I, who had always been impatient of illness and of pain, intolerant of other people and their way of doing things, fiery-tempered, hasty.

"I have never known fear in all my life. Of anything. But if there had been a vestige in me before the accident, it has gone now. When people came to see me in the hospital—and in many cases strangers came where people I had thought my friends stayed away—they asked me, 'Aren't you afraid you will be lamed for life?' And my answer was, 'No. I've never thought of such a thing.' I hadn't. I knew I wouldn't be. Because I don't deserve a punishment like that. I may have deserved a warning, a penalty, but I do not deserve a life-long penalty. It wouldn't be fair play.

"And I am completely without fear today. Neither fear of old age, poverty, loneliness nor death can daunt me. What is to be, will be.

My Twin Desire

"AS a child, to put the horse after the cart, I had no fiery ambitions of the usual sort. I didn't want to be an actress, a poet, a sculptor. I had never thought of such things. In my country, among my kind of people, girls are brought up to scrub and sew and clean and bake—and that is that.

"But I was born with a twin desire: to go to America and to make money. The two were one in my mind. I can't remember the day when I didn't know that some day

(*Continued on page 77*)



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There's Always Carpet-Laying

(*Continued from page 43*)

character, as the exigencies of the drama demanded. Along about this time of his career he collided with an operatic outfit which has as its principal claim to fame the fact that the names of Roscoe Arbuckle, Chaney, Robert Z. Leonard, the director, were inscribed upon its scrolls.

Sixteen years ago Lon hit Hollywood, stopped his share of custard pies, did his bit for the home town of all film comedians, Pratt Falls; and ended up by getting screen credit as the Curse-You-Jack-Dalton villain of a Universal western, "Hell Morgan's Girl." In this one, by the way, Chaney took a back flip from a roof for the sake of his art. And landed on the back of his head.

"It ain't been right since," Lon muttered in unconscious humor.

If it wasn't for George Loane Tucker and "The Miracle Man," instead of "Lon Chaney in ———," screens and theater marquee lights would bear the legend "Directed by Lon Chaney." For Lon did the megaphone yelping through a dozen J. Warren Kerrigan pictures. But Tucker and his star-making epic made him an actor forever.

The Biggest Man-Star

CHANEY says that he first became interested in the art of make-up when watching Richard Mansfield in his varied characterizations. *Beau Brummell* one night, *Ivan, the Terrible* the next. Throughout a lengthy repertoire Mansfield combined his genius with a thorough knowledge of make-up to create an illusion unequalled in the theater of his generation. Marveling at the man and admiring him then as he does now, Chaney began his experimentations. And dabbling in the alchemy of paint and putty, he has evolved a mine of purest box-office gold. For despite the popularity of gusty lovers and daisy-chain ladies, Lon is the greatest masculine money-magnet in the movies.

He won't exactly admit his preference among the many films in which he has starred. But it is sure that the one following "The Miracle Man" stands high in his regard. It was "The Penalty," if you remember. And in it, Lon played the part of *Blizzard*, a legless cripple.

"A tough rôle," Lon remarks. "I couldn't stand it for more than seven minutes at a time. Legs bent double. Lot of pain. Got hurt in that one, too. Had to throw myself from a table and broke an ankle."

But it was all part of the racket. The same as the torture of the hooks, which inserted in the nostrils and stretched back tightly under a wig, added further grotesquerie to the features of *The Phantom*. And, incidentally, infected the nose. All part of the racket, like the gruesome sets of tusks which have left Lon's gums scarred and dented. All part of the racket, like the ruptured blood-vessel caused by the strangulation of his circulation when he worked with his arms strapped to his sides in "The Unknown." It's a merry life in the movies. The stars have a cinch. Ask Alonzo.

It is one of life's little ironies that Chaney's proficiency in making up has robbed him of the greater glory which is his by right. In considering the man, it occurs that he has, perhaps purposely, handicapped himself with his disguises. Maybe penance for the Barrymore profile. For no matter what opinions to the contrary, the sort of make-ups Chaney affects hampers any pantomimist. And Lon is a pantomimist.



Everybody knows that Elinor Glyn can write. But her accomplishments do not end there: she can also read. This picture proves it

The One-Eyed Wonder

"IT seemed to me," he says with chin-stroking retrospection, "that if a fellow could take a monster like *The Hunchback*, play the rôle with only one eye of his real features in evidence, and still command sympathy from the customers, that that would be doing something. Yes, mister, that would be doing something."

He stresses the use of the eyes in acting. They are truly the windows of the soul, he says. And insists that any emotion may be registered though the entire lower part of the face be covered. Endeavoring to render brusque aid to a kid in one of his pictures who just wasn't getting over, he snarled:

"Say, Miss, ain't you got any eyebrows?"

But not alone are the eyes important. And not alone the face. The actor must be in character with his entire body. And to point his theory, Lon tells of a player who went through a highly dramatic sequence which was ruined because the fellow permitted one hand and arm to droop listlessly beside his chair. That arm and hand were out of character and spoiled the entire effect.

When not working on one of his own pictures, Chaney may be found most any hour of most any day snooping around here and there on the various sets. Learning, perhaps, how not to act. But when that whistle blows, he's through. Like any good union man. And after that pictures are out. And so are picture people, with those few exceptions that always prove the rule. After twenty-three years of marriage, Lon still believes that a wife has some rights. And although Mrs. Chaney took Lon's name back in the comic opera days, when she too was a member of the troupe, she is totally unfamiliar with the film business. And as picture people will invariably talk pictures, those who gather at the Chaney board are more often than not from other walks of life. Which makes for variety in the table talk. One fairly constant visitor is the manager of the water-heater factory which is one of the outside interests increasing the Chaney revenues. But this is natural, for the manager is Creighton Chaney, Lon's son. And he'll never be an actor till he's able to lick his dad.

Too Tough for Talkies

"NO, sir, not me!" Lon emphasizes by removing the cheaters from his expressive eyes. And of course he means the talkies. Chaney just can't see them. Not so far, anyway. Of course, the day may come. Mayer and Thalberg and Rapf have a reputation for persuasiveness. Moreover Lon has a deep, resonant voice made to match the man himself.

"Why," he says, "that needle'd just jump right off the recording device. Me, I'd bust the microphone. Can you imagine the kind of parts I play, with me and some roughneck bellowing at one another —— you, you ———, I'll knock your ——— head off, and to pass the censors the dialog would have to be 'oh, for heaven's sake!'"

Chaney prefers to be among the observers, rather than be the one observed. The reticence which kept him from lessening Mayor Jimmy Walker's supply of Keys to the City during his recent visit to New York is the same that causes him to shy at any publicity of a personal nature. For his pictures, okeh. That's showmanship. But among famous last words should be set down, "Won't you make a personal appearance, Mr. Chaney?" He won't do it. And he won't radio. And he won't pose for pictures.

There may be method in his madness. That he is such a tremendous drawing card would indicate that there is. He knows the value of piquing the curiosity of the customers. And he knows that an open book soon loses its interest. He will keep himself apart from the rest as long as he can. And if he finally falls from his high estate of public esteem, there always remains the union card which will get him a job. Even though picture theaters, or television, have by that time closed the show shops and sent the stage hands into less colorful fields, there'll still be the carpet-laying business. And believe me, Lon Chaney can lay a carpet.





THIS IS THE SECRET OF POPULAR GIRLS

THERE are certain girls, who on casual analysis do not appear unusually gifted, yet who cannot find enough hours in the day to meet their engagements.

What is their secret?

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Write the Staff of the Invalids Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for valuable medical advice. It is free.

You've Got to Know Somebody

(Continued from page 49)

They agreed and Gary was shown into the room where twelve or fifteen of Paramount's most important people had foregathered.

The interview was brief but it had results. Well—you can see for yourself how Gary has forged to the top in a short time.

At one point in Richard Arlen's career—after he had struggled along as an extra and had worked up to playing bits—he had several disappointments in a row which convinced him that it was no use to try any longer. He was a failure. So he went away.

In San Francisco he met Irvin Willatt, the director. Irvin brought him back to Hollywood and Dick began over, under the wing of Someone Who Knew Everybody. And the new career trundled him right into success with hardly a stop on the way.

In the early days Adolphe Menjou had one forlorn hope. He knew Charles Chaplin. For years, while Menjou fought and struggled for recognition, Chaplin used to say to him periodically, "Some day, Adolphe, I am going to make you famous. Some day I shall direct a picture and you shall be in it. It will have a part made to order for you."

It was a long time happening. But finally Chaplin made "A Woman of Paris." And that picture made Menjou a star.

Of course, there is this to be considered: knowing Someone having a pull will get you your chance, but, sooner or later, you must prove that you have something to contribute. All the pull in the world, acquaintance with every executive, will not keep you working unless you show some talent.

The Click and the Dead

DIANA KANE, who is Lois Wilson's sister, had a great chance. Not only was she the sister of a prominent actress, but various prominent people, including Valentino, were interested in helping her along. But somehow she never quite clicked. And one hears little of her now.

Shannon Day arrived in Hollywood with letters from prominent people to practically everyone. She had a lot of chances. But she never quite got over.

To mention the exception which is said to prove the rule, the thing worked backwards for Evelyn Brent. As long as she was married to Bernie Fineman, who was an executive on the Paramount lot, she had difficulty in getting any sort of a chance to show what she could do.

"She is just somebody's wife," said directors. And they showed little enthusiasm about using her in parts which would help her along.

After her divorce from Fineman, however, that jinx was broken and she got the part in "Underworld" which brought her into prominence.

It is all a matter, really, of getting yourself identified. Otherwise you remain just one of several thousand unknowns who are trying to break in.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer considered that the fact that Anne Page first came to Hollywood under the wing of Harry Thaw was not very good publicity for the gal. They changed her name after they signed her, by way of softening the rather unpleasant publicity connected with her arrival and début.

But the fact remains that if Anne had NOT come heralded in some such manner, she would never have come to anyone's attention and she would not now be under contract to M-G-M.

Be Noisy or Forgotten

YOU can't slink into the movies. There must be some sort of huzzah over you or no one will believe that you amount to anything. And an unpleasant huzzah is better than no huzzah at all.

Jamiel Hasson, the Arab gentleman who was technical director on "Fazil," finds these methods most bewildering. Someone mentioned the fact, in his presence, that the ladies of the harem in that picture did not look like Arabian women.

"Do not blame Me for THAT—please," he begged. "I do not onder-stand how things are done in this America! They engage me because I am suppose' to know. Then it happens like this.

"I have five Mexican girls for those harem scenes. I select them because they look like women of my country. And, besides, I onderstand their language. It is good.

"First a frien' of mine in the casting office, he come to me and say, 'Jamiel, you are a frien' of mine. As a favor to me—could you use my wife in those harem scenes? Yes? I should appreciate that.'

"It is expected of me and—what can I do? He has been kind to me. I take out one of Mexican girls and put in his wife. The job is good pay for several weeks.

"Next come another frien' who has also done many nice things for me in that studio. He also works there. He say, 'Jamiel—my sweetheart, she would like to work in those harem scenes in "Fazil." And my sweetheart, she has a sister. Could you, as a favor to me, arrange for that?'

"There are three of my Mexican girls gone out of those scenes.

The Overstuffed Harem

"SO it goes on. Another frien' of mine, he has a cousin. And there was another sweetheart. All my Mexican girls are gone and presently I have more requests from my frien's and there are no more places in the harem and people are—what you say?—sore at me.

"And yet, you know, they pay me to KNOW how these things should be!"

A casting director on one of the biggest lots once told me, speaking of these things, "It is Hollywood's system. And since that is the way the game is played, a beginner would be foolish to try to play it any other way. No amount of ability will do you any good unless you can attract someone's attention to it."

Not what you can do. Not what you know. But WHOM! That is one of Hollywood's major rules for success.

Take it throughout the year, no one can deny that CLASSIC hits on all twelve months. It's the fan magazine that not only gets the news first but presents it in first-best manner. Not only once or twice or three times, but regularly. Readers of CLASSIC are getting so used to finding the unexpected in it that they have come to expect it. And they always find they get it. Which is why they get CLASSIC—and why CLASSIC gets them. The 10th of every month is the big day, the day when the newsstands bring out the newest edition of

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

It's the Magazine with the Personality

So Famous, So Afraid

(*Continued from page 29*)

That he and the little woman had nothing in common. They haven't—now.

Reginald Denny and his wife. Sixteen years for them. But fame or Bubbles Lee went to Reggie's handsome head—and what are joint years and hopes and sorrows and triumphs compared to illusion and a recaptured dream?

Think of the first Barthelmess marriage. They lived in a world lined with youth and spangled with glamor. Housekeeping came along. A baby. The veil was rent. It wasn't all moonlight and whispered words. It was life. It didn't last.

Dreams Worn Threadbare

GLORIA SWANSON has tried it twice before. Before the Marquis. Cogitate on that.

Douglas Fairbanks was married for years. A brighter dream was possible with the world's sweetheart. Well, that's easy.

Constance Talmadge has had a couple of spasms. They interfere with—well, things.

Milton Sills was in the state of bliss for seventeen or eighteen years. Any dream will wear thin, given that much usage. A dream worn thin means that hatchet-faced reality obtrudes. Answer: swap for a new dream.

John Gilbert and Leatrice Joy ate breakfast together for some five years, more or less. A baby came along. Mutual breakfasts and baby buntings rub the polish off a profiled god. Exit, m. b.'s and babies.

It doesn't seem to be a question of time. Two days, thirty years: it comes to the same thing in the end. The dream must be preserved. Reality must be banished. Escape. Escape.

One thinks of the Tom Meighans, the Lon Chaneys, the Conrad Nagels—and one wonders, with a beating heart. One thinks of Vilma and Rod and their newer ecstasies and the little chairs that will one day be occupied—one wonders again—and hopes—and fears.

Marriage is a contract, you see. It doesn't always pay as other contracts do. It is made of chains, prohibitions, inhibitions and facts. It sometimes cuts. And a cut is pain. And pain is reality.

No babies:

Babies Are Betrayers

OR only one. Babies are not swan's-down and remote gurgles and scented talcum. Babies are diapers and colicky cries in the night and vanishing nursemaids and nights at home. Babies are dead givers-away of age—and age is a reality never to be admitted. Maturity may glow like saffron and damask on the face of the garden rose, but never on the cool, slim face of a star.

Babies are flesh and blood, too-substantial bonds between gilded dream-stuff and a solid, bone-structural world.

Criticism: They can't stand the scratching sound of adverse criticism. Never has one been heard to say, "You were right. I am wrong. I have been a fool, evil, heedless something I shouldn't have been." Never.

The mirror of reality has frequently an ugly crack across it, and must never be looked into.

They purr and lap up the sugar-drip of honied adjectives. They accept the maple syrup of the press, complacently, as their just due.

Only when a pen falters from the path of primrose dalliance is anything heard from them; and then a thin, fearful howl rends the air. A sobbing boo-hoo is heard. Another chink has been made, you see, and reality has poked in an admonitory finger.

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ALL you have to do is to copy the above sentence (Marlboro—A Cigarette For Those Who Can Afford 20c For The Best) in ink in your own handwriting and send it to address below. Don't put it off! It costs nothing to enter this contest.

This month's Marlboro contest closes March 31st. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded. The judges will be: Mme. Nadya Olyanova, Graphologist; K. M. Goode, Writer and Psychologist; George Bucher, Art Director; R. M. Ellis, President, Philip Morris & Co. Reproductions of especially distinguished handwritings will be shown in leading society magazines.

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INSTANTLY, and without the slightest hint of artificiality, this fashionable liquid lash dressing bestows on the eyes new loveliness. It frames them in a shadowy fringe of luxuriant lashes and so creates the wonderful effect of beauty. Liquid Winx so easy to apply and remove is waterproof. Not even tears can cause this smart lash dressing to run or streak. Sold at all toilet goods counters. In black or brown shades, only 75c complete. Get this new beauty today.

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She Hates the Screen

(*Continued from page 40*)

stage. To see if there was any of the real Pauline Frederick left. To find out if I could act after all these years of waste. I went back to the stage two years ago. It has been my salvation," she added casually.

Well, this was surprise number one. Polly, as she is popularly named by her friends, was the first individual who earns a living in the film world that had ever confessed to me her dislike for the movies.

Polly Can Act

HERE was a woman who honestly and fearlessly told of her own feeling about her work. She knows she can act. Her success on the stage long before she went into pictures proved that to her. Theater-goers all over the world, in London, Australia, in every corner of America, acclaim her talent. Many people remember the furore she aroused in her famous rôle of "Madame X." Recently she played a limited engagement in London, reviving this play. It would sound like the ravings of a press-agent to repeat what actually occurred when she opened.

In the provinces, when she toured with the play, the crowds followed her everywhere she went. She had to slip down side alleys, to sneak in rear doors to avoid them. They hung around her hotel for hours, waiting patiently until she should show herself at the window. This European popularity was the greatest surprise she ever had in her life.

Surprise Number Two. Pauline Frederick is really intelligent. Now, I don't think that anybody in the world has ever conceded real intelligence to the average movie star. By intelligence, I mean keen judgment, knowledge, a perspective on life that gives tolerance, understanding, appreciation of values; and above all, a sense of humor.

We were back upstairs in her rooms at the Ambassador.

"What do you think of the sound pictures?" I asked her.

The Noisesome Noisies

SHE made a gesture familiar to all street gamins in denoting disgust—when their olfactory organs are encountering something quite unpleasant. It was quite effective.

"But I should think that you would be terribly interested," I persisted. "To me a person with your acting ability would be enthusiastic about having an opportunity really to display it, to use your voice which, after all, is the finest medium of expression you possess."

"That's just it," she replied. "Judging from the nasal, whining, lisping tones I have heard so far as a result of making players speak through the machines, I think they are awful. They have to be metallic or they don't go over. They have to be high, almost piercing. Now you know, my voice is low, deep. It is suited for tragedy, but the tragedy of the stage. Not for the Vitaphone. I will either have to learn diction all over again, or they will have to develop the sound machines by the time I go back to work in pictures, so that it won't be necessary. As it is now, I would be terrible, I'm sure. So far, the sound pictures require an entirely new manner of speech. I don't think it is a good one—just the contrary. But who can tell? I understand the work in the laboratories is about two years ahead of what we are hearing now in the movie houses. It is a wonderful invention—if it works."

Evidently, the powers that be in filmdom feel that they have made strides in the development of this new medium, for Pauline has just signed a two years' contract to make sound pictures for Warner Brothers. Will this new angle bring her into her own?

Animals and Knitting

"I SHALL never permit myself to get back into the rut again," she declared firmly. "My contract allows me to act on the stage. I would not have signed it if it didn't. I expect to act in the theater on the Coast and, when I feel the urge, to take my plays around the country. I'm not interested in anything but my work, my mother, my animals, and my home out in Beverly Hills. If I could afford to, I'd turn my place into a home for stray animals. I'm always cluttering up the house with them anyway. And, oh, yes! I forgot," she added. "Look: this goes with me everywhere I go."

I looked and nearly fainted.

She had opened a large, weatherbeaten trunk. The top tray, and underneath was filled with wool. Great rolls of wool. Grey in every shade. Brown wool and tan. It made me think of the war.

"What on earth?"

"I love it," she exclaimed. "I knit all the moments I can possibly find. I must keep my hands busy. I have to be working with them, or go crazy. See what I made for mother—just finished to send her for a surprise."

She held up a huge, beautifully made automobile robe, knitted by her own fingers, and containing practically every shade of gray, from the deepest tint, which was almost black, to the palest ivory.

Her pride in it was remarkable. I think she would almost rather receive praise for her needle-work, and she sews like a nun—than she would for her dramatic ability.

I asked her some personal questions.

"My private life is my own business," she answered calmly. She wasn't being rude. She was just stating a fact. "I am not over-fond of publicity," she continued. "If you will stop to think, you will realize that I have given out probably fewer interviews than any other person in the movies. I avoid talking about myself as much as possible. If people want to hear about my work, I'm glad to discuss it with them. If they want to hear about my love affairs, or what I eat for breakfast, they will have to go elsewhere for the information. Out in Hollywood," she conceded, "that would not be a difficult thing for anyone to do to satisfy their curiosity about any star."

She put on a small, charming hat. She wears her clothes well. She is unusually chic for a movie actress. I've always thought them the worst-dressed women in the world.

"I'm going shopping," she said. "I've been playing *Madame X* so long now that I've gotten to feel like her. I dyed all my clothes black, and the first thing I knew I was getting an acute attack of melancholia. So now I'm looking for color. Red dresses. Green dresses. Beige. Anything with some life and sparkle to it. How do you like this?"

She had on a new Bendel soft green model. It suited her to perfection. She knew it.

I left her feeling that I wanted badly to see her again. I seldom feel that way after interviewing female screen sirens. Polly is different. She is a mature woman with a great deal of charm and personality. Piquant, interesting to talk to and look at. Not beautiful, more than beautiful: a human being with all the warmth and grace of an unusually fine character.

The Hollywood Follies of 1928

(*Continued from page 19*)

bring your daughters up in Hollywood. They just might be asked to join, and you can't join unless you have made a messy scene in public. Also, the by-laws are unprintable.

Eva von Berne. A typical Hollywood Folly. To everyone but the Little Evas who come into Hollywood on a laurel wreath and leave on the well-known cake of ice. The Thalbergs discovered Eva in Europe. She was touted over here. While here she was let lay.

Poker and Cards

NORMA TALMADGE'S poker parties where thousand-dollar bills flip from paws once straining for a nickel. Oh, Sodom! Oh, Gomorrah!

Agua Caliente, where the same thing is carried on in a really big way.

Mary Pickford's bob. But really the people who rushed to interview her on the moral and ethical values, the psychological reasons mounting like steps to the Great Step, the reflex actions and the Freudian reactions following this Momentous Move. Oh, Heavens!

The mysterious married-or-not-married state of Joan Crawford. The cold hands and panting hearts awaiting the great, the decisive pronunciamento. Well, yes or no?

Mrs. George Bancroft wafting a slice of fresh orange in front of George's nostrils to apprise him of the fact that Day Has Dawned. Women's magazines, please copy.

Tom Mix's one hundred per cent American ideals on how, and mostly where, the well-dressed man will divorce.

The way the women in Hollywood, fan magazine writers included, are going on over Gary Cooper.

Karl Dane's Temperament

LAURA LA PLANTE letting her hair go back to natural. Dyeing it back to natural. Whoever heard of a lady star dying to be natural?

The marriages of Clara Bow's daddy.

The birth of Karl Dane's temperament. Instrument case.

Allowing May McAvoy to talk into the microphone.

Off-agi'n, on-agi'n, Marie and Ken Harlan.

The Mayfair Club. Ten bones a head for having your feet trod upon by Bull Montana or Vic McLaglen. Cheap at the price. So's your ole man.

Texas Guinan's visitation.

Supervisors.

Imported writers who are put through the meat chopper and come out screen scrapple.

Lupe Velez's hundred-dollar shoes. Lots of hundred-dollar shoes for Lupe. And Chinese rugs.

Norman Kerry and Lew Cody and Lew's rabidly religious cook. Norman went, one night, to call on Lew. He is usually admitted gratis, early or late, and no questions asked. This night Lew had gone into the silence leaving word that no person was to be admitted, including Norman. Norman arrived arm in arm with Bacchus. The butler passed the word. Norman vaulted the nearest balcony, slid down the drain pipe a coupla times and finally wedged his burglarious way into a darkened bed-chamber. The lights blazed. A woolly head with tightly shut eyes rose up before him and there issued the words, "I'se Gawd's perfect child and no harm can come to me." It was Lew's cook. Norman had gotten his doorknobs mixed.

RUTH ST. DENIS *discusses off-stage make-up*



Ruth St. Denis and Denishawn Dancers at class, in Denishawn House, N. Y.

"Your make-up should enhance your personality, but never overdramatize it. Your rouge, creams and powder must be perfect in color, in blending and lasting qualities. I prefer Tangee preparations myself. They are particularly effective, and I am glad to recommend Tangee lipstick particularly. It is really more than a lipstick! Tangee protects your lips from chapping and is so natural in effect."

Demand Tangee today. One lipstick for all complexions! On sale everywhere. Tangee Lipstick $1. Tangee Rouge Compact 75¢, Tangee Crême Rouge $1 (and for complete beauty treatment: Tangee Day Cream, Tangee Night Cream and Tangee Face Powder, $1 each). 25¢ higher in Canada.

Beauty . . . for 20 Cents!

Twenty cents brings you the *miniature* Tangee Beauty Set—all six items and the "Art of Make-Up." Address Dept. M, P.C.3, The George W. Luft Co., Inc., 417 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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Ruth St. Denis, the world's greatest exponent of Classical and Oriental Dancing . . . "who has brought more realization of Beauty into the world than any one being of her time."

If the name Tangee does not appear on the carton and gunmetal case it is not Tangee.





Absorb Cold Cream this way *don't rub it in*

DIRT, germs, powder, rouge cling to cold cream. Harsh towels, old pieces of unsanitary cloth send these beauty-destroying accumulations down into the pores. There they cause blackheads, enlarged pores—all sorts of troubles that you can avoid by removing cold cream the right way . . . with Kleenex Cleansing Tissues.

Kleenex comes in fine, thin sheets of white tissue. It is especially absorbent. It lifts all the dirt from the pores along with cold cream. You discard it after using once—yet, using three sheets for a treatment, it costs only a few cents a day.

If you haven't yet used Kleenex let this free coupon bring you a sample package by return mail. Fill it out now and mail it.

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Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Illinois. Please send sample to

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City ..... *State* .....

The Love Secrets of Rex and Rinty

(*Rex-Continued from page 30*)

moments, she makes desperate efforts to break down the walls of her quarters next door, so as to stay with me. I cannot say more than that she has ever been the perfect consort for a horse of my position. She has not at any time allowed the proud name of Jon - - of Rex to be dragged in the dust. I have relied implicitly in her faithfulness.

"But, as I have told you, marriage is not enough! My personality is too diverse to admit of confinement. My soul is too sensitive to beauty for me to resist the beautiful when I see it. You must understand that the hot blood of kings runs through my veins.

"So it was that began those episodes in my life which the world has so vulgarly characterized as eating my wild oats. In reality, as you and I can appreciate, they were of course nothing of the kind. They represented a soul crying out for self-expression. That is all.

Just a Country Colt

"I CAN remember just as if it were yesterday that time —oh, more years ago than I care to count—when I headed my first location expedition to Montana with the Hal Roach people. It all happened so quickly that I had no time to think of the sad-eyed Lady waiting for me in the stable. I attracted the attention of a mare in the village, who asked the farmer for whom she was working whether something could not be arranged. My pulses were beating fast as the hour approached. I was intoxicated by the nearness of adventure. That night—but you will understand the rest. You who possess such understanding eyes.

"Then it happened again—this time in Nevada. It seems that I must have a great deal of It, as Elinor Glyn herself once remarked. Another likely-looking filly looked into my lustrous brown eyes and fell a victim to them. That evening—but after all, there is no need to go into details of that evening. Suffice it that, while Lady at the end of the day's location work used to pine in her stable, I would be out, night after night, making whoopee with the fillies. It was sad for her—but what could I do?

Morganatic Propensities

"YOU see—I am not of the stock that can munch out the long evenings over a load of hay. I make no excuses for myself, but there is something in my blood —It, Madame Glyn called it once. And I am of the almost extinct Morgan breed. Some of my enemies have tried to insinuate that the only reason I play such havoc with the fillies is that Morgan sires produce the best colts, and that I happened to have the luck of being born one of the last of the Morgan horses. That, of course, you will unerringly characterize as a ridiculous suggestion. It is not worthy of the time of one with such understanding eyes.

"Looking back, I can only sum up my love-life by repeating that 'Marriage is not enough.' I have lived and I have loved, and the only conclusion I have been able to reach is that a real, hundred per cent horse needs plenty of fillies—and they must be real *mignon*. Not, mind you, that a good wife like Lady isn't a great consolation at times—especially when the shadows of old age are beginning to fall.

"I have been called wild—by those who cannot understand me. But I am just a horse—with all a horse's loves and hates and a horse's soul. I may be a horse's neck, but Lady knows that I am always true to her in spirit."

(*Rin-Tin-Tin-Continued from page 31*)

upstanding young leading men in pictures has joined with me consistently in this campaign for sex in the home. He, too, they tell me, is good in the talkies. We are both making the grade splendidly because the public is confident that we are nice to know. Nobody has ever thought of calling me the King of Wild Dogs. That is because I am not wild; I am a home dog.

Against Rex and Sex

"HAVE there been times when an intruder tried to force his way into our peaceful domestic circle? Now you are asking me for frank speaking and you will get it. Of course, there have been such episodes in our long married life. There have been times when, on the set, Nanette has attracted the attention of some other dog. But I am a believer in rough and ready methods of dealing with such low curs. On one occasion of this kind I remember that the cur in question was particularly assiduous in his attentions to Nanette. I went to him and spoke bluntly.

" 'You son of a woman!' I said. The taunt struck home, and he fled for cover.

"How do Nanette and I still care for each other after so long? It is simple. We go about our separate ways during the day, except when scenes for the picture bring us together. Then we are always glad to see each other again in the evening. Perhaps you might say that we are a sort of companionate couple."



Every star his own talkie-tester. This is the policy Buster Keaton believes in. He has devised a special instrument for the finding out of how he looks and listens

Rin-Tin-Tin held out a paw. "Delighted you dropped in," he said. "I have told you all there is of my simple philosophy of love. And now you must excuse me, for tonight I am due to address the Academy of Barks and Licenses on the serious question of the Wild Horse Menace. I am moving to have some of these immoral creatures deported from the pure atmosphere of Hollywood. I must run along now and get my virtue polished for the occasion. Good-bye."

Confessions of the Stars

(*Continued from page 68*)

I should go to America and make money.

"Oh, yes—and I did want to be a beauty. Not for any specific reason that I can think of, but just to be one. And this desire came to me one night when I was watching a little trapeze artist in a traveling circus. I watched the girl, her golden curls—probably a wig—her fluffy ballerina skirts—doubtless tawdry and soiled—and I went home and cried over my own straight hair and scant cotton frock. I longed passionately to have curly golden ringlets and to be as beautiful and mysterious as this poor little circus child looked to me.

"After my arrival in America and after I had run away from the family friends who had brought me over, and even after I had been working as a nursemaid for some little time, I was walking along the street one day when an artist stopped me. He asked me to pose for him. I had never heard of posing. I didn't know what he was talking about. But I understood that he meant to pay me some money, and I said, 'All right.' It just came to me, you see. On the street, like that. I did pose for him and then for others. Photographers. Dressmakers. And while modeling gowns I met Alice Joyce—still my dearest friend—and Mabel Normand and others; and gradually these contacts led me to the screen. Things have just continued to happen to me, without any will of my own.

"And here I am.

"If I have not realized the most shining of my dreams, neither have I been made cynical or bitter by the reverse side of life. Funny, but no man has ever made an indecent proposition to me.

"I have never been placed in compromising positions. Scandal has kept clear of me. And this despite the vast amount of talk there is about the Babylonia of Hollywood. Perhaps it exists. Perhaps it takes two to make any kind of a bargain. Perhaps I have no It. I must consult Elinor Glyn about this.

"Perhaps I am seeking that which I cannot find; after all, who knows?



Stocks are bonds in this instance, wherein Fay Wray poses in one of the instruments of punishment required in the filming of her soon-to-be-seen picture, "The Four Feathers"

Lose unsightly FAT

this easy Pleasant way



PEOPLE used to think that excess fat all came from over-eating or under-exercise. So some people starved, but with slight effect. Some became very active, still the fat remained.

THEN medical research began the study of obesity. It was found that the thyroid gland largely controlled nutrition. One of its purposes is to turn food into fuel and energy.

FAT people, it was found, generally suffered from an under-active thyroid.

THEN experiments were made on animals—on thousands of them. Over-fat animals were fed thyroid in small amounts. Countless reports showed that excess fat quite promptly disappeared.

THEN thyroid, taken from cattle and sheep, was fed to human beings with like results. Science then realized that a way had been found to combat a great cause of obesity. Since then, this method has been employed by doctors, the world over, in a very extensive way.

Next came Marmola

THEN a great medical laboratory perfected a tablet based on this principle. It was called Marmola prescription.

MARMOLA was perfected 21 years ago. Since then it has been used in an enormous way—millions of boxes of it. Users told others about it. They told how it not only banished fat but increased health and vigor.

THAT is one great reason—perhaps a major reason—why excess fat is nowhere near as common as it was.

No Secrecy

MARMOLA is not a secret prescription. The complete formula appears in every box. Also an explanation of the results which so delight its users.

NO abnormal exercise or diet is required, but moderation helps. One simply takes four tablets daily until weight comes down to normal. Correct the cause. with lessened weight comes new vitality and many other benefits.

Do the Right Thing

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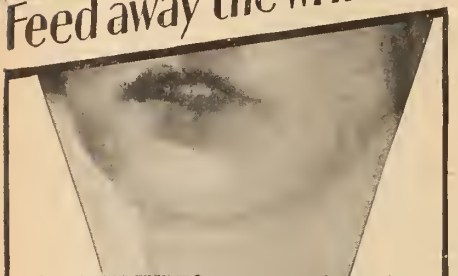
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WRINKLES appear when the flesh and tissues under the skin become soft or lifeless. Babies and children never have wrinkles; their flesh is firm and live.

To smooth away wrinkles, the tissues under the skin must be nourished back to firmness. Dr. Charles' Flesh Food does this by absorption. You use it as an ordinary night cream. It feeds the tissues and tones them up. Wrinkles and sagging flesh disappear. It is also invaluable for rounding out hollows in the neck and shoulders.

For three generations women have used Dr. Charles' Flesh Food. 50c the box, $1 the jar, at any druggist.

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Now you can get quick relief from all skin eruptions, eczema, rashes, pimples, blotches and other skin troubles. Liquid D. D. D. applied pure, penetrates the skin, soothing and healing the irritated tissues. Stops itching instantly. Clear, stainless and greaseless, dries up immediately. A 35c trial bottle will prove the merits of this famous antiseptic—or your money back. If your druggist does not have this famous Prescription on hand, you can send 35c for a trial size bottle direct to the D. D. D. Corporation, Dept. 2773, Batavia, Illinois.

D.D.D. The Healing Skin Lotion



Just to keep the picture perfect, the airplane wears stripes to harmonize with Norma Shearer's blazer. She and her husband, Irving Thalberg, are just stepping in to hop off for Agua Caliente, the nearest thing to Monte Carlo with the single exception of Monte Carlo

Appeasing the Squanderlust

(*Continued from page 51*)

gambling. Every morning, before the casino is permitted to open for the day, a staggering sum has to be paid on the indebtedness of the resort, but it is said that all debts will be cleared within another twelve months.

I have just come back from a visit to Agua Caliente, and I am still seeing dollar spots before my eyes. Everywhere the glitter of gold pieces, the rustle of bills of huge denominations, five-hundred-dollar bills, thousand-dollar bills fluttering to the tables like dead leaves, and with the same rustling sound. Page boys bring in huge locked bags stuffed with bills, the jeweled bags of the women about the table are swollen with their gains—unless they are limp with their losses.

Glitter Galore

"MAKE your plays, ladies and gentlemen! Make your plays—"

The gold is not all on the gaming tables. Everywhere you look there is glitter. The huge crystal chandeliers hung from the high ceilings frescoed in the French manner scatter golden light. Golden curtains drape the windows, golden champagne bubbles from the bottles on the bar. The ornate grilled railings that fence off the alcoves where one can sit on rose velvet divans and watch, as from a theater box, the brilliant crowd surging through the rooms, are finished in bright gold.

At one end of the huge room stands the bar, with the dear old familiar brass rail; but it was the tables themselves which drew me. After all, a cocktail or a highball is no great novelty to a Hollywood dweller. Sleek-looking young men, in white flannel trousers and dark blue coats—the *croupiers*—stood behind the roulette wheels. With suave and gracious gestures they gathered in the fat bankrolls, their tiny rakes darting in and out among the counters with amazing rapidity. There was a hot smell of talcum powder, French perfumes and imported cigarettes. The crowd about the tables was packed so close that the women's bare shoulders left powder streaks on the black coats of the men who stood beside them. And among the faces—faces tense, masklike—I recognized many of the picture people.

The Prevost Profits

MARIE PREVOST was placing bets on the spinning wheel, lip caught between teeth. Later in the evening she opened her bag to show me the roll of bills she had won. "At one time I was nearly four hundred dollars to the good—if I'd only had sense enough to quit," she shrugged. "I guess I made about two hundred and fifty dollars." Mrs. Maloney, Phyllis Haver's mother, who was with Marie, said that her luck was poor, as usual. Ben Lyon saved them from further losses when he beckoned them to his refreshment table.

I hadn't been in the hotel five minutes before some one rushed up gasping, "Lillian Gish is here with D. W. Griffith's party and she is betting her head off." However, the blonde lady was not Lillian Gish, but the wife of a big New York theatrical producer, noted for his bedroom farces. With an attendant pouring champagne into a tall glass which she kept before her, she tossed fifty- and hundred-dollar bills onto the table as though they were so much stage money. While at the "twenty-one table," she carefully placed a match by her champagne glass each time she made a blackjack. It was being whispered about the room that she had lost thirty-five thousand dollars the day before. While I stood beside her, she wrote a check for over four thousand dollars to cover her losses on a few minutes' play. When she left the table, she tipped the dealer four hundred and fifty dollars.

Peace and Quiet

I WAS told that she was out from New York for a three weeks' rest at Caliente. Her rest consisted of playing far into the night, with a fairly early morning start. With an enormous emerald cut-diamond ring on her left hand, a cigarette held tightly between brightly painted lips and an air of lofty indifference when the *croupier* raked in her large bets, she was the center of interest at every table where she played. Indifferent—but she kept a tiny bottle of smelling-salts hidden in the folds of her handkerchief.

"What is the largest amount won here to date?" I asked Mr. Bowman, the president of the hotel syndicate. "Well, Raoul Walsh took away fifteen thousand dollars when he was down here on his wedding trip; and Joe Schenck bet fourteen thousand dollars on one card in *Chemin de fer* and won," he answered. "It is impossible to keep track of the losses and winnings," he exclaimed. "We don't check either; and unless one happens to be watching a player when exceptionally large amounts of money change hands, no one pays much attention to them."

Champagne and Rum

FROM information gathered from the owners, attendants and waiters in the dining-room, I learned that champagne is the favorite beverage with most of the stars, although Bacardi rum cocktails are in great demand just before lunch and dinner. All liquor served was brought from France. "Each year a connoisseur of liquors will select our supply in France. We will use a boat load which will be delivered direct to us here," said Mr. Crofton.

"We do not permit drunkenness or disorderly conduct. If there is the least indication of either, one of our attendants quietly escorts the offender to his room. Neither do we welcome anybody or everybody to enjoy our hospitality. Naturally this type of resort caters to well-to-do people and we will not tolerate rowdies. However, we do draw a mixed crowd in the daytime, on week-ends and holidays. Then we often feed two thousand people at lunch. Now that the horse-races have started in Tia Juana we are deluged with people begging for rooms as well as food. The folks who told us we were crazy when we started this venture are singing a different tune. Why, we are paying dividends before the stock certificates are printed."

I also was told that Tom Mix and Al Jolson pick out the table where craps is played to spend their money, while Clara Bow, Jack Gilbert, Gloria Swanson and Norma Talmadge are fascinated with roulette. Lew Cody, Owen Moore, Norman Kerry and Buster Keaton prefer twenty-one. Buster won five thousand dollars playing it the last time he was down there. No one seemed to be bragging about his losses. The movie folks are good spenders, but they are also good losers.

The Hat-Check Sextette

A SPLENDID orchestra provides dancing during dinner in the sumptuous red and silver dining-room. Luncheon is served on the long porches that enclose a large outdoor tiled patio opening in the center of the casino. Six young attractive girls who remind one of Lupe Velez or Dolores Del Rio, dressed in cute little red satin dresses, trimmed in black, relieve guests of their wraps as they enter the casino and dining-room.

With many gorgeous jewels adorning fair ladies and huge sums of money going over the gaming tables, I was expecting a hold-up any minute. I felt quite at ease after I had seen the numerous big, burly Mexican policemen, carrying new Winchester rifles, stationed all about the place.

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I Could Get Any Woman's Husband

(*Continued from page 21*)

no fun. She is dumb." But is not true. I am not dumb," said Camilla Horn with intense earnestness.

"I suppose," said I, "that like most of the foreign stars who come here, you are a countess or of some high nobility in your country."

"Oh, no. Oh, no. Very simple people. Nice. Not so rich. When my father die, then I go to work. I have little brother and mother to feed . . . What did I do?" She lowered her voice confidentially. There was a warm, friendly look in her now brown eyes. "I will tell you what I do. I make pajamas. I design them. I sew on them. I go out to store and I sell them."

There was genuine pride in her voice, and she explained moreover that she made good pajamas. "Very pretty and nice to look at and feel."

Her Big-Top Day

"BUT how did you get into the movies?"

"Ach! I will tell you," said Camilla, who prefaces most remarks with these words. "One day Mr. Murnau sees me on street. He stop and look hard. He say: 'You are *Marguerite* for my *Faust.*' I laugh and say: 'Is silly. I am not lovely like *Marguerite.*' He replies that I come to his studio next day. Still I think it a joke and I do not tell my mother, but I go. That day he signs me up on contract. Is for beeg money. Seem oh, so big to me then. I cannot breathe for t'rill. I t'ink I will buy a chateau for my family. Ach! I am so happy. Never, never will I be so happy as on that day. It is the big top day on my life." A tear came to her eyes and unashamedly she wiped them. She was homesick.

"But it's fine here, isn't it; and you're doing splendid work."

"Not so good sometimes. I cry when I see preview of 'The Tempest.' Every good acting I do is cut out. Only leave me for be pretty girl. *Das* is all. But in new picture I am just finish with Barrymore—ach! is different! Mr. Lubitsch makes me every chance, and I am very wonderful. You shall see and say so, too."

"You like working for Barrymore?"

"We-ll ye-es. I t'ink so. He is very fine to me when we come alone, but on the set—cannot get near him. He sits and smokes cigarettes and one hundred people come around him. He is king and I am nothing."

As She Sees 'Em

"WHAT do you think of our American stars?"

"Oh—Greta Garbo marvelous—but she does not need act. She just be Greta. Mary Pickford do some very nice acting. One picture I see, she acts with greatness. It is simple story. Her father is just a cop-man. Mary prepares a birthday party for him. She makes a little tie for his neck, and she puts by his plate a little brush-teeth. Mary's father does not come, and her face when sees other cop-man—it was very great acting. I never see more better. Then there is Norma Talmadge. Some people say: 'Her husband Joe Schenck. He make her.' Not so. Anywhere she will make success—because Norma is very great actress. I very much adore also Lillian Gish. Mary Philbin is so sweet, but too shy. It is pity. She must wake up."

There were other people waiting, waiting for Camilla, and I pushed back my chair.

"Ach!" said she, regarding mournfully our totally empty plates, "You have not eat so much. I will get some more feed."

"No, no. Oh, by the way—what do you think of American men? Do you prefer them to European?"

Camilla shook her head vigorously.

"I will tell you. For me—is better European," she said, the first foreign star who failed to eulogize our American men. On the contrary Camilla lowered her voice and glanced surreptitiously toward the door, as though she feared someone might be listening at the keyhole.

"I will tell you. When European marries, is wife for all time. American married men very easy to take from wife. Even if got nice pretty wife and little baby. Is all same. I could get any husband if I want. So easy. Five minutes, maybe. Only I don't want."

The Scandal Speakers

"AND what do you think of Hollywood?"

"Is nice city, maybe—but is too much scandal speak. I will tell you: Even me they make scandal for. When first I come I am so lonely. All day I am lonely, and I t'ink all the time of my mother, who is afraid to cross ocean, and of my home in Frankfort. So I tell Mr. Schenck. I say: 'Maybe I will go back home, for my heart is very lonely.' He replies: 'Don't be silly, Camilla, I will take you out and show you things.' This he do. Then soon when I go into restaurant or any place with him, I see people put heads together and go 'Pss! Pss! Pss!' They whisper. And then I can hear scandal about me."

Camilla stamped a little foot. Her eyes were flaming now and they looked almost black. "Is not true!" she cried.

"Well, don't mind it. It's just part of the Hollywood game. Besides, you wouldn't be a star if you didn't have love affairs."

To my surprise a deep blush spread over the girl's fair face. Imagine a movie star blushing! I bear witness to it. She gave me a little wisp of a smile. "Is not good to have love affair when one is married," said Camilla Horn. Which brought us to the detail of the husband in Germany. Camilla brought from under a blotter on her desk a thirty- or forty-page letter, very closely written.

"The more I see other men, the more I better like my husband. Sometimes in this Hollywood men must scrape and cringe and bow for favors—but not my husband. He is just—man, *das* is all."

She extended the letter, a small book-size manuscript. "Read," she invited.

"I can't read German."

"Ach! I will do so." She read: "'How I miss you! How I wish you were not a movie star, but just my nice little wife cooking my meals in our nice little home.'"

Well, we never thought so, either. And that fact that we didn't, just goes to show that you never know who has and you never know, either, how much. Meaning that you'll probably be astonished to find out that Lois Wilson will give you her confessions; and you'll more than probably be astonished to find out how interesting they are. As you will find out in an early forthcoming issue of Classic.

And another thing: you've seen college life on the screen. So you know what the movies think of college boys. But now these hitherto helpless victims are going to get in their whacks: they're going to tell what they think of the movies. Watch for this one, a series of articles by the editors of the college papers of every representative university in the country. In Classic, again, of course.



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A program picture? Ned Sparks, on the right, shows an advance proof of the booklet for the Masquers' entertainment to Douglas MacLean, on the left, and to Robert Edeson, in the course of a conference on the front porch of the clubhouse

Club-Night Life in Hollywood

(*Continued from page 37*)

Marian Nixon, Josephine Dunn, George Lewis, Sally Eilers, Matty Kemp, Lloyd Pantages, Arthur Lake and other virile souls who don't mind being initiated with a raw egg and an electric-shock machine. It was a big night, too, when Reginald Denny was voted in. Reggy wanted to join because Bubbles, his fiancée, was a member and his first official act was to throw a big blowout for the gang at his home.

In order to be a Thalian it is necessary to be associated with the movie industry in some capacity. Not necessarily an actor. An assistant director will do. Or a photographer. Married couples are frowned on. Not that the Thalians don't approve of the institution of marriage, but look at the wars you're liable to start should a wife crack her husband over the head with an egg, or engage in other Thalian mischief. The Thalians remind you of nothing so much as Carefree Youth at its most careless. It is one of the most popular clubs in Hollywood, and the members feel pretty tough when they have to miss a Thursday night.

Slightly less boisterous in tone are Our Club and The Regulars. These are by far more sedate gatherings for girls only. Every Monday night the boy-friends are benched while the girls step out to a cat-meeting. Our Club is one of the oldest and most prominent in Hollywood. Naturally it is exclusive. One has usually accomplished something in a rather worth-while way before one is eligible for Our Club. Among the worth-while people are Lois Wilson, Billie Dove, Leatrice Joy, Mildred Davis Lloyd, Carmelita Geraghty, Virginia Valli, Helen Ferguson, Claire Windsor, Gertrude Olmstead, Edna Murphy and Patsy Ruth Miller.

Girls and Girls Together

WHEN the Charleston and Black Bottom were at their height, the gals practised steps and taught one another new shuffles. Now and then Leatrice Joy recites a new poem, or else the girls attend a show starring one of their own members. As Lois Wilson, Virginia Valli, Helen Ferguson and Patsy Ruth Miller have all been treading the boards lately, Our Club has had quite a bit of the theater.

Every anniversary the club throws a big party at the Mayfair or some place equally expensive. Here the girls turn out in their best bouffants and furbelows. Everybody looks enviously at the gay flower-strewn table and says, "Don't girls have fun!" or something equally bright and happy. And they do.

The Regulars are more of a sorority than a club, with officers, pins, dues, vows and everything. It's just a little different from the others. More serious. For instance, they read books; and several of the girls have been caught carrying volumes from the circulating library to meetings. Believe it or not, but half of their time is spent in oral reading from a library of the World's Best Literature.

In some ways it is a little bit more difficult to get into the Regulars than any of the other clubs. A candidate must be unanimously agreed on for three votes. And if it is hard to get in, it is even harder to stay in. They are not so exclusive in their membership as is the Our Club clan. There are girls in the Regulars who do little more than bit work before the cameras. But in another way it is more exclusive than any of them. To be asked into this club a girl must be what the title indicates, a reguiar sort of person. An all-around good scout.

Absentee Treatment

AMONG those who have made the grade are: Jobyna Ralston, Sally Eilers, Alyce Mills, Priscilla Bonner, Sue Carol, Marian Nixon, Jeanette Loff, Mary Brian, Marian Douglas, Duane Thompson, Florence Gilbert, Rebecca Uhr, Joan Meredith, Virginia Browne Faire, Pauline Curley, Marjorie Bonner, Barbara Luddy, Menifee I. Johnstone, Lucille Hutton, and one or two others you'd know.

Once a Regular doesn't mean always a Regular. If a girl doesn't live up to the rules and regulations which are sworn to at the time of her initiation, she is automatically out. For instance, if she is absent three times without a suitable excuse.

The Regulars also give club parties once a year to which men are invited. The party celebrates the birthday of the club and there are speeches and cake-cutting. It's a swell little club. I know I'm mighty proud to belong to it. But then I only wish I could be in all of them. I like to go to meetin'.

Emil the Great

(*Continued from page 26*)

Chance gives one man five thousand dollars a week and others like him five dollars a day."

But, looking at him, I knew it was not chance which made him stand out like that. He HAS SOMETHING which these others lack. I don't know what it is.

But, with all this, he is almost childishly dependent upon the people around him. His wife, his daughter, his secretary, his valet. One or all of these must stand by at all times—in case he might need something.

He was ill in bed a short time ago, with a cold. Mrs. Jannings never left his side for days. Finally, when he was convalescing, she was told that friends were calling. Jannings was sleeping and she ventured to steal away for a few moments. Almost immediately there was a thud of heavy, bare feet in the hall above and a pathetic cry of "Momma! Wo ist MOM-MA?" floated down as the great actor appeared at the top of the stairs in an ample, white nightie, calling piteously for his spouse.

I went to his house a few days ago for an interview. He was just recovering from having his tonsils removed.

A Prop Prerequisite

CONSTERNATION developed at once. The blonde daughter, the houseman—I don't know how many other people—scurried here and there—telephoning, conferring among themselves in great perturbation. Miss Walker had arrived for the interview and the secretary was not there. All this, despite the fact that I had talked with Jannings a number of times before, despite the fact that with his scanty English and



When it comes to dressing up for St. Patrick's Day, Jack Mulhall believes in doing the thing right. He's a drumsticker for fashion



Do You Like to Draw?

Copy this dancing girl and send us your drawing—perhaps you'll win first prize. This contest is for amateurs only (17 years of age or more), so do not hesitate to enter, even if you haven't had much practice.

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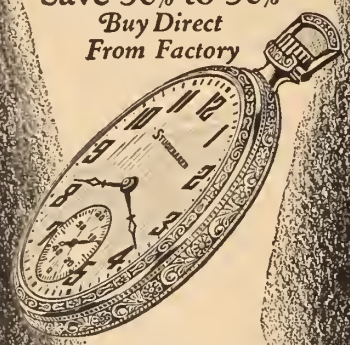
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1. Make your drawing of girl exactly 6 inches high, on paper 5 inches wide by 7 inches high. Draw only the girl not the lettering.
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4. Write your name, address, age and occupation on the back of your drawing.
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Even the vivid reds in the blanket she's waving before their eyes fail to make these oxen angry with Lupe Velez. She's like that; and in this instance, the members of the team, in spite of her challenge, think she's simply toreadorable

my ditto German, we had always managed to understand each other satisfactorily. The secretary, whether needed as an interpreter or not, seems to be an entirely necessary moral prop for the great man. Herr Jannings must have someone to lean on during an interview.

Presently the secretary, a funereal young man, hastened in and scuttled upstairs when he emerged shortly, chaperoning his timid charge, who sat down heavily and related to me at length the difficulties of getting rid of one's tonsils. He was also interested in mine and upon learning that I still possessed those adjuncts, he seemed extremely dubious as to whether he should congratulate me on the fact or commiserate me because I should probably have to have them out at some time in the future.

Disposing of that topic took some little time and the interview proceeded rather slowly, owing to the fact that the earnest young secretary took his duties as an interpreter very seriously and persisted in stopping us to translate this or that, whether we needed it or not. If we stumbled over so much as one small phrase, he took a deep breath and began at the beginning and repeated the entire conversation in both languages.

Pigs' Knuckles and Pictures

HERR JANNINGS, being a tactful as well as a kindly soul, made great haste to express satisfaction, affection and a deep admiration for Hollywood—"filled with artists—young—eager—enthusiastic—adventuresome. That is good." Also for Douglas Fairbanks, Charles Chaplin, Al Jolson and talking pictures.

There were quite a lot of other things he liked, too, such as flapjacks with maple syrup, fast automobiles and Wallace Beery "because we both like to eat pigs' knuckles;" but he interrupted himself at last to ask me abruptly whether I had seen "The Patriot."

I hadn't, but I told him hastily and with deep embarrassment that I knew lots of people who had and I had heard great things of it and—and—

More consternation happened. Jannings and his secretary gazed at each other in dismay. "You haven't seen 'The Patriot'? Ach!! Tst! Tst! It is too bad!"

Things came to a full stop. Oh, dear! The interview was practically over. I could see that. I endured those two reproachful gazes and murmured, despairingly, that I hadn't been very well—

"But you will see it?" Emil encouraged me, at last, with a sort of sympathy for weakness which, after all, his manner indicated, was perhaps but human.

"Oh, I will indeed!" I cried. And I had better add here that I did see it, that night. And it was worth it.

That painful incident past, we proceeded to the inevitable topic, talking pictures.

Herr Jannings thinks that they have come too fast, that we have made them before we knew how, before we had found out, really, what they were. That observation cleared up a lot of things that had been troubling me. He opines, moreover, that they will be very fine after we learn a little more about them. But now, he complains, they hurt his ears.

His Plans for Talkies

HE liked Al Jolson in "The Singing Fool," but was aghast at the idea—in the story—that the singing waiter, who had become a stage star, should inconvenience himself to gallop off to the theater and sing a song when his baby had just died. "A poor and struggling artist, who had to have the money, might have done that," he said. "But an established artist, a star, leave his child's death bed to sing in the theater? Pfui! Absurd!"

Jannings achieved fame in Europe where an artist is treated with respect.

Then he told me his idea for a talking picture for himself.

"An immigrant," he said, "who comes to America. You see him land at Ellis Island—bewildered, confused, lonely. That terrible loneliness among people who cannot understand him and whom he cannot understand.

"He settles here, marries and brings up a family. His children are Americans. He has a little shop—maybe a delicatessen shop. He prospers quietly and merges into the life of his adopted country. Then the war breaks out.

"Suddenly he is an alien. People who have been his friends look at him with horror and suspect him of being a spy—perhaps of poisoning wells. This poor,

harmless soul, who has spent his life, raised his family, built up his business here, becomes, overnight, a monster. No one is his friend. It is a loneliness more dreadful than that first confused homesickness. People won't come to his delicatessen shop because it is now unpatriotic to eat German sausages.

"It would be a nice story—a nice character—and it would make a good talkie for me. He doesn't, you know, speak anything but German at first and his English is always broken."

Jannings's eyes twinkled at this ingenious idea for capitalizing his lack of English.

A Teutonic Buddha

THE secretary, who had been eyeing his watch steadily through all this, leaned forward and muttered, significantly, "Haven't you a story conference?"

"No!" said Herr Jannings, vexed. "She hasn't anything to write yet."

I laughed. So that was why the funereal young man was there!

Jannings, in his household, is rather like a large, inert idol who must be cared for, ministered to, kept comfortable, until such time as that force within him rouses him and turns him into another person—and another great Jannings characterization comes into being.

Once he gets into a rôle, it possesses him until the picture is finished. During the pathetic old-man parts he plays so often, he totters, dodders, mumbles to himself and seems quite deaf—until the old man dies or the picture is finished.

And I think the simple, kindly German gentleman whom we meet between these phases, wishes rather wistfully at times that he could be free of that driving force—that he could be as other men, leading a leisurely existence, enjoying his fireside, his music, his meals, his quiet strolls, untroubled by the tragedies of storied characters.

Genius is difficult to analyze.



Autrey

The demand for sound has extended to women's dress in Hollywood. Here is Lois Moran in a jersey that you can both see and hear



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The nurse tells you to take Bayer Aspirin because she knows it's *safe*. Doctors have told her so. It has no effect on the heart, so take it to stop a headache or check a cold. For almost instant relief of neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism; even lumbago. But be sure it's Bayer—the *genuine* Aspirin. All druggists.

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If your wife or sweetheart acts cool and dissatisfied with you, give a thought to your physical self. A woman looks at more than a man's face. She's thinking of his ability to protect her; provide for her; of her pride in his appearance in a bathing suit, on the athletic field, on the dance floor.

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People call me the Muscle-Builder. I make men's bodies strong and healthy. My list of over 100,000 wonderful successes includes doctors and lawyers, bookkeepers and clerks, grandfathers and grandsons, fat men and skinny men, weaklings and nervous wrecks. By a method of scientific body-building I go all over your body, strengthening your internal organs, broadening your shoulders, cutting off fat, and generally turning you inside out until you're a healthy, handsome fighting he-man any woman will be proud of.

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But I'm not through with you yet. I don't make men by halves. Give me just 60 days more and then look yourself over. Now you sure are somebody! The pathway to happiness and success is easy.

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I Do More Than Promise: I Guarantee It

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What a picture you'll be in a bathing suit. What a sight in a gymnasium. You'll be a magnet for all women's eyes. That healthy, aggressive, erect stride of the man who knows what he wants and is going to get it, just commands attention.

Well, that's the story in a nutshell. If you're man enough to work a little for the sake of your strength, success and happiness, just sit right down and mail me this coupon. It won't cost you a penny, and you can see for yourself why thousands of men have so much faith in Earle Liederman, the Muscle-Builder.

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The sadness of the thoughts of Auld Lang Stein overcomes Louise Fazenda; indeed it even brings to her a sympathetic headache as a reminiscence of the joys of foam life

Hollywood's Professional Insulter

(Continued from page 58)

with the executive, Vincent walked onto a set where John Davidson and Lila Lee were working, and was introduced as the new technical man from Berlin who had come to supervise the sound recording. Vincent immediately began to act in an officious manner, ordering all the microphones changed around, and telling Davidson, an actor with a fine speaking voice, that he couldn't hear a word he said. He stopped the scene in the middle, called roughly to Lila Lee and began telling her how to act. When she objected, he told her she was not his wife and couldn't lecture him. Lila got pink in the face and said that if he didn't like her acting he could go home. Warner then revealed Vincent's identity to the actress, who, it turned out, had been told all about him that very morning by Bessie Love and had vowed she would never be fooled by him. It was first blood for Vincent and the acid test for his remarkable ability to assume a foreign accent, of no matter what nationality. Warner decided there was plenty of fun to be had and immediately booked Vincent to do his head-waiter hoax at the next dance of the Mayfair Club, when all the stars were to be present.

Tom's Third Tiff

AT the Mayfair, Vincent scored a minor triumph by hoaxing Tom Mix for the third time. The first time had been in New York, when Tom was putting on a little act as a guest at Texas Guinan's Salon Royal night club. Vincent went into the club and began loudly objecting to Tom's performance, saying he had paid to come in and wanted to see some girls, not a lousy cowboy. A fight was narrowly averted. The second time had been on the F. B. O. lot, when Vincent, posing as a rubberneck visitor to the studios, got mixed up in the cameras and so messed things up that production had to stop until his identity was revealed. At this time, after Tom had calmed down, he and Vincent even had a still picture made together. But even this did not prevent him from insulting the cowboy for the third time at the Mayfair without being recognized.

Tom, it appears, had an arm over the back of Lupe Velez's chair; and Vincent Barnett, in his rôle of head-waiter, came over and wanted to know if the lady was his wife, and if not, would he please remove his arm from her chair. Tom was absolutely speechless, so enraged that words would not come, only sputtering sounds. A few minutes later Vincent returned and asked Lupe to remove her bag from the table in the interests of sanitation. Lupe demanded his removal from the hotel.

The most touching episode of Vincent's career occurred at this same Mayfair dance, an episode which almost brings tears to the eyes of the professional insulter when he thinks of it. He touched Mary Brian on the shoulder and told her she was using the wrong fork. Mary, instead of being insulted, actually picked up her other fork, smiled, and said, "Thank you." Vincent

thought this so sweet and pathetic that, for the first and only time in his career, he leaned down and disclosed who he really was.

Close to Extermination

LATER the same evening Jack Pickford came in with Norman Kerry. Vincent came up to them and they told him they had a table reserved. "What did you say are your names?" said Vincent. They repeated them with a shade of irritation. Vincent scratched his head and said: "I never heard of either of you. You're just a couple of smart college kids trying to crash the gate. This is a private party, and you'd better get out of here." There was almost a fight between Kerry and Pickford to decide which should hit him. Several waiters had to rush up and hold them to prevent a free-for-all.

Vincent also nearly started a fight with Conrad Nagel and his party, after picking on each one of them in turn, telling them their manners were bad, refusing to get things when asked, or pretending to pick a half-eaten olive off the floor and reprimanding somebody for throwing it there. All this was done with the intense seriousness of which Vincent is capable, and in a manner which nobody not in the know could differentiate from that of a real head-waiter.

The next occasion on which Vincent Barnett's insults were hurled at the great of the film industry was at a dinner given by Joe Toplitzky during the week of the National Air Races in Los Angeles. The dinner was for the head executives of all studios using the Movietone process of sound synchronization, among those present being Joseph Schenck, Jesse Lasky, Sid Grauman, Louis B. Mayer, Carl Laemmle, Cecil De Mille and Sam Goldwyn. Grauman was the one instrumental in getting



As Jack Norworth's song used to say of the country girl going to market, so can it be said of Nancy Carroll that she has such beautiful eggs, pronounce it as you will



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"Old Town Canoes"

Vincent to the dinner, the professional insulter posing as Captain von Hogerstram, a "famous German ace" supposed to be competing in the air races. The ace was placed between Cecil De Mille and Sam Goldwyn.

During dinner Vincent immediately got into an argument with Goldwyn and De Mille about flying. He lost no time in saying "No" to everything De Mille said, flatly contradicting him about planes and their flyers, a subject about which De Mille is supposed to be an expert. He accused the American airmen,during the war, of incompetence and of rank cowardice. By the time the speech-making began, Goldwyn would not speak to him and had his back turned, although De Mille, almost "No'ed" under, was still trying to be polite. Finally Vincent was called upon to address the gathering.

Under Fire

"MY vork," said 'von Hogerstram' in his broken English, "being so far different from yours, until tonight I know nozzing of dese talking pictures. It is vonderful to gom to an affair like dis und have dis machine regord every eggspression und vords vot is said. I do not have ze pleasure to meet you gendlemen individually, but I vish to congradulate Mr. Warner very heartily on his vonderful, vonderful Vitaphone."

At this point a shower of vegetables flew at him from all directions, according to Vincent's account, striking the Movietone outfit behind him and knocking it over. Then Sid Grauman introduced him and revealed the hoax.

A few days following this Vincent was engaged by Harry Rapf of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to come out to the studio posing as Doctor Vojak, a "famous German scientist" who had been engaged to supervise sound pictures for M.-G.-M. Rapf even had the New York office wire to Irving Thalberg announcing the "Doctor's" arrival, so that when Vincent turned up he was welcomed by all the studio executives with great seriousness, and a conference was immediately called. During his address to the M.-G.-M. executives, Vincent completely scrapped $280,000 worth of equipment that has been put into the sound stages at the studio, declaring it hopelessly wrong and utterly useless. He went on to say that the sound stages themselves were built all wrong and would have to be demolished. Thalberg, speechless for a few moments, finally rose to ask what the eminent doctor proposed to put in place of the equipment he wanted scrapped. Vincent refused to reveal his plans unless he was immediately given a long contract. The hoax, was, however, shown up by Rapf before any contract could be got ready.

Vincent's next operation is going to be on Adolph Zukor, whom, at a party arranged for the near future, he is going to call an ignoramus and whose entire programme of sound production he is going to ridicule. For this delightful task he will be most handsomely paid.

According to Vincent, he has never yet had any of the insultees in Hollywood bear him any grievance, once his identity was revealed. There are, however, observers who swear that on more than one occasion since his arrival the insulter has been knocked out cold. It would be surprising if he hadn't been.

The Miracle Man

(*Continued from page 33*)

Max Reinhardt had entered.

He seemed a little weary. He had arrived only a scant three hours before. His grey tweed suit rather slumped on his undersized, maturely plump frame. His expressive hand grasped a heavy, negroid cigar from which he puffed clouds of smoke reminiscent of the Santa Fe he had so recently quit. He didn't seem to inhale the fragrance of this dollar-size smoker. He just puffed. The face was a mask. But its features alone betrayed a keenness of intellect, a shrewd knowledge of so-called humanity.

"Sit here, Professor."

"Gentlemen, be seated."

One almost expected the rattle of the interlocutor's tambourine as the minstrelsy sunk into its seat.

Then came the first question. And with it that feeling of American surprise that the whole world does not speak its language. If Reinhardt was to be interviewed, it would be through an interpreter. He feared, it was explained, that his knowledge of English was too slight to permit a concise expression of his thought.

All Pictures Puerile

HE was at pains to make it appear that he comes very humbly, very humbly indeed, to his experiment (his word) in this new medium. He makes one believe that for him it is just that: an experiment. One in which he is vastly interested. One to which he will give his best. One for which he "stands like a greyhound in the leash—straining upon the start." He has plans. He has theories. Backed by thirty years of experience in the theater. Backed by that heritage of genius which he has developed and proven and refined until it approaches the purity of gold or of that so nearly pure soap.

Only once did he slop over. Only once did he show hesitation.

At the mention of his star's name, he went into guttural rhapsodies regarding Lillian Gish. But for her, he said, it is doubtful if "The Miracle" had ever reached the screen. Phrase after phrase stumbled from his lips until the interpreter was left far behind, bogged in a morass of words. Had every syllable been a brick, a tower of compliments higher than Babel would then and there have sprung into being. All to the glory of Gish.

And the hesitation? It was apparent for the fraction of a second. The smallest fraction. He was asked if in the making of his picture he would be free from outside interference. Even as the question issued from the lips of an uninitiate, the wise ones suppressed grins at the thought of anything in Hollywood being free from interference. Then he replied with utmost dignity, and the interpreter declared:

"Professor Reinhardt says that he has every reason to believe that he will be entirely free from interference."

Other questions bubbled up here and there like the sparkle in ginger ale. Some were silly. All were trite. The genius answered patiently. He had frequent recourse to that black cigar. Now it had lost its lengthy elegance and was reduced to a smouldering stub. What would happen when he was finally robbed of its effectual smoke-screen? Nobody learned. For at that critical moment when he must either discard it or sear his lips with its ruddy flame, the prince of diplomats spoke up.

"Now, boys," he said, "the Professor has an engagement in fifteen minutes. You've got enough for this time. Now suppose we call it a day, and if you'll all step over here, there's something very special on the ice"

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Looking Them Over Out Hollywood Way

(*Continued from page 61*)

consented to act as master of ceremonies at the premiere of "The Barker." Dick played the new rôle with a great deal of repression and could hardly be heard past the tenth row. But that didn't keep Betty Compson and Dorothy Mackaill from looking very gorgeous when they took their bows.

Among the ladies who looked equally elaborate in the audience were Claire Windsor and June Collyer. I wouldn't swear to it, but I think Claire was with that rising young juvenile, Grant Withers; and I couldn't quite place the back-of-the-neck of the gentleman with June.

By the way, Claire and June are becoming rather close friends—which doesn't often happen with two such optical knock-outs.

Joan Wants Her Do-do

JOAN CRAWFORD and young Doug Fairbanks can't bear to be separated for even a moment. Not even for an interview.

One young lady of the press let it be known that she did not desire the presence of the ever-ready Doug during an interview with Joan. It seems young Doug kinda holds our Joan down.

"If my Do-do can't be there, I don't want to be interviewed," said Joan. So the reporter lady went home.

Eric Choleric

I ARRIVED at the F. B. O. lot the other day just in time to see Eric von Stroheim get a mad on and go home. The entire company was dismissed, including Gloria Swanson, the star-producer. They seemed quite anxious to keep any one from hearing about the "minor discord," so it was tough luck for them when I wandered by.

With all my professional snooping, I couldn't find out what the shooting was for, but it wouldn't surprise me if Gloria and Von had met with slight dissension. By the time you read this it will probably be all ironed out.

Greed's Boomerang

DID you ever hear of bootleg perfume? That's the latest blight to settle over Hollywood and many of our smartest people were well stung out of hundreds of dollars, when a young fellow showed up around Christmas time with what he winked to be smuggled goods shipped into this country without duty. Before the enraptured eyes of our pets he unwrapped magnificent bottles.

It is said that Joseph Schenck purchased three thousand dollars' worth of the booty for holiday gifts. Marian Douglas loaded herself with one hundred fifty dollars' worth. Reginald Denny was parted from a three hundred dollar check. There were many, many others equally stung, for when the luscious bottles were uncorked they found they were filled with old-fashioned bay-rum or in some cases, just plain vinegar.

The chief of police figures that the smuggler got away with about ten thousand dollars of Hollywood's money.

A Dimmed Ray

FAME is a fleeting thing. In spite of the fact that that isn't original with me, it's true.

The other day Ray Griffith walked into the Montmartre. A certain player who is more or less on the crest of the wave right now, tugged confidentially at my sleeve

and whispered: "What's that little fellow's name? The dark one who whispers and who used to be a star for Paramount?"

The Name of the Hour

NAMES have cycles of fashion just like clothes or motor cars. Just at present a very popular name in Hollywood is Antonia. The King Vidors decided on this name for their infant daughter and any number of extra girls and Follies recruits are adopting it for screen use. The name may be pronounced one of two ways. Either "An-tonia" or "An-to-neea."

About five years ago Joan was the popular name of the film colony.

Speaking of Speaking

I HAVE heard several voice tests of the stars—that little strip of film and record that is making 'em or breaking 'em right now. Of the lot, I think Norma Shearer's is the richest and most appealing. Norma should have an unbounded future in the dialogue films.

Janet Gaynor's voice registers as that of a little girl speaking her first piece at the Sunday School picnic.

Lina Basquette speaks clearly and resolutely.

Good Time Had Again

BEBE DANIELS gave a big party down at her beach house and everybody had the best time they'd had since Bebe gave her last party. It's a gift with Mrs. Daniels' little girl.

A feature of the evening was a dancing contest wherein the men danced with men partners and the gals did their stuff together.

Charlie Chaplin and Joseph Schenck came off with the gentlemen's trophy and Marion Davies and Lili Damita were a stunning couple among the ladies. Laugh? You'd die.

All Danced Out

KING VIDOR has been having a hectic time conserving the talent of his little pickaninnies for "Hallelujah." The little colored boys have been spending their lunch hour jigging and singing for anybody who would throw them a quarter; and when Vidor came to take the scenes in the picture, he found they had been working so hard for extra money they were too worn out to dance for the camera.

Every Move a Movie

EVER since Raquel Torres was discovered as an usherette at Grauman's Chinese Theatre, all the pretty little ushers in town have been trying to attract the attention of movie magnates at premières.

The night "The Barker" opened I could hardly take my eyes from the antics of a pretty usherette, to watch the film. She was terribly pretty and she didn't let any one forget it. If it had been her own particular party she couldn't have been more the hostess. She made a point of wearing her Spanish hat at a slightly more cocky angle than did the other girls and every move was a movie.

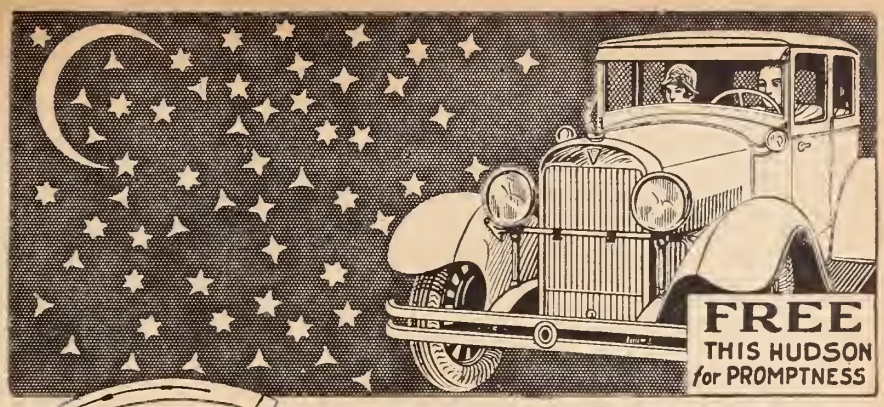
The little girl deserved a hand even if not a contract.

Regaining Lost Time

MARIAN NIXON had an odd experience at Christmas and she hasn't mad up her mind whether it's sad or funny. Or neither.

Last year Marian gave a friend of hers a very pretty desk clock for Christmas. This year the same clock came back to Marian from the same friend.

In a case like that do you say, "Thank you," or not?



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Eat, Drink and Be Kerry

(*Continued from page 55*)

clubs and theaters as much as one can in this town. Well, I do. But on the other hand, things start humming around here pretty early in the morning. It takes six servants to keep this place going and you will find them all at top speed any morning at six-thirty. If I'm working, I must have an early breakfast. If I'm not working—say like today—I skip breakfast and try to be at the beach at eight for a swim and return for lunch at noon with some of my pals."

He hadn't gotten the words out of his mouth when four of his boon companions headed by Buster Collier, burst in the front door. It seems that Kerry hospitality is famous in Beverly Hills—and besides it was time for lunch. So after a round or so we all headed for the dining-room. And I must say that after the next hour I, too, became a staunch admirer of Norman's theory of living. The food was typically a stag lunch. What with fried fish, grilled tomatoes, French fried potatoes and beer we all did some steady eating. But the strange thing I noticed was that they looked upon lunch not as a time to eat, but rather a time to get together. To tell stories. Shoot the Durham. And laugh. Food seemed to be a secondary consideration. Buster told a story of Hollywood. Norman told a story of the New York stage. But neither bears repetition—that is, not here. Combined with beer, it was a laugh.

Flowers and Onions

UPON leaving the table Buster took me aside and impatiently asked if I wasn't about through and intimated that it didn't make much difference if I was or not; they were all going to town. And since they were going to town, Norman had to dress. So I hurriedly buttoned my ears and offered to wander about the house alone and do a little plain and fancy investigating. The boys seemed satisfied that I wouldn't bother any more, so they filed out the front door to wait in Kerry's phaeton.

Norman started upstairs, but decided that I deserved a guide and returned to show me around. First the stables where the Arabian horses are kept, then the kennels where he houses his famous dogs. Out to the garden—every flower that I'd ever heard of was in bloom. Even onions.

But the boys heard us talking and called from over the wall to ask if I didn't think Kerry was dumb, and if I didn't suppose I had taken up enough of his time already and, as we stumbled into the house again, we heard their parting shot to the effect that some other day would be just as well.

Norman took the boys seriously and decided that he had really better go up and dress. Wouldn't I come along?

Shirt Shortage

YOU'VE heard of the person that puts on the great front downstairs and reverts to type upstairs? Not this country gentleman, though. Right in the center of a huge bedroom stood his four-poster inclosed bed. The room reminded me of a DeMille set: it was so different. In fact, after a hasty glance around, I began to wonder if this was the bedroom of a famous Hollywood actor or if it wasn't George Washington's chamber. Every piece of furniture was plain and substantial. Comfort and age were the predominating motifs. That is, everything but the cigarettes and mustache wax.

Things went along great until Kerry asked why the boy hadn't laid out a white shirt. It seems that there weren't any clean ones. What? Why, he had just bought three dozen; where were they? One of the colored boys looked at the master as if to say, "Aw right, if you-all goin' to play that way," and returned with a white shirt. Again quiet reigned supreme until the master found no button on the collar. Say—if you like the Orpheum—you should have seen the boys—trying to sew on the button. Six of them all at once and not one getting anything definite done. During a half-hour struggle to attach the button, Kerry sent each one of the six for a fresh pair of garters and had to go for them himself.

He no sooner got the shirt on than the boys in the phaeton started their monologue again. Did he know what time it was? Where was that damn fool from the magazine? They all collectively joined in a prayer that he would slip and break his neck. So I drove away on three cylinders.



Coiffures wind-blown but not bobbed are those of Alice Joyce, on the left; and of Winifred Bryson, who is Mrs. Warner Baxter, on the sands of Malibu Beach

"What? Learn Music by Mail?" *they laughed*



"*Yes*," I cried, "*and I'll bet money I can do it!*"

IT all started one day after lunch. The office crowd was in the recreation-room, smoking and talking, while I thumbed through a magazine.

"Why so quiet, Joe" some one called to me.

"Just reading an ad," I replied, "all about a new way to learn music by mail. Says here any one can learn to play in a few months at home, without a teacher. Sounds easy, the way they tell about it."

"Ha, ha," laughed Fred Lawrence, "do you suppose they would say it was *hard?*"

"Perhaps not," I came back, a bit peeved, "but it sounds so reasonable I thought I'd write them for their booklet."

Well, maybe I didn't get a razzing then! Finally Fred Lawrence sneered: "Why, it's absurd. The poor fellow *really* believes he can learn music by mail!"

To this day I don't know what made me come back at him. Perhaps it was because I *really was* ambitious to learn to play the piano. Anyhow, before I knew it I'd cried, "Yes, and I'll bet money I can do it." But the crowd only laughed harder than ever.

Suppose I Was Wrong—

As I walked upstairs to my desk I began to regret my haste. Suppose that music course wasn't what the ad said. Suppose it was too difficult for me. And how did I know I had even the least bit of talent to help me out. If I fell down, the boys in the office would have the laugh on me for life. But just as I was beginning to weaken, my lifelong ambition to play and my real love of music came to the rescue. And I decided to go through with the whole thing.

During the few months, that followed, Fred Lawrence never missed a chance to give me a sly dig about my bet. And the boys always got a good laugh, too. But I never said a word. I was waiting patiently for a chance to get the *last* laugh *myself*.

My Chance Arrives

Things began coming my way during the office outing at Pine Grove. After lunch it rained, and we all sat around inside looking at each other. Suddenly some one spied a piano in the corner. "Who can play?" every one began asking. Naturally, Fred Lawrence saw a fine chance to have some fun at my expense, and he got right up.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "our friend Joe, the music-master, has consented to give us a recital."

That gave the boys a good laugh. And some of them got on either side of me and with mock dignity started to escort me to the piano. I could hear a girl say, "Oh, let the poor fellow alone: can't you see he's mortified to death?"

The Last Laugh

I smiled to myself. This was certainly a wonderful setting for my little surprise party. Assuming a seared look, I stumbled over to the piano while the crowd tittered.

"Play 'The Varsity Drag'," shouted Fred, thinking to embarrass me further.

I began fingering the keys, and then . . . with a wonderful feeling of cool confidence . . . I broke right into the very selection Fred asked for. There was a sudden hush in the room as I made that old piano talk. But in a few minutes I heard a fellow jump to his feet and shout, "Believe me, the boy is *there!* Let's dance!"

Tables and chairs were pushed aside, and soon the whole crowd was shuffling around having a whale of a time. Nobody would hear of me stopping, least of all the four fellows who were singing in harmony right at my elbow. So I played one peppy selection after another until I finished with "Crazy Rhythm" and the crowd stopped dancing and singing to applaud me. As I turned around to thank them, there was Fred holding a tenspot right under my nose.

"Folks," he said, addressing the crowd again. "I want to apologize publicly to Joe. I bet him he couldn't learn to play by mail, and believe me, he sure deserves to win the money!"

"Learn to play *by mail*," exclaimed a dozen people. "That sounds impossible! Tell us how you did it!"

I was only too glad to tell them how I'd always wanted to play but couldn't afford a teacher, and couldn't think of spending years in practice. I described how I had read the U. S. School of Music ad, and how Fred bet me I couldn't learn to play by mail.

"Folks," I continued, "it was the biggest surprise of my life when I got the first lesson. It was fun right from the start, everything as simple as A-B-C. There were no scales or tiresome exercises. And all it required was part of my spare time. In a short time I was playing jazz, classical pieces, and, in fact, anything I wanted. Believe me, that certainly was a profitable bet I made with Fred."

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BEFORE-AFTER

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Little Miss Wolf of Wall Street

(Continued from page 22)

Moran established herself and ten-year-old Lois in a hotel; and every morning went down to Wall Street and spent the day in a broker's office. Gradually she became initiated into the mysteries of the ticker tape, learned to read the quotation board and the tipster sheets which purport to contain the dope on the market. She invested, too, on advice from the brokers and on tips from other habitués of the office; and at night she and Lois played the fascinating game of figuring out on paper what she had made and lost; and what she might have made if she had bought Amalgamated Copper instead of Associated Tin.

"I made the mistakes that every green speculator makes," Mrs. Moran confesses. "I listened to everyone and anyone, took flyers on shaky stocks, bought recklessly on margin. But for a while I made money—lots of it. I thought 'This is too easy.' Then came the great Wall Street panic of ten years ago and I was wiped out. I lost what I had made and what I had invested, but I did not lose my belief in the stock market. If I had been able to hold on to my stocks and cover my margins, they would all have made me wealthy by now. Since then I have learned my lesson. I buy my stocks outright. If they go down, in most cases they will come back again, but buying on margin is gambling. If Lois or I ever do that nowadays, we do it with money we can afford to lose, and more for the thrill of the thing than for serious business reasons."

She did not lose her faith in Henry Ford, either. Having bought experience in the business world, she decided to invest the remaining half of her fortune in experience in living. Within a month she and Lois were established in Paris, and Lois was beginning the training that was to bring her her chance in the movies years later.

Still Following Ford

"LOOK how things have turned out," Lois' mother says eagerly. "If I had saved instead of spending; if I had been cautious instead of taking a chance on investing everything we had in Lois' future, she would be leading a pinched existence in some small Pennsylvania town today. There are other paying investments besides stocks and bonds. Ford has come out recently with another piece of good advice. He says, 'Don't save, spend. Put money into yourself—into education, experience, travel, training—anything that will make you a more valuable human being.' "

In the years in Europe there was not much opportunity for stock manipulation, though the Morans—both confirmed speculators now—had a lot of wholesome fun with the exchange of American dollars into francs and marks and shillings. Then home again. And now Mrs. Moran began to study the financial columns in earnest.

That was less than three years ago. Today the Morans are rated as among the wealthiest members of the picture colony, and Los Angeles brokers speak of Mrs. Moran with respect as "the cleverest woman investor in town." Lois, raised on per cents and discounts, has put all of her earnings into stocks, most of them of her own choosing. When she has an afternoon off from the studio she goes shopping for preferred issues and gilt-edged securities instead of hats and gowns.

"She reads the cookery columns of the morning paper first"—her mother smiles—"and then the financial pages. After that the funnies and last of all the motion picture department."

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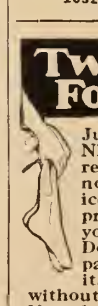
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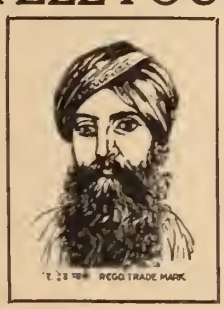
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Being successful herself, Mrs. Moran should be able to advise other people. But she shakes her head. "Everyone will give stock market tips," she shrugs, "and most of them are bad. The thing to do is to go to your bank for advice. Most people seem to think that a bank is opposed to stock buying, but that isn't true. Almost all of them have departments where their clients can discuss the market and look at lists of reputable stocks. They will tell you which stocks seem due for a rise, which ones are slower and safer, and which ones are risks. I never buy any stock which my bank won't take as security for a loan. They will loan up to seventy per cent of the value of a trust-worthy stock, and any stock they won't loan on is not safe enough for me. A bank will even give advice about purely speculative stocks if I want to take a little flyer with a few hundred dollars."

A Flyer in Flying

THE front page of the newspaper will often tell one as much about good buys in the stock market as the financial page, she confides, sitting curled up in a huge chair, looking absurdly young and clinging-viney for such dry subjects. "You have to learn to interpret the news, of course" she adds. "For instance a new railroad may mean the opening up of mining country with a rise in copper or oil or coal. When I first began to read about passenger flights in aeroplanes I went to my bank and asked them to look into aeroplane stocks for me. I made a good deal of money on them too. When one of the studios made the first talkie, I bought its stock and held it till it doubled in value. Then when I read that all the other picture companies were going into the manufacture of talkies, I sold my stock. A war in South America has direct effect on certain stocks, a flood in Mississippi may send other stocks up or down.

"Another thing I always do is to learn everything I can about the company that is backing a certain stock. I get its prospectuses and read them. I look up its references. I trace its history; and more than anything else I find out the names of the men on its board of directors. Big, substantial business men won't allow their names to be connected with worthless stocks. All this material is within reach of everybody—only most women would rather rely on the tip given by a friend over a game of bridge, or let fall by her manicurist in a beauty parlor, or passed out by the butcher with the steak."

Lois has just made her first real estate investment, a modest little bungalow in Beverly Hills where they live. She and her mother do not agree with the majority of movie stars who own huge real estate holdings, apartment houses, lots and bungalow courts. "Lots don't work for you twenty-four hours a day." Lois puts it, sagaciously. "They're a rich man's investment. That's the way we feel about bonds, too, Mama and I. Besides they're not nearly so much fun. You're not taking any chances—and I adore to take chances. We used to go to the casinos abroad and play roulette. I like poker, too. The stock market is a sort of game to us as well as a business."

All we can say is that if Lois plays all games as well as she does this, we would hate to have her challenge us to a round of tiddle-de-winks or a bout of parchesi.



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Minus the Smootch

(*Continued from page 63*)

back comfortably in the wicker chair.

"The eldest kid, I was, and there was Chelene, my sister; and Roscoe, my brother. And John F. Lacy, yes, good old John F."

On a table was a new radio and in back of the radio was Hendrik Van Loon's "America."

"John F. Lacy, yes, sir. He was my father's idol. Congressman from Iowa—a brilliant orator. Say, he could speak! Guess you'd call him a politician in this day. Well, anyway, that's what my father wanted me to be. A politician."

Learning His Pieces

ON the wall of Chester's dressing-room was a photo of a bevy of Sennett bathing beauties, kicking. The picture was slightly askew.

"So when I was nine years old my father started me taking elocution lessons.

Then along came the *eisteddfod*, that's a Welsh singing festival, or something—there were a lot of Welshmen living in the neighborhood—and I was entered as one of the elocution contestants.

"I won the prize. They hung a little plush purse, tied with a red ribbon, around my neck."

Newsboy, Bellhop, Baker

A LANGOROUS reclining picture of Joan Crawford stands on end at one side of Chester's mirror. "I've never met her, but she's a great girl."

"I knew I wanted to be a comedian. I wanted to make folks laugh. I like to feel them respond. So I ran away when I was about fourteen. Went up to Des Moines and sold papers. Hopped bells at a hotel. Met all sorts of people. That's why characterization comes easy to me now."

Chester's favorite actress is Janet Gaynor, because she characterizes.

"All those people I met helped me. Say, I met burglars and—and—hop-heads."

"Did you ever play a hop-head, Chester?"

"Well, no. But I've met them. Burglars and even governor's daughters. Yes, sir. Governor's daughters.

"I went on to Omaha and did anything honest to get money to live on. Hungry, a lot of the time. I bummed around the South and landed in St. Louis where I apprenticed myself to Mr. Schultz. Yes, Mr. Adolph Schultz. He was a baker.

"Schultz had a smootch. A great big soup-strainer. That's where I got m idea, and when I went into vaudeville year later I wore a smootch like Schultz'.

And so Chester gave up bread for the ro of the curtain. He wanted to make peopl laugh. And they didn't. His first appea ance was a flat failure. He joined up with repertoire company and finally popped u in San Francisco. In San Francisco th company split and Chester, still wanting t make people laugh, hooked in with the A G. Barnes Circus. Hooked in as a clown.

Those circus days. That was fifteen yea ago. The circus wintered in Venice on th Pacific, an hour's ride from Los Angeles o the interurban. Chester took the hour ride and landed at the Sennett studi He became a Keystone Kop, working on day out of the week at three dollars a da

"Sennett was working, himself, in thos days. Ford Sterling was the star comedian I was sitting watching Fordie do a comed crook scene where he gets caught in a blin alley and crawls into a window which turn out to be the police station. They neede a desk sergeant in the scene. There was n one around. 'Why not give Chester chance?' Ford asked, and that's where I go my break."

When Gloria Was Shy

ON another wall is an autographed pi ture of Joe Jackson. He who rode th bicycle. In the corner is a youngish pictur of Charlie Chaplin, autographed.

"Phil Haver was the prettiest girl I eve saw. Beautiful figure and the softes whitest skin. And Gloria Swanson used come over there with Wally Beery. Sh was a shy little thing."

Jean Hersholt is Chester's favorite acto Because he characterizes. On the wall i Jean's picture, framed.

"Von Stroheim gave me my first seriou rôle in 'Greed.' I did *Popper Seeper*, Zas Pitts's poppa."

Chester drives a Buick and is building shining twelve-room house of French Norman style, with a forty-foot ball room a study, two guest rooms and other moder conveniences.

"Then Mal St. Clair came along and mad me what I am today, on the screen, with m trimmed smootch and plate glass specs. W used them with Pola in 'Women of th World.'"

And now he's the symbol of the world' futility, on the screen. But Chester insist his rôles are "comedy-sympathetic."

The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page 53*)

Oh, it's an obvious story—the characters, catalogued in their respective places, and the scenes dovetailed with the tricks of the melodramatic school. Mary Astor and Robert Elliot walk off with the acting honors, especially Miss Astor.

Fannie Brice's Début

FANNIE BRICE, than whom there is no whomer, when it comes to clowning, has yielded to the talkies and blossoms forth in a piece called "My Man." And Fannie does her stuff, and some of it is emotional. She does first rate when she steps into her favorite vaudeville and revue routine and is pretty close to Jolson in her ability to put over a song via the Vitaphone. One of her favorite numbers—and ours too, after hearing it—is "I'm an Indian." That' "My Man"—and there's Fannie Brice It's good entertainment.

The varying moods of a winding rive are symbolized in "The River," made b Frank Borzage, who fashioned "Seventh Heaven." It is a worthy effort to captur something out of the ordinary, though th symbols sometimes escape the director But one can't deny that it carries imagina tion and considerable feeling. The centra figures are a river boy ignorant of life—a simple and trusting yokel, and a worldly wise woman who turns his world topsy turvy. Charles Farrell is much more effect ive as the youth than Mary Duncan is a the woman.

I give it a good mark. It's worth seeing

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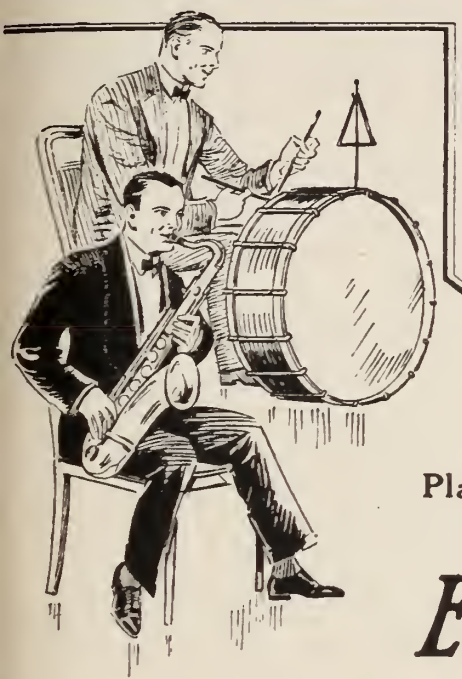
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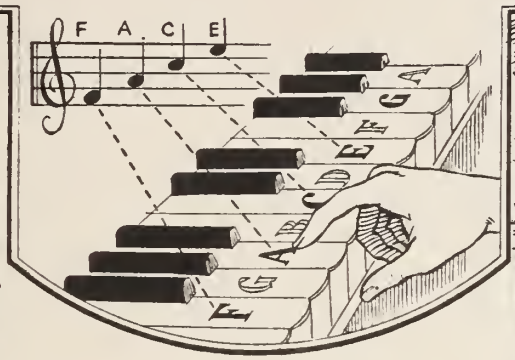
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So many things are not quite right in this perplexing world, that a touch of authority is actually refreshing. . . . And that is why people of sensitive taste hold fast to Camels. That perfect blend strikes just the right note in the scale of cigarette enjoyment.



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MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

S-M

APRIL

25¢



What College Men Think *of the* Movies



While your lovely "best" china is getting a gay sparkle from Ivory's clean, odorless suds, your hands are protected by Ivory's purity and mildness.

Your party linens, bot snowy-white an tinted, stay newe looking longer whe tubbed in Ivory. An your hands sta smooth and whit when they use Ivor for laundering an other soap-and-wate tasks.





The hands that set a table with fine linen and gleaming silver should themselves look ready for the party. They can — if they use Ivory *whenever* they use soap.

Fair white hands when you use a kind soap for every soap-and-water task

WONDERFUL HANDS! Like actresses they play a double part—one moment at household tasks—another moment charming in the eyes of the world.

Can it be done? It is being done in innumerable servantless homes. In their own living rooms we have talked to attractive women who are keeping their hands graceful and *young*.

This is about what they say: "The least expensive way to keep the hands smooth and soft is to use Ivory Soap for every soap-and-water task. Ivory protects the hands while they are working. For Ivory is so gentle that it is a baby soap. It is efficient soap, too. We find it does sturdy cleansing tasks well."

Isn't this simple and sensible beauty-advice?

After all, hands that are treated like ugly ducklings all the working day can't be expected to turn into white swans even after an eleventh-hour manicure — for lotions can't undo the harm to sensitive skin and cuticle caused by the use of harsh, parching soaps.

Isn't it wiser to use Ivory—which really is a form of beauty-insurance? After each Ivory cleansing task dry your hands well. Then, with your usual grooming, they are always ready for parties.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

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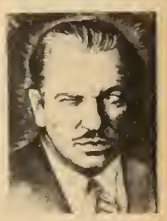


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Speaking to you from Down in Dixie
"HEARTS in DIXIE"
is the first authentic screen record of the Old South ever produced. It is a singing, dancing comedy with music — all the actors speaking their parts in a 100% Dialog Dramatization of Dixieland and its people.
200
native entertainers, including the famous Billbrew Chorus of 60 Voices, relive the vivid romance of Ante-Bellum Days below the Mason and Dixon Line. All the happy-go-lucky joy of living, laughter and all-embracing gusto of plantation life has been re-created with thrilling realism . . . .
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Watch for it at your favorite theatre
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Story and Dialog by Walter Weems
PAUL SLOANE Production
OLD DIX-IE-LAND
HEAR THOSE HEARTS BEAT THE CADENCES OF THEIR RACE..
. . along the levees and in the cotton fields...strummin' banjos...chanting spirituals...where life is infused with an ageless melody — throbbing with emotion — epic in its simplicity.
FOX MOVIETONE
More than Sound-Life itself!



The world's greatest entertainment- QUALITY *Talking Pictures*



"Chinatown Nights" *based on* "Tong War"

YOU won't know what great things are going on in the world of entertainment until you have seen a Paramount Talking Picture! *Paramount* we said, because there's all the difference in the world between the ordinary talking picture, and the QUALITY Talking Picture — just as great a difference as there is between Paramount Pictures silent, and all others. ¶ Your Theatre, whether equipped for sound or not, will be showing these pictures soon. 'Phone the Manager, and ask him *when* — then get in on the good things of life by seeing all the Paramount Pictures you can. Sound or Silent —"*If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town.*"



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PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORP.
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Paramount's QUALITY All-Talking picturization of the famous mystery-melodrama by S. S. Van Dine. With William Powell as "Philo Vance," James Hall, Louise Brooks, Jean Arthur. A Malcolm St. Clair Production. Also presented in a "silent" version, for theatres not yet equipped for sound.

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Paramount Pictures

MOTION PICTURE
CLASSIC

Vol. XXIX APRIL, 1929 No. 2

Notable Features in This Issue:

WHAT COLLEGE MEN THINK OF THE MOVIES ..... *Virgil Pinkley, H. Monte Harrington, Templeton Peck* 18
CONFESSIONS OF THE STARS (LOIS WILSON) ..... *Gladys Hall* 20
WHERE STARS ARE OUTSHONE ..... *Ruth Biery* 23
WHAT PRICE PROFANITY NOW? ..... *Cedric Belfrage* 28
FRONT-PAGE SECRETS ..... *Ruth Biery* 30
WHOLESALE HOSTS ..... *Helen Louise Walker* 32

The Classic Gallery 11–15
LOIS MORAN, CLARA BOW, DORIS DAWSON, ESTELLE TAYLOR, NILS ASTHER
Very Deslysious—*picture page*, MARIA CORDA 22
Single Blissedness ..... *Dorothy Spensley* 24
Sprinkle, Sprinkle, Little Star!—*picture page*, BESSIE LOVE 25
Hollywood Horrors—*cartoon* ..... *h. o. hofman* 26
Hollywood's 300 ..... *Marquis Busby* 27
A Lace For Everything—*picture page*, LUPE VELEZ 29
The Wraydiant Morn—*picture page*, FAY WRAY 31
de Mille With A Small de ..... *Herbert Cruikshank* 35
The Daily Terror 36
One Rake's Progress—*picture page*, ALICE WHITE 38
A Hairpin and Two Tickets ..... *Dorothy Manners* 39
Lovelier Even Than The Lilies—*picture page*, NORMA SHEARER 40
How To Be Happy Though In Hollywood ..... *Gladys Hall* 42
A Soldier of the Queen—*picture page*, GLORIA SWANSON 43
Teaming With Enthusiasm—*picture page*, SUE CAROL AND NICK STUART 44
A Tough Boyd ..... *Dorothy Donnell* 45
Classic's Family Album—*picture page*, HAROLD LLOYD 46
Silence, Please! ..... *H. W. Hanemann* 51
His New Malaydy-Friend—*picture page*, RAMON NOVARRO AND DOROTHY JANIS 52
Pola Puts It Over ..... *Reg Mortimer* 53
Look! Whose Back?—*picture page*, JOAN CRAWFORD 56
The Worser The Better ..... *Walter Ramsey* 57
Moore Deadly Than The Male—*picture page*, COLLEEN MOORE 58
Curth You, Jack Dalton! ..... *Herbert Cruikshank* 60
Blane and Fancy Dress—*picture page*, SALLY BLANE 61
Idol Interest—*picture page*, MAURICE CHEVALIER 64
Working-At-Night Life ..... *Dorothy Lubou* 65
Hollywood's Maine Attraction—*picture page*, DOROTHY APPLEBY 66

The CLASSIC'S Famous Departments

Last-Minute News 6
That's My Story ..... *Bert Ennis* 8
Our Own News-Camera—*The Screen World in Pictures* 17
The Celluloid Critic—*Some Current Films in Review* ..... *Laurence Reid* 54
Looking Them Over Out Hollywood Way—*Newsy Close-Ups* ..... *Dorothy Manners* 62

Cover portrait of Renee Adoree by DON REED, *especially created by* RUSSELL BALL

LAURENCE REID, Editor
Colin J. Cruickshank, Art Director
CLASSIC comes out on the 10th of every month, MOTION PICTURE the 28th

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC *is published monthly at 731 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Ill., by* MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. *Entered as second class matter August 31st, 1928, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879; additional entry as second class matter at New York, N.Y. Printed in U. S. A. Editorial and Executive Offices, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.,* Copyright 1929 by MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. *Single copy 25c. Subscriptions for U. S., its possessions, and Mexico $2.50 a year, Canada $3.00, Foreign Countries, $3.50. European Agents, Atlas Publishing Company, 18 Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4. George Kent Shuler, Pres. and Treas., Duncan A. Dobie, Jr., Vice Pres., Murray C. Bernays, Sec'y.*



LAST MINUTE NEWS



MUST be **Spring** is around the corner. The old **Rhubarb** and **Soda** bottle went the way of all bottles along with **Hoop Skirts,** but that tired feeling lingered on—and now **Vacations** are the **Cure. Colleen Moore** went to the **Sierras** for winter sports and **Pep**—and also to display decidedly *chic* sports outfits. . . . **Alice White,** after reading a contract that permitted her to be a **Blonde** whenever she felt like it, hurried to **Arrowhead Springs, Cal.,** for a *leetle* rest before jumping into the jazzy rôle in **"Broadway Babies."** . . . **Seattle** proved a happy hunting ground for rest and recreation for **Billie Dove.** . . . **Al Jolson** after a rushed trip to **New York,** returned to **Hollywood** ready for another **Mammy** rôle in guess!—**"Mammy"** and to help **Sophie Tucker** in her first **Vitaphone** picture, **"Honkey Tonk."** Gorgeous title, that!

CORINNE GRIFFITH and her husband, **Walter Morosco,** are on their way to see if **London Bridge** is falling down. Upon her return from the **European** tour **Miss Griffith** will start work in a talking version of **"Lilies of the Field"** for **Warner-First National.** . . . **Mary Nolan** will take to the high seas soon to begin work on **"Trader Horn"** in the coveted rôle of the golden haired goddess. The picture will be filmed in **Africa.** . . . It's the **Day** of the **Detective.** All about you on the screen they are ferreting out **Crime.** There is the case, f'rinstance, of **William Powell** who is again to play the effete and efficient **Philo Vance** in the picturization of **"The Green Murder Case"**—and here is murder enough to satisfy even a **Borgia**—which follows the talking version of **"The Canary Murder Case." Mr. Powell** has just returned to **Hollywood** via **Havana** and **Mexico.** . . . **Richard Barthelmess** and his bride joined forces with **William Powell** at **Havana** and had a good time going **Coastward** together.



P. & A.

Getting off on the right foot: Rin-Tin-Tin putting his paw for the second time upon the sidewalks of New York, in the Grand Central Station. His sponsors are hoping that Broadway will not transform him into too gay a dog

WHAT with **Kellogg** peace treaties and **Irene Bordoni** making the first international talking and singing picture, it looks as if they might just as well **Scrap** the dear old warships. **La Bordoni** has long intrigued **New York** and now the whole wide world will hear and see her. **Her** ability to speak **French, Italian, Spanish, German, English** and, maybe, **Esperanto** will enable her to present a unique première simultaneously in **Paris, Rome, Madrid, Berlin** and **Tahiti.** . . . **Jeanne Eagels** will have an opportunity to say a few words in her best style when **"Jealousy,"** the play with two characters, is filmed at the **Paramount** studio at **Astoria.** . . . **Mary Eaton** and **Oscar Shaw,** musical comedy sweethearts, are two new names added to the roster of **"The Cocoanuts"** in which the four **Marx Brothers** will turn the world **Upside** down.

THE Elder statesmen of the **Wampas** are given an opportunity to let their chests **Swell** with pride when they see the success of their protégée, **Doris Hill.** This young baby star has just signed for the leading rôle in **Paramount's "The Studio Murder Mystery."** . . . And **Wampas** had better watch out for **Dorothy Appleby** for next year. **Valentino** first discovered **Miss Appleby** in his search for young beauty—and young beauty is right—and now she is seen with **Eddie Quillan** in **"Listen, Baby."** . . . Little **Sally Rand,** former **Wampas** baby star, is being missed in **Hollywood,** for she is obeying **Noel Coward's** command, **"Dance, Little Lady,"** in vaudeville.

DAY by day **Hollywood** is growing more **Continental. Germany** is sending not only cakes but **Max Reinhardt** to make pictures in **California.** . . . **Lya DePutti,** on the other hand, will take much of the sparkle of **Hungary** with her when she leaves **Hollywood** to sail on the **Majestic** for **England** where **"The Informer,"** in which she stars, will be filmed. . . . **"Oh, There's No Place Like Home,"** sings **Greta Garbo,** doing everything but sightseeing in **Sweden. Sweden,** by the way, with the **Crown Prince's** son to accompany her everywhere, has outdone itself to make **Greta** think kindly of the **Land** of her birth. . . . The **Ile de France,** too, is doing its bit to help **International** relations along. Just recently this **French** liner was turned into a motion picture theater when the **"Passion of Joan of Arc"** was given its first **American** showing under the auspices of the **French Chamber** of **Commerce.**

CHARLES MACK, who is the **"Why Bring That Up?"** of **Moran** and **Mack,** thinks **Beverly Hills** about one of the nicest places to settle down and has bought himself, well, just another show place. . . . **Milton Sills,** who recently came down with the **Flu,** had a relapse and in consequence **Doris Kenyon,** who was to have played opposite him in **"Dark Street,"** played the rôle of **Nurse** at home. . . . **Reginald Denny,** one of the new bridegrooms of **Hollywood,** is preparing to make a talking picture, and its name is—you'd never guess!—**"Companionate Troubles!"**

LON CHANEY simply must be **Different.** This time he is not seen in a weird rôle—nor does he **Talk.** But he has a men only cast. **Not** a **Woman** is in sight or sound in **"Bugle Sounds,"** a story of love between father and son. . . . Only one **Link** to the past will remain to **Frances Marion** when she offers the **Estate** of her late husband, **Fred Thomson,** for sale. One of the most beautiful and complete of the **Hollywood** show places, it possessed everything from its own **Cows** to fire departments. And there were prize **Horses,** too, and now only one, **Silver King, Fred Thomson's** favorite, will remain the property of **Miss Marion.**

GARY COOPER is preparing to show **Flappers** what a real Man's Man is like. He is to keep his **Hand** quick on the **Trigger,** and drawl, "When you say that, smile," in the **Talking** version of **"The Virginian."** . . . Dat ole davil sea is roaring **Long** and **Loudly** for a place in the picture **Suns.** Too much attention in the **Newspapers** and too much neglect in the **Films,** that's its grievance. Anyway, **John Gilbert** and **William Haines** are scheduled to see what **They** can do about it when they start **Work** on some **Sea** pictures. . . . **Gladys Belmont** croons **Indian** love songs these days with **More** than passing fondness. So great was her success as **Richard Dix's Indian** sweetheart in **"Redskin"** that she is being mentioned for all kinds of **Honors.**

JOAN BENNETT had to submit to an **Operation** before work could be started on **"Bulldog Drummond."** . . . It didn't take **Ether.** It didn't take **Chloroform.** It didn't take **Novocaine.** In fact, it didn't take an **Anesthetic** at all, for it was just **Joan's** long hair being cut **Short** to satisfy the director. . . . And while **Joan** was being relieved of her **Hair,** her sister in the **East, Barbara Bennett,** was taking front page space by jumping into **Matrimony.** As a wedding gift **Pathé** gave her a **Contract** to play opposite her new husband, **Morton Downey,** in **"Mother's Boy."**

TRAINS that passed in the night took **Nancy Carroll** to **New York** and carried **Thomas Meighan** back to **Hollywood.** Guess **Nancy** wanted to see that street called **Broadway** once more before she started work on the **Play** of that name. . . . The **Equity Ball** out **Hollywood** way is getting to be as important an event as it is in **New York.** This year **Marion Davies** put on her **Best** party dress and was the **Spirit** of **Equity.**



"MY STARS!"

They are the bright lights of the screen, these merry Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars. Be sure that your favorite theatre has booked M-G-M pictures. Then you will know that you have happy days ahead with the Biggest Stars in the Biggest Pictures—

Lon Chaney, Greta Garbo, John Gilbert, Marion Davies, Norma Shearer, William Haines, Ramon Novarro, Joan Crawford, Buster Keaton in M-G-M Pictures.

See It Now!

THE TRAIL OF '98 *with*

DOLORES DEL RIO

RALPH FORBES—KARL DANE
TULLY MARSHALL
HARRY CAREY

from Robert W. Service's Novel

Directed by
CLARENCE BROWN

METRO-GO N-MAYER

THE METRO GOLDWYN MAYER LION — THE GREATEST STAR ON THE SCREEN

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"



Communiques From The Hollywood Tattle-Front

By BERT ENNIS

WE'RE WRONG

THIS bureau of misinformation has been set right on a paragraph it printed last month about Colonel Selig, the famous old film producer. We had the sponsor for the world-known Selig brand of other days occupying a shack on the Selig studio grounds, by virtue of the present owner's kindness. In justice to the veteran producer, we now set forth that he occupies a Hollywood mansion on North Catalina Street, a ritzy section of the burg; is the owner of an art collection valued at two hundred thousand dollars, and owns the ground on which the famous Selig studio on Mission Road is located. All of which means they will be holding no benefits for the man who gave Kathlyn Williams, Hobart Bosworth and other star names to the screen.

SOFT PICKINGS

THEY'RE telling one about a certain Hollywood star which illustrates vividly how easily the average moneyed movie player falls for sucker rackets. It seems a woman fan magazine writer did this particular twenty-four sheet name a great favor in connection with killing some embarrassing publicity. In appreciation, the star took a string of pearls from around her neck and forced them on the writer, with the information that she had acquired them on a recent Parisian trip, laying two thousand dollars on the line for the bauble. The scribbler's husband, a wise New Yorker, decided to have the pearls appraised and rushed down to Brock, a leading Los Angeles jeweler, clutching what he thought was a small fortune in his hand. The jeweler put one of those things in his eye, squinted carefully and tossed the string back with the remark: "A corking imitation. They're worth at least thirty dollars. Confronted with the bad news, the pearl donor showed her writing friend a bill of sale proving she had sunk two thousand smackers in the phoney necklace.

A CLOSE RACE

JOHNNY HINES has air-mailed to this space the one about the origin of slow motion—"two Scotchmen reaching for a lunch check."

PROSPERITY NOTE

ACCORDING to the guy who stands in line behind her every week, Dolores Del Rio shoves five thousand dollars through the window every Saturday at the Pacific Building and Loan Society in Hollywood. Wesley Ruggles, the director; Harry Rapf, big shot at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; and Eddie Carewe are also heavy weekly depositors in this home-building enterprise. All of which tags the well-circulated stories of Hollywood wasters and spenders as so much wolf-dust.



Cupid corrals representatives of three stages of matrimony: at the wedding of Ruth Roland and Ben Bard, the center couple, were Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd, who've been married for years; and Bebe Daniels—extreme right—and Ben Lyon—second from left—who are soon to be

AND HOW!

AN aspiring young blonde talking to her roommate: "I want to get into pictures in the worst way."

The friend: "If you do, talk to any director on the So and So lot," naming a once well-known comedy studio.

OR ELSE!

EDMUND LOWE is circulating the one around Hollywood about the young pair who visited the marriage bureau looking for a license. "How old are you?" queried the clerk of the boy. "Seventeen." "And what is your age?" he asked the gal. "Sixteen," she tremoloed. "I'm sorry," sorried the clerk, "but you're both under age. You'll have to have your parents' consent before I issue a license." "Who do you think that old guy standing in the doorway with the shot-gun is—Daniel Boone?" piped the prospective groom.

IMAGINE IT

AN old character actor by the name of Charley Greene has a racket in Hollywood that has the five-dollar-a-day check for playing bits skinned to death. He sells custom-made shirts to the male stars and directors. His customers include King Baggott, Herbert Brenon, Ronald Colman, Warner Baxter and other heavy-salaried movieites, who pay as high as twenty dollars each for the kind the laundries love to ruin. Roscoe Arbuckle is not on Greene's list. Buster Keaton claims Arbuckle's shirts are made by Omar the Tent-Maker.

REMEMBER WHEN?

"SONNY BOY," Davy Lee's brother, Frankie, was the kid hit of "The Miracle Man?" Operators ground by hand and the film flickered as their arm weakened? Sessue Hayakawa was an electric light name? All films were produced on outdoor stages and the breeze fluttered the draperies on the mantel? Harold Lloyd was the "Lonesome Luke" of Pathé comedies? Helen Holmes was serialing? June Caprice was the Fox Mary Pickford?

QUICKIE GAG

ONE of those quickie outfits that pay the actors in cigar coupons was making a four-day feature. The cameraman was cranking a scene wherein the heavy had been shot and was dying in the arms of his sweetheart. The cranker turned to the director and said: "I'm running out on film. Only got five feet left." The quickie gent said "O.K.," and yelled to the actor: "Hey, you big bum: die faster, will you?"

PATHOS NOTE

ONE of the biggest screen bets of a decade ago is ekeing out a living ringing Hollywood doorbells as a canvasser for a certain brand of cold-cream. Her name on a Universal film used to pack them in.

HE SHOULD KNOW

A HOLLYWOOD hot lover star who has been plenty jammed up recently with court proceedings, due to a breach of promise action, has pasted the following on his dressing-room mirror: "Do Right and Fear No Man; Don't Write and Fear No Woman!"

REWARD

Find the key to unlock this FREE Bag of Gold



© 1928 by J. L. Decker

THERE are 19 keys pictured here. To be sure, they all look alike, but, examine them closely. 18 of them are exactly alike but **"ONE,"** and only one is DIFFERENT FROM ALL THE OTHERS. It is the key to OPEN THE PADLOCK on this $3,000.00 FREE "Bag of Gold." **SEE IF YOU CAN FIND IT.**

CLUES

The difference may be in the size, the shape, or even in the notches. So, STUDY EACH KEY CAREFULLY and if you can find the **"ONE"** KEY that is different from all the others SEND THE NUMBER OF IT TO ME AT ONCE. You may become the winner of a Chrysler "75" Royal Sedan or $3,000.00 cash money,—without one cent of cost to you. I will give away ABSOLUTELY FREE,—5 new six-cylinder 4-door Sedans and the winners can have CASH MONEY INSTEAD of the automobiles if they prefer it. 25 BIG PRIZES TO BE GIVEN FREE—totaling $7,300.00 cash.

➡ Or Win a CHRYSLER "75" Sedan ⬅

Choice of this beautiful Chrysler "75" Royal Sedan or $3,000.00 cash. We pay all the freight and tax in full on all the prizes and deliver them anywhere in the U. S. A. This is an AMAZING OPPORTUNITY. ACT QUICK, and here is why—

$1,000.00 CASH—EXTRA FOR PROMPTNESS

I will pay $1,000.00 cash money extra JUST FOR PROMPTNESS. Duplicate prizes will be paid in full in case of ties. YOU CAN WIN the Chrysler "75" Royal Sedan or—$3,000.00 cash. ANSWER QUICK.

You Cannot Lose

Absolutely everyone who takes full advantage of this opportunity will be rewarded. But, hurry, — *find the* **"ONE"** *key* that is different from all the others and RUSH THE NUMBER OF IT and your name and address to me TODAY on a postal card or in a letter. And, just say:—"Key number.....is different from all the others. Please tell me how I can get this magnificent Chrysler '75' Royal Sedan—or—$3,000.00 CASH MONEY without obligation or one penny of cost to me."

E. COLLINS, 537 South Dearborn St.
Dept. 640 CHICAGO, ILL.

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brings to you the living pulse-beat of Paris ~



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A WARNER BROS. VITAPHONE TALKING PICTURE

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See and hear Warner Bros. *Vitaphone* Talking Picture—*"The Redeeming Sin."* And remember—you can hear the *real Vitaphone* ONLY in *Warner Bros.* and *First National* Pictures.



You See and Hear VITAPHONE only in Warner Bros. and First National Pictures

MOTION PICTURE
CLASSIC
APRIL, 1929

LOIS MORAN

She's supposed to know more about finance than any other young star in pictures. But more than that: the becomingness of this gown shows as keen a sense of the right thing in vestments as in investments



E. B Hesser



Preston Duncan

DORIS DAWSON

Cheeks and hands like velvet—Doris Dawson's obviously are; and apparently do, to judge from the position she's assumed in the chair. As for her street costume, it is both chic and knee-captivating



Russell Ball

ESTELLE TAYLOR

Two sides of Estelle Taylor's personality: at the left she's one of those girls who walk in the country even without a preliminary automobile ride; above she is a dark, mysterious woman of the world, veil and interesting



Richee Photos

CLARA BOW

It isn't disclosed just at present who besides Clara Bow has been invited to membership in the cast of "The Wild Party." But we're willing to bet our suspenders and Clara's that she will be the life of it



R. H. Louise

NILS ASTHER

The free-and-easy, howdy-old-man manners of Hollywood, Nils has said, irritate him. But is it that, or the way he wears his coat that really gets him so hot under the collar?



MONSIEUR · LUCIEN · LELONG

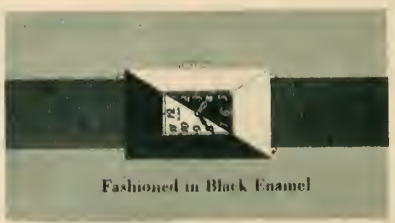
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Three are plain; three are inlaid with lustrous hard enamel. And all are brilliantly smart. Ask any jeweller to show you his sparkling tray of ELGIN Parisiennes. And not only Lucien Lelong, but Agnes, Jenny, Premet, and a group of equally prominent leaders of the Paris Grande Couture are represented.

A Parisienne costs but $35, there is no duty on *designs*. Style genius pays no fees at the customs house. Paris style . . . at a truly American price!

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The Magazine With the Personality

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

Pictures and Personalities

By GEORGE KENT SHULER, *Publisher*



EVER since the days when Francis X. Bushman, then the father of an ample family, used to play the part of a freshman, college men have suffered at the hands of the screen.

It cannot be said that they suffered in silence. They made loud and occasionally violent protest to the manner in which motion pictures represented them. But inasmuch as these objections could only be voiced in theater jn college communities, they had a restricted radius of audience. The rest of the world continued to think that undergraduates were the entirely irresponsible and usually idiotic persons that photoplays made them out to be.

The country at large thus incorporated in its American credo that all college boys festoon their walls with pennants, spend their leisure time throwing books at one another's heads, haze freshmen, get drunk regularly on cheap gin and, despite the merit of the opposing team, are invariably capable of entering the game in the last minute of play and scoring the winning touchdown.

Both Sides Have Suffered

THIS has hurt both the college men and, as one undergraduate has pointed out, the screen. Where people are not familiar with the genus undergraduate, they come to look upon him as a rather silly fellow. And where they do know what college men are like, they come to look upon the screen as a medium without regard for truth in its representation of life. Such pictures as the usual stories of the campus thus either make collegians out as fools or the movies out as liars.

Neither of which, of course, is true. But heretofore the balance of adverse prejudice has been against the colleges, for the screen has a power of publicity which the university man cannot call upon.

And for this reason, in order to give the hitherto and comparatively mute victims of misleading films of undergraduate life and character a chance to speak out to the public, Motion Picture Classic has inaugurated a series of articles by representative and intelligent college men. The first of these discussions appears in this issue. It is entitled "What College Men Think of the Movies"; both for the sake of the reader and of the thousands of young men the articles speak for, we call especial attention to the series.

Score Another for the Talkies

WHAT the talking pictures may do in the future is necessarily a matter of speculation. But what they have done is not. And we should like to point out one unforeseen contribution they have made. It is in the introduction to the screen of the great and spontaneous ability to entertain that the Negro race possesses.

We have in mind in particular a motion picture comedy founded on one of Octavus Roy Cohen's stories of the colored quarter of Birmingham. It so far transcends in quality, in real humor, both in characterization and dialogue, the average movie comedy that one wonders where this material has lain all this time, neglected.

The picture is not only funny, it is harmless. Which means that it can offend neither the white nor the colored race. Its characters are drawn entirely from the Negro population and so there is no clash in interest or prejudice. The South would like it as well as—indeed, because of its understanding of the Negro, perhaps better than—the North. And this is indeed an achievement. Heretofore producers have hesitated to present subjects likely to stir up racial friction. To have been able to utilize the genius of the Negro without the least reflection upon him or those with whom he might clash is decidedly a step forward. It gives to the movie-going public a new wealth of material for pleasure.

One may argue, of course, that the mere injection of sound into a production has no basic effect upon the inherent merit of it. That with proper subtitles such a comedy as has been considered would be quite as telling as it is in its vocalized form. Theoretically this may be so in a measure, but actually much of what is spoken by the players would have to be eliminated, else the film would be simply one piece of reading matter after another. And this would reduce to a minimum the fund of humor in the dialogue. The audible form of the picture permits of using everything.

What College Men

For Representing University Life As It Isn't, Picture People Are Geniuses





Above, The University of Southern California

You've seen college life on the screen. So you know what the movies think of college men. Is it true and is it just? There's been a lot of talk about those questions. But hitherto it's been just talk. The undergraduates—and graduates—have never had a chance to air their views and feelings in print. Perhaps because they were too violent. At any rate, aside from the matter of language, they haven't had their innings in broadcasting. But now they're going to. CLASSIC has arranged for a series of articles wherein these hitherto helpless victims are going to utter their grievances—and other feelings about the screen and its relation to the university man. This is the first of the series, all parts of which are to be written by the editors of the undergraduate publications of important and representative institutions. Read this one and watch for the others. They're worth it.

—Editor's Note

By VIRGIL PINKLEY, *Editor of The Trojan, University of Southern California*

"SAY, if you're going to write anything about what football players think of the actors that play in collegiate pictures, tell 'em that they act like hell. They are a bunch of queer punks. Say, if one of those fellows tried to kick a football, he would sit down on the grass. They couldn't catch a pass on a bet and when they handle a football, a 'punkin' would be better. Tell 'em what a mess they make of college life and football players."

That, my friends, is what one member of the Trojan football team thinks about Hollywood actors who try to turn collegiate.

Universal has been producing a series dealing with mythical university life in which high school scenes are used, grammar school plots served, and kindergarten direction is used.

"College," a vehicle of Buster Keaton on college life, was fairly well liked by most students. Keaton used university stars to perform, and the football shots were of Trojan players at their best. Harold Lloyd in "The Freshman" pleased many, and the single criticism was that in the football shots, fat, poorly conditioned extras were used to represent smashing college gridiron players.

Most of the college pictures I've ever seen, however, are poor examples of true university life; they are everything it isn't. To add to the advance publicity, scenes are taken on some campus, but the story and supporting ele-

(*Continued on page 70*)

Screen Plays Are Cheap. But They're Human; And While We Kid Them, We Keep Going

IN college, students develop a mania for going in for things. Not nearly so sophisticated as he would have it appear, the collegian does more going in for the movies than any other of his wicked, flaming deeds.

The University of California and its Uclans have long been friendly to the movies. Why shouldn't they be? Nearly every student knows some kleig star, director, prop man or juicer. In our student body we have young ladies who double for screen heroines, young men who write stories and continuities, and professors who act as technical advisers.

THINK *of the* Movies

Pictures That Please College Men Please The World, For They're Both Critical And Faithful





Above, New Leland Stanford University Building



By
H. Monte Harrington,
Editor of The Daily Bruin, University of California, Los Angeles



Center, The University of California, Los Angeles

Our alumni furnish movie extras by the dozen, hundreds or thousands, as the need may be. With a student body of six thousand undergraduates, Universal may have a mob of a thousand for a Collegian Series scene, Metro-Goldwyn may shoot a prom sequence of hot, dancing college youth; and Paramount may borrow a military unit for a West Point picture, all in one day. Hardly a week goes by without seeing many Uclans cashing studio pay-checks. Why shouldn't we collegians go simply wild over the movies?

U. C. L. A. being located in Hollywood, students know what kind of people the stars are. In going to and from the campus, it is hard to avoid seeing some screen celebrity as he dashes about Hollywood.

After dances, rallies, and other wild doings of college folk, everybody heads for Henri's, the favorite café of screen-

(*Continued on page 70*)

By Templeton Peck, *Editor of The Leland Stanford Daily*

ANYONE familiar with the limited amount of entertainment which Palo Alto provides can readily see why Stanford University students flock in such numbers to the two established movie houses of that spotless city.

The New Stanford and the Varsity, cinema places having tolerably comfortable seats and a couple of good-looking box-office girls—a brunette at the former and a redhead at the latter—do a land-office business almost every night, particularly over the week-ends.

There are, in general, three sorts of entertainment open to Stanfordites—lectures or plays, given on the campus; the San Francisco theaters—legitimate or cinema; and the Palo Alto shows, which are non-squawkie and non-orchestraed, providing only the old reliable diapason of the Wurlitzer.

Yet do Stanford men and women jam the lecture halls, patronize the University plays, attend the best dramas produced in San Francisco, or even put in the evenings at the library? Not, at least, to the point of ignoring the movies. Each night after dinner, members of fraternities or eating clubs collect in show-bound groups, appropriate a vehicle, and skim down to Palo Alto to take in the best program offered.

Critical But Faithful

ONCE the Stanford Rough is ensconced in the understuffed seat to which his ticket entitles him, he becomes the most critical person in the world. Probably he has seen, on the average, three washout pictures to one

(*Continued on page 70*)

Confessions

Lois Wilson Tells

THE SEVENTH

OF A SERIES OF REAL LIFE STORIES



Bachrach

CONFESSIONS OF THE STARS - #7

Lois Wilson Tells Her Untold Tale

by

Gladys Hall

"I hereby testify that this story as given to Gladys Hall contains material never before published in any magazine or newspaper".

Lois Wilson

SUBSCRIBED and SWORN to before me this 18th day of January 1929.

Notary Public In and for the County of Los Angeles, State of California.

***LOIS WILSON** has worn the Hollywood halo. She is one of the persons concerning whom a preconceived, a set idea has gone abroad in the land. She has been tarred with one brush, painted with one color. A nice girl. The typical American girl. The type any mother's son would be safe with. An idealist. Clean. Wholesome, scorning such hot and horrid things as are commonly supposed to occupy the young Hollywoodians. She has been called refreshing, naive, unspoiled, fearless—numerous other adjectives of the same ilk, all tending to depict a person of neutral color, washed in a sky-blue dye, without sin because without temptation. Wrong. All wrong. Nor is the reverse side of the ledger true, either. If Lois Wilson is not a saint of the school of Elsie Dinsmore and Pollyanna, neither is she heir to the school of the DuBarrys and such conniving cuties as good old Cleo. In between these two basic types there is another. And these others are the human human beings. Men and women who have ideals on the one side and desires on the other and constant conflict between the two. Men and women who have dreamed young dreams and seen them perish; hoped shining hopes and seen them dim; worked hard, sometimes with reward and sometimes with failure. Men and women who have experienced poverty and riches, pain and neglect, adulation and triumph, and have come through these things unbroken sword in hand, deep and warm and human. Understanding many things and so condemning nothing. Such is Lois Wilson.*

We spent a whole day together, in the boudoir of her spacious home in Beverly Hills. We talked, as women will, of life and love and babies, of reincarnation and disillusions and what comes out of it all. We looked over old diaries, records of old dreams, many of them smashed; and Lois talked and there emerged, for the very first time, a self-portrait of one woman of the screen who has never been known before.

Lois Wilson, self-described:

"LIFE is not what I thought it was.

"That is the lesson I have had to learn. And I have learned it in a very hard school.

"Curious, but when I was a child, a very young girl, I was extremely orthodox. An Episcopalian, subscribing to every tenet and dogma of the church. And now that I subscribe no longer, now that I rarely go to church and am not religious in the accepted sense of that term, I feel that I am more religious than I ever was before.

"I never met reality until I was twenty-two.

"I was a dreamer when I was a child. Brought up in the South, ideally happy with my mother and father, with my three sisters, in our home, sometimes poor but never poor in anything but money. I believed that life was all like that. That women were virtuous and loving and kind, that men were chivalrous and gallant, ready and willing to stand and serve. I believed that I would grow up, be protected, happy, that some Prince Charming would come galloping by for me and that I would live happily ever after. That was life, wasn't it? My life, certainly.

"When I was very tiny I thought that I had been stolen and given to my parents. Some wicked tutor had abducted me from the kingdom of my birth. And some day the reigning monarch would trace me and they would send emissaries with trumpets to bring me back to my throne. I was a little superior toward my sisters because of this, but always very kind. And when I deliberated upon the outcome of this matter, when I visualized the royal personages coming to escort me back, I always saw

of the STARS

Her Untold Tale

By GLADYS HALL





Ball

myself refusing them, firmly and rather nobly, electing to remain with my parents who had become my parents indeed. The family always won out.

The Dream-Lover

"WHEN I grew older, I had a dream-lover. A make-believe lover. He was why I didn't fall in love before I did. Why I never had the usual adolescent crushes. Why I never engaged in the spooning parties now called necking. I never spooned or necked or petted, or whatever the term is, because of this dream lover of mine. He was as real to me as flesh and blood. And he was far more desirable than any of the boys I met. He was completely ideal, obliging and sensitive, changing his moods to match mine, and even changing his name now and again, according to the dictates of my fancy. Usually he was Ivanhoe. And he was always very tall and very dark and very tender and romantic. We strolled in the moonlight together, conversing as lovers do, and tramped the spring woods in the rain. And I lay in his arms while he made love to me. I felt very sorry for the other girls. I felt they had been cheated of the ideal lover. It was all so real to me.

"Influencing and tempering this visionary world of mine was, first of all, my mother. She was a radical in the days before radical women had come in. She taught us to look life squarely in the face, and from many angles, not from just one. She believed in all and every cultural influence and that every influence may be made cultural. She gave us good books to read from the time we could toddle, so that when other girls were hiding trashy novels under their mattresses I had no desire to read that sort of thing. I had been brought up on other mental diet. She took us to the theater when other girls of our ages were not allowed. She was often criticized for her freedom of viewpoint and for the freedom she allowed us. But she was never criticized by us. I often feel that there would be no need of theater censorship or any other kind if mothers would bring their children up to be selective.

The Godlike Doctor

"THE second great influence in my life was Dr. Beard, a dignitary of the church, who paid my college monthly visits and talked to us. He took an especial interest in me, partly, I think, because I took such an interest in him and what he had to say. You see, I could believe in him. I did. I think perhaps he was God to me. At least, he looked the way I imagined that God must look. And I know that he understood me far better than I understood myself. I had a notion that I was the saint type, born into this world to perform an unworldly mission, destined to do good to mankind. I wanted, at that time, to be a nun. And through Dr. Beard I made inquiries about an order in my church. Dr. Beard told me that that life was not for me. I think he knew that I was—well, far more of the earth earthy than I liked to think myself. Instead of the life of the cloister, he pointed out to me the great mission of a work in the world. He made me value and revere work. He taught me, too, the even greater value of wifehood and motherhood. For one career or the other, he said, I was designed. And he taught me to hold on to my faith, not to question too much, never to allow myself to doubt. I think, now, that he knew how much I would need that faith.

"The president of my college was another strong influence. She wore her hat back-side-foremost quite often and a huge safety pin for a belt buckle. She had lost her lover in the Civil War and had remained true to him all her life. And out of the wreck of her own hopes and heart she had builded and sustained the hearts and hopes of other people. From these two noble souls I got the ruling admiration that is mine today—admiration for those great people who transcend their own personal pain and frustration and succeed in spite of it, or perhaps because of it.

The First Real Love

"I CAME face to face with reality when I was twenty-two. For the first time.

(*Continued on page 74*)



Very Deslysious

Maybe you thought the day was past when the big number in vamping was to wear aigrets, a tiara and say, "Ooh! La, la!" every three minutes. As Gaby Deslys used to do back in 1910. But no; the stuff is still good; and here is Maria Corda to prove it

Where STARS *Are* Outshone

The Divorce Proceedings Of Celebrities Are The Opposite Of Spectacular

By RUTH BIERY



JULIAN ANCKER walked into the courtroom of Judge Marshall F. McComb, Department Seven, Los Angeles Superior Court, and requested an annulment of his marriage to Gladys Greene Ancker. Mrs. Ancker, according to the plaintiff, had discovered that her contract with the Paramount Studios forbade her marriage. She discovered it within a few hours after the wedding ceremony in Ventura.

In ten minutes the annulment was granted. Judge McComb turned from his fifty-first case that day to his fifty-second as unconcernedly as he had turned from his twenty-first to his twenty-second.

When I talked to him about divorcing Hollywood celebrities, he did not even remember the incident. When I asked him if he hadn't known that he was untying the knot of Jean *Arthur*, one of our rising young actresses, he puzzled his brow for a moment and answered, "Why, it does seem to me one of the boys did say something about it. She didn't come into court as I remember. Really, I don't know very much about it."

"But she's one of the 1929 baby stars, Judge."

"Is she?" He might as well have said, "What about it?"

"But you handled the Coogan alienation-of-affection case, didn't you?"

"Yes. But there was nothing to it. It was over in ten minutes."

Divorce Without Dust

I NEARLY swallowed my tonsils. Mrs. Coogan, mother of Jackie, sued by Mrs. Bernstein for alienation of her husband's affections, and the judge of the case talking about minutes.

"But you handle the divorces of our stars frequently, don't you?"

"I suppose they come fairly frequently. I don't know that I handle any more than the others. Contrary to public opinion, these cases are all allotted as a routine matter."

"What do they say? What do they do? Are they different from other people?"

"They are different because they are so easy. No fuss about things, you know. Everything settled out of court; no excitement; no arguments. They cause so little trouble that they are always welcome. They're so—quiet about it."

So quiet about it. No fuss; no excitement; no arguments. When I should leave I would go to an ear specialist. There must be something wrong with my hearing. And what could a fan writer do without hearing?

"Naturally, they don't want publicity." I defied all the laws of culture as laid down by my mother and wiped out my ears with a hanky. "They prefer not to testify at all. They settle their property out of court; they use the easiest grounds to conform with the laws of the state. They never use their stage names, if they can help it. They're just so many people to us and that's why I cannot be certain how many cases I've handled. In comparison to the total number of actions in court, they are few."

(*Continued on page 86*)



Just above is the courthouse where celebrities and others, as Walter Winchell has it, tell it to a judge. And at the top of the page is the judge they tell it to, Marshall F. McComb

Single Blissedness

Assorted Alibis From Ring-Shy Bachelor Directors

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY



BACHELOR directors. Oh, these men! Leap Year come and gone and still they are uncorralled, unwed. The merry, merry chases they have led us, of the sometime frailer sex.

How do they get that way? How do they stay that way?

Why are you, Mr. Tay Garnett of the Pathe Studios, director of "Celebrity" and "The Spieler," a bachelor? Healthy, with good reflexes. Humorous. Intelligent. Talented. Handsome. Yes, even that.

Why are you a bachelor?

"Well, I'll tell you. I have a mistress," pausing effectively.

My dear Mr. Garnett! A modern *Casanova*, you?

He grinned a broad, tantalizing, wicked Irish grin.

"I have a mistress," he repeated, by way of emphasis. "She is very jealous. She demands all of my time. She will not share me with another. She has me so ensnared that I cannot get away. And yet, jealous and fickle as she is, I love her."

What a woman!

"My mistress' name is Hollywood. She is the motion picture business. I am afraid to tackle matrimony when she dominates my life. I've seen too many professional marriages go to smash because the husband or the wife had to give too much time to a career. Not that I'm against marriage. Oh, no! I have considered it a number of times, each time saying 'Uh, uh!' A girl would have to be a paragon, a priceless pearl, to put up with the things that the motion picture business demands. Long hours, location trips away from home for weeks, previews that take your nights."

But is that all that keeps these wary bachelors from making some dear girls supremely happy? ("Hearts and Flowers," organist. And pull out the stop marked "tremolo.")

Maybe they figure they know our caprices too well, having directed so many more-beauteous members of our sex. They have our emotions tabulated. No wifely tears will get a fur coat. Not when it's so easy to cry before a camera. Seductive charms? Clever lighting, a good modiste, a smart hairdresser, and any woman looks luscious. Ah, these women! I know 'em, says the director-husband.

Maybe you know us too well, Mr. Garnett, from directing our sisters?

"Oh, but that's cynical, don't you think?" And whoever met a cynical Irishman? "No man ever knows a woman. He may think he knows women, collectively, but when it comes to the individual, he never knows her."

But what of posterity, Mr. Garnett? Don't you owe something to the world? And all that. Where will our future presidents come from if men like you don't do something about it? ("Stars and Stripes Forever.")

(*Continued on page 80*)



Unwedded, all of them except to their art. They are, in the upper corner, Tay Garnett; just below him, at the left, Victor Fleming; and H. D'Abbadie D'Arrast. Below, on the right, is George Hill; and Nick Grinde



R. H. Louise

Sprinkle, Sprinkle, Little Star!

Although we don't wonder who you are. Take off that wrist-watch, Bessie Love, we know you. And we're of the opinion that however worthy your efforts at gardening, you're far more worth cultivating than the lilies themselves



Hollywood Horrors

Tom Mix, Hoot Gibson, Ken Maynard and Buck Jones Reach the Last Frontier

Hollywood's 300

Believe It Or Not The Members Of The Mayfair Club Are Just Human Beings

By MARQUIS BUSBY



Keystone Photos

IN spite of the fact that Mayfair is remotely reminiscent of a ship that brought a lot of disgruntled people to our fair shores, destined eventually to chase the Indians into Oklahoma, or a book written by Mike Arlen, it is nothing of the sort. The Mayfair is Hollywood's most exclusive social club. The proverbial rich man could crawl through the eye of a needle—and what a swell act that would make for Keith-Albee—more easily than a Hollywood newcomer can get a membership in the Mayfair Club. It's just that exclusive, my dears, in case someone drives up in a hearse and asks.

There are exactly three hundred members of the Mayfair Club, composed of the *creme de la crème* of the motion picture players, directors and writers. No new member can be accepted until an old member drops out, and very few are considerate enough to withdraw, even when they are quite *passé* on the screen. The waiting list is a long one, and if laid end to end would unquestionably reach somewhere or other. Many important figures in the screen firmament are on this waiting list.

The Mayfairites assemble for a dinner dance on the last Saturday night of each month, except in the summer season. There are nine parties during the year, and each event is a parade of fashion and beauty, as the society editors put it so prettily. These parties are held in the big ballroom of the Los Angeles Biltmore Hotel. Favors come from abroad. There's no shopping in Woolworth's for these trinkets. The favors may be imported cigarettes, jeweled match boxes, or mechanical toys. At a recent party, where toys were given, Bebe Daniels took an armload home to her grandmother. Granny, according to Bebe, is an ardent collector of toys.

Twenty Bucks a Throw

IT costs exactly twenty dollars for a screen hero to take his best girl to a Mayfair dinner dance. The ante is raised to fifteen dollars a plate for New Year's Eve. The price, of course, does not include orchids or gardenias, the only flowers appearing in public this season in our dear little village. The twenty dollars includes an elaborate course dinner, cigarettes and mineral waters. I can't guess what the mineral waters are for, since the Biltmore votes the prohibition ticket. Of course, some members may bring something on the hip. I understand it is being done in some circles, but, goodness, don't quote me. At least, no screen star has attempted to hang from the chandelier at one of these affairs.

Parties of two at the Mayfair are the exception. Joseph von Sternberg is one of the few Hollywood benedicts who actually prefers the society of his wife. They usually dine alone and dance every number together. Usually the dinner parties are large, from eight to twenty at a

(*Continued on page 72*)



Upon the polished dance-floor of the Biltmore Hotel have glided the feet of more famous film personages than upon any other similar expanse in the world. At the left is the banquet hall of the same hotel, where the Mayfair Club holds its gatherings

What Price Profanity Now?

The Onetime *Sergeant Quirt* Tells How To Swear In The Talkies And Get By

By
CEDRIC BELFRAGE



Lansing Brown

TO how many of you girls in the audience has it occurred that the talkies are presenting a serious menace to good, clean, healthy profanity in the movies?

Let your innocent, girlish minds travel back across the gulf of time to that epic of ribaldry, "What Price Glory?" Pause to consider how many expletives like father used to make you were able to count up by lip-reading during the exhibition of the picture. Then, if you can bear it, consider for a moment our great new art of the talkies.

The answer is, take away the number you first thought of.

At least, so I had it doped out when, one fair February afternoon, I challenged Edmund Lowe over a Hollywood Athletic Club lunch table to tell me in his own words exactly how the former *Sergeant Quirt* viewed the situation.

But the jovial, breezy ex-sergeant refused to be the least bit downcast by the outlook for screen expletives. He swept all my forebodings into a metaphorical ash-can. The talkies didn't worry him in the slightest. On the contrary, he felt sure they would open up new avenues of expression to the screen. He beamed with enthusiasm over Vitaphones, Movietones, Tiffanytones, Phototones and all the noise-making devices alike. He gave the noiseless movies a few weeks to live.

Broad A Cussing

"BUT," I cried, "what price profanity now?"

"A mere detail," beamed Eddie. "It's no use trying to discourage me about talkies. True, we made use in "What Price Glory?" of certain expressions that were more suited to the silent drama. If there had been microphones in the studio when we were making that picture, it would have been just too bad. What the fans thought they saw us say, Victor and me, was just about the half of what we really did say. Incidentally, you've just no idea how funny it sounded when Vic started cussing in his rather formal English accent. The picture would have had to be silent anyway, because Vic sounds no more like *Captain Flagg* than Will Rogers sounds like the Prince of Wales.

"Sure, there is a little problem there: this matter of making hard-swearing characters seem natural in the talkies. But we've faced much worse problems than that in developing the movies. Something can and will be done about it. You'll see. Before long we shall have tricks in the talkies just as we have in the quiet kind, and you won't know the difference.

"Where we're up against it right now in a thing of this sort is when it comes to the censorship. You can make pictures any way you like so long as they're silent, because any little thing that is objected to in certain localities can always be cut out. Take 'Variety,' for example: in New York and other points east Jannings left his wife and lived with Lya de Putti as his mistress, but in the more westerly sections the wife was amputated and Emil and Lya were married by a sub-title. In 'What Price Glory?' there were slightly raw scenes that had to be removed in the less sophisticated sections, but the story still remained logical enough without them.

(*Continued on page 78*)

QUIRT: You saucy knave, you! Pooh! Pooh!
FLAGG: Oh, go on! A fig for your ribaldries!
QUIRT: My goodness, I'm getting mad! Don't go too far, by the great horn spoon!
FLAGG: That's jolly funny!
QUIRT (fuming): What I'd like to call you isn't so dashed funny, either!
FLAGG: Well, well! This is rich! Shucks, laddie, the only place you can call me that is on the cutting-room floor!
QUIRT: Gee whiz, I know! Gosh durn it!
FLAGG (laughing uproariously): Great guns and little fishes! I haven't had such a laugh since father died!
QUIRT (furious): Laugh, is it? You'll laugh on the other side of your horrid face when I call you a ————!
FLAGG: La, sergeant, you certainly are a fair caution! Sakes alive, don't you know the talkies won't let you say such nasty things? Well, I declare! Of all the silly asses!
QUIRT (speechless): ! ! ! ! (So far as he is concerned, the picture from now on may as well be a silent one.)

A FORECAST OF *QUIRT vs FLAGG* BADINAGE AS IT WILL BE IN THE TALKIES



Richee

A Lace for Everything

Lupe Velez believes in the principle that there is; and she knows where and how to wear it, in her newest photoplay, "The Wolf Song," wherein she represents a girl as vivacious and Castilian as her natural self

Front-Page

Why Hide A Broken Heart When You Can Cash It?

HOLLYWOOD is all hot and bothered right now about dangerous stories. They're more or less on the war-path about these fan writers who let cats out of bags and encourage skeletons to rattle. They've about decided that they will hire press agents to keep things out of print as well as in it.

I don't know that I blame them. It's sort of hard to read you've been engaged to three men in a month or divorced from a fellow to whom you never were married. But on the other hand—well, just take this story which I am trying to subtly camouflage with this rambling beginning. It's a story so typical of Hollywood it just has to be written. It's a tale that illustrates a side of star-nature of which the public can have no understanding unless someone points it out. It has to do with the glory of sacred moments which actors and actresses have dramatized for themselves and the press, since Eve put on the first stage costume—and the Bible printed it.

I mean, didn't you criticize Pola Negri when she went out and bought widow's weeds as though she had been thrice married to Rudolph Valentino? Didn't you say, "What an act!" and wasn't there a bit of disgust in your voice when you said it? I did. At that time I wasn't a fan writer.

A Genius in Falsity

BUT did you stop to realize that Pola Negri had been trained for years to get the most out of every dramatic movement? Did you remember that she'd wrung tons of tears out of paper-scenes over dead bodies? Did you recall that she had made a large fortune from the very intensity with which she lived even fake moments? And did you know that she had been taught to see the story-side of every such moment?

As it happened, this wasn't a good act for Pola. She overstepped the bounds, not of her own depths of feeling—for probably Pola felt, through training, every moment just as she acted—but the bounds of even an adoring public's gullible imagination. She made herself ridiculous on the screen of life, which is not so easily forgotten as a ridiculous celluloid situation—no matter how sincerely she felt the outlet for her emotionally trained nature.

I attended Theodore Roberts's funeral. Now all of Hollywood sincerely loved Theodore Roberts and paid deep tribute from its heart to him but I swear to you, if I'd been a stranger in this city and hadn't read the newspapers and didn't know that the Elks' Temple wasn't a theater, I'd have mistaken it for a picture opening. I mean, the people were lined up on the streets in identically the same manner—to see the stars enter. And the stars were garbed in svelte furs and velvets—they knew the people would be there to watch them. And there were cameras to



P. & A.

At the top is one of the last character portraits from his rôle in "Ned McCobb's Daughter," of the late Theodore Roberts, of whose funeral Hollywood made a spectacle comparable almost to the Valentino ceremony in New York. Just above are Mr. and Mrs. Frank Keenan; and at the right, King Vidor and his second wife, Eleanor Boardman

SECRETS

By RUTH BIERY

take pictures and policemen to keep the crowds without the rope-limits. And inside, there was the center section reserved for the satellites where the proletariat could watch them. And the proletariat watched and insisted upon sharing the glory of the dead with the yet-living. Why, even the Elks who supervised everything, walked a little straighter and picked their feet a little higher because—well, surely Theodore Roberts didn't see them!

No Conrad, No Funeral

AND Conrad Nagel talked for thirty minutes just as if—but, I never heard Conrad speak to music or adapt special words, beautiful words, to the poem, "Thanatopsis," while his father accompanied him at the piano, at an opening, although I've certainly heard him talk at many official occasions for the living. I heard one bystander say, "Can't they have a funeral without Conrad Nagel?"

Of course, we could—but we don't want one without him. Haven't you a Conrad Nagel in your city? A man who can always think of the right word at the right moment and who speaks on and on as easily as a life-saver floats on water? And aren't you proud that he's never too tired or too busy or too selfish to do it? Perhaps Conrad does like to hear his own voice; perhaps he enjoys being toastmaster, pallbearer or director of ceremonies at all types of gatherings. He wouldn't make good at it, if he didn't enjoy it. He's been trained until it's his second nature or maybe his first, for that matter. And he's developed one of the best screen-voices in Hollywood through this training.

And wasn't it rather to be expected with such pallbearers as Cecil De Mille, Conrad Nagel, George Fawcett, Sid Grauman, Phil Berg, William de Mille and a few others, that the crowds on the stairs should wonder why the delay of getting down from the funeral hall with the casket—until they heard a dull thud which sounded mighty like a flashlight being taken? After all, these people are in the show business. When newspapers ask for pictures, it's as natural for them to grant the request as it is for the average American husband automatically to kiss his wife before leaving for work in the morning. It doesn't mean that the grief for a friend is any the less because the public gets a cut-in on it. Nor that they labored any less carrying that heavy load down the long stairs because people elbowed one another to see Mr. De Mille perspiring behind something besides a camera!

Privacy Made Public

WHY, we can't even be too critical of the publicity Dolores Del Rio secured from the death of her late ex-husband. It's true that she did turn over all of the private cablegrams of condolence, sympathy and anxiety to the newspapers. It's true that she secured as much publicity from it as Pola Negri secured from the death of Rudolph Valentino. But remember, Dolores has been trained to turn even her love affairs into good sto-

(Continued on page 90)



P. & A.



Nothing short of the world war has ever been given such broadcast publicity as the sentimental fluctuations of some of these screen personalities. At the top, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford; below them, Peggy Hopkins Joyce and Lord Northesk; and at the left, Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque





Wholesale

The Prize Specimen of Hollywood Hospitality Is at the James Cruzes'

AND then there is hospitality. Hollywood hospitality, I mean, which is naturally a bit more involved, much more exciting and a lot more astonishing than the hospitality of any other known locality.

Take Mr. and Mrs. James Cruze. Mrs. Cruze is Betty Compson. They are probably Hollywood's most famous host and hostess, with the exception, perhaps, of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, who go in for host-and-hostessing on a really international scale and who rather eschew the native manner of conducting the thing.

But Betty and Jim go in for hospitality in a whole-hearted native manner and their Sunday afternoon open-house affairs have become an institution. The sort of thing that a visitor from the East is told he simply must not miss. And unless you have attended at least one of them—well, you really don't belong at all.

So when the hospitable couple took the occasion to rib their chronic guests a bit on their Christmas cards this year, Hollywood accepted the ribbing with philosophy and applause.

Guestus Hollywoodianus

THE Christmas cards were impressive affairs, as big as a good-sized road map, with a sketch of the Cruze house and grounds in the center and a border of sketches around the outside, the whole embellished with cartoons showing the genus guest, Hollywood variety, in characteristic guises; and illustrating some of the more humorous aspects of the problems and complications of our local brand of hospitality.

And since both the Cruze hospitality and the illustrations are typical of Hollywood, it will be well, I think, in the interests of science or something, to consider them carefully.

In the first place, an atmosphere of gay camaraderie and a general make-yourself-perfectly-at-home feeling pervades the whole thing. The house, the garden, the swimming-pool, the bedrooms, dressing-rooms, kitchen and garage in the picture are filled to capacity with guests who are swarming about, busily doing just whatever the spirit has moved them to do at that particular moment.

Betty and Jim are to be seen, standing at the door, greeting a bevy of newcomers with, "And what is the name, please?"

Which is especially typical of Hollywood parties and hospitality.

If the news gets abroad that a party is in progress, a great many people whom you have not invited, chiefly because you never heard of them in your life, are almost sure to turn up and make their way, with the sure instinct which comes from long practice, to the food and drink. Which, of course, is what they came for.

The Party Grows

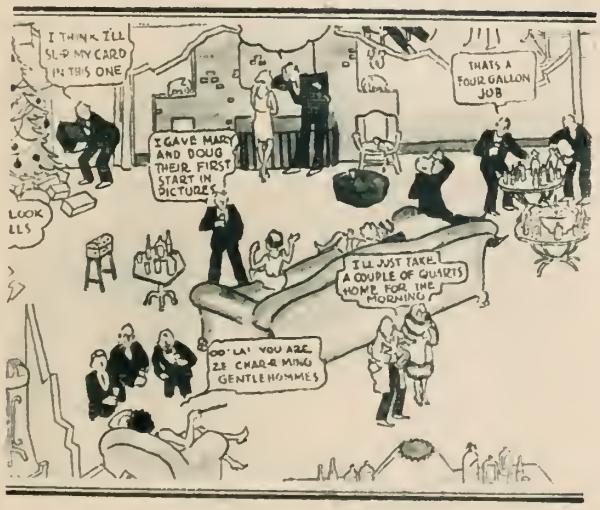
PHYLLIS HAVER and Ona Brown gave a party not long ago to which they invited a hundred and thirty people. It happened that it was a Saturday night and a rather dull Saturday night at that. And three hundred and sixty, by actual count, arrived to partake of the girls' hospitality. Until two or three in the morning, people were drifting in, not bothering to greet the hostesses, who had never seen most of them before, but hastening past the receiving line to the dining-room. Poor Phyllis and Ona spent the evening sending frantic calls to caterers for more food, and kind friends stepped into the breach and hastened home to return with replenishments for the—er—drinkables.

It was quite an evening.

Betty says that thing happens to her so often that she no longer turns pale and shivers when eighty people arrive on a Sunday afternoon when

H O S T S

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER



If Betty Compson, at the top of the opposite page, looks despairing; and James Cruze, her husband, at the right, looks desperate—well, they have reason to. These scenes from their Christmas cards show what they have to put up with from people they put up at their home

she has prepared for a mere forty.

"If I prepare for more than forty and only ten arrive, as sometimes happens," she says, "I know that we who live here will have to eat the chicken salad that is left over three times a day for the rest of the week. So I have figured out an average number of guests and prepare accordingly. If more than that come—well, this is Hollywood and everyone will understand."

The sketch of the guest dropping a wet bathing suit on a brocade-upholstered chair is poignantly true. Any Hollywood hostess will view that picture with sympathetic understanding. You are lucky, indeed, if a wet bathing suit is all they drop. Often, after a party, you will find numbers of the guests, themselves, draped about the house in relaxed attitudes and you may have them on your hands for days. In fact, people have been known to acquire a residue of guests, after a party, who stayed all winter.

The Guest Bowl

FOR these there is, in the Cruze menage, a guest bowl. This, Betty explains, is according to an old Spanish custom of putting a bowl by the door into which guests who could afford to pay for the hospitality accorded them dropped money for the guests who might come after them who needed financial assistance. Therefore, if any guest of the Cruzes is between contracts (that, my dears, is the tactful Hollywood term for being out of a job), he can step up to the guest bowl and extract sufficient change for him to eat next day.

It's a nice touch. And sometimes saves a hostess from having a guest remain there, once he has gotten in.

Then there is the sketch of the damsel who is murmuring sweetly to Jim, "Do you cast your pictures in your home, Mr. Cruze?" And the companion piece which depicts a similar damsel scuttling across the lawn, shouting, "I want you to see my stills."

These things, too, are not only typical but practically inevitable at any Hollywood party.

In the first place, there is a popular belief that most of the business in Hollywood is transacted at parties. This is, in a measure, true. For the most important business for anyone is the one of selling himself or his personality or his product. And he goes to parties to make contacts which will enable him to sell these things to the best advantage.

A director or a producer, at any party, is likely to find himself cornered and besieged by struggling and hopeful youngsters—or strugglers and hopers, not quite so young. The entire conversation will be taken up with shop-talk at any gathering, and personal axes are ground so assiduously that

(*Continued on page 90*)









Hommel

The Wraydiant Morn

Against the richly luminous pattern of a stained glass window, Fay Wray symbolizes the pure aspiration and thankfulness of Easter Morning. And there is about her a radiance of beauty as clear as that of the aureole of light from the candles

de Mille

With A Small *de*

For Most People's Opinions, William C. Doesn't Give A Thinker's Damn

BY HERBERT CRUIKSHANK



Irving Chidnoff

THE brother of De Mille. What a tremendous handicap to overcome. Picture people call De Mille "God." Imagine being "God's" brother. Imagine all one's varied accomplishments being overshadowed by the film Bible which dogmatically states that De Mille made the movie world in seven days.

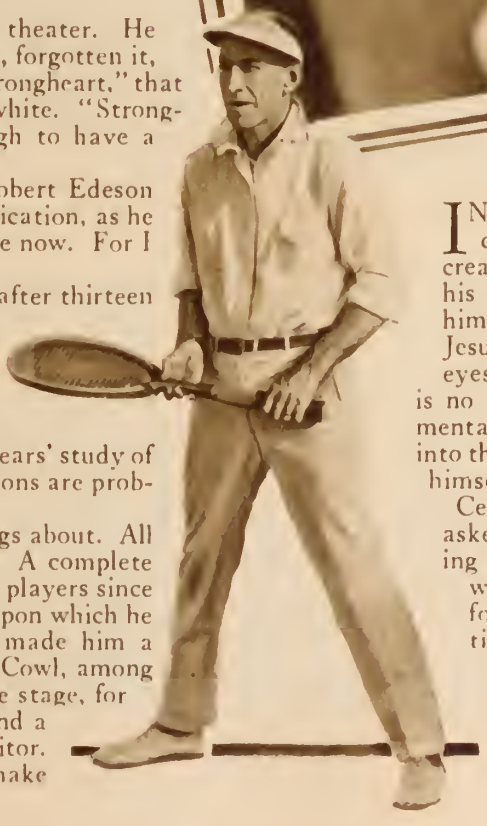
Yet William C. de Mille was famous two decades ago. And at that time the public prints were quoting Evelyn Nesbit's description of Brother Cecil as "A pie-faced mutt who smokes a pipe."

In those days the *metier* of de Mille was the theater. He had framed his Columbia University diploma, forgotten it, and sat him down to write a play. It was "Strongheart," that never-to-be-forgotten story of red men and white. "Strongheart," the fame of which lived long enough to have a movie dog named for it.

The curtain line in the third act found Robert Edeson center stage, his arms stretched high in supplication, as he sobbed: "Great Spirit of my Fathers, help me now. For I am in a desert, alone."

And perhaps the author echoed this, when after thirteen years of stage success, he deliberately chucked his theatrical career and embarked for the wilderness that was Hollywood. He was thirty-six then. Now he is fifty. To his baker's dozen years of training in the drama of Booth and Barrett, he has added fourteen years' study of the cinema. His background and his foundations are probably the finest in the industry.

He has directed more stars than Metro brags about. All of them, from Ethel Clayton to Clara Bow. A complete list would look like a "Who's Who" of all the players since Lasky quit the piccolo. Or whatever it was upon which he used to perform before the movie miracle made him a mogul. He has taught actors their art: Jane Cowl, among others. He has written for magazines, for the stage, for the screen. He has been a stage manager, and a stage player, too. He has been a scenario editor. He *is* a director. And all these experiences make him a great one.



Thinkers and Other Men

IN appearance he's sun-swart and desert-dried. His slender figure creates an illusion of height. Yet his inches are only average. Cowl him and you have a monk, or a Jesuitical inquisitor, whose burning eyes delve deep for truth. But there is no prejudice within him. He is a mental agnostic who divides the world into thinkers and believers. He classes himself with the thinkers.

Cecil De Mille, his kid brother, asked him what he had learned during his first fifty years. The reply was, "To have a great respect for the human race, and an antipathy for most of its members."

Both brothers served an apprenticeship under Belasco. Each took unto himself a different verse from David's credo. Sons of one father,

(Continued on page 76)

CIRCULATION
MORON TWO
MILLION

THE DAILY

POLICEMAN'S SLAYER HUNTED



Says He Is Not Baffled—Detective Biff Myers, foiled first time in hunt for slayer, has cast drag-net over entire city



Where Prey of Police Lurked—Detectives Biff Myers, Tom McGuire and Bull Lagan examining trap-door leading to secret chamber Doyle hid in



She Knows Nothing—Bebe Barrett, bride-to-be of man police seek, sticks to story she has not seen him



Mary Doyle—Sister of escaped convict, swears he is innocent of implication in the crime



Playground of Underworld—"Dreamland," where elite of gangdom gathered, is guarded night and day by patrolmen and detectives against move by Dapper Don Wilkes's henchmen



Gang Czar Quizzed—Authorities are still holding Dapper Don Wilkes, underworld leader and friend of prison fugitive



He Hid Suspect—In dwelling of "Jihnny the Hop" secret room where convict concealed himself was found



Covering the Rat Hole—Before exploring secret passage leading to trick getaway tunnel, Detectives Myers, McGuire and Lagan drew gats



Accomplice in Escape?—Was "Johnny the Hop" the man who engineered Doyle's fake suicide?

TERROR

EXTRA
FINAL EDITION

IN DARING PRISON BREAK



Is She Making Monkey of Police? Bess Royle, gunman's widow, may hold key to mystery



If You See Him, Call a Cop. This is Bobby Doyle, escaped convict and suspected killer



How Doyle Escaped. Doyle threw grappling-iron to roof, then ran along ridge and jumped to freedom



Cell Where Escape Was Made. Arrow shows foot-barof bed used to loosen window-bars. Cross shows hiding place of iron and rope

BOBBY DOYLE CONVICTED SLAYER OF PATROLMAN BRENNON MAKES MOST DARING ESCAPE IN HISTORY OF SING SING

FORMER FIANCEE STANDS BY CONVICT LOVER

New York, March 10th, 1929, Special Despatch to Daily Terror

A police drag-net has been thrown over all of New York, and the citizens of the small upstate towns are in a state of panic as the result of the sensational escape from Sing Sing of Bobby Doyle, convicted murderer and lifer, early this morning. The full details of the prison break which have come to light reveal the most daring escape in history, according to detectives.

Somewhere in the peaceful countryside about Ossining. Doyle, convicted six months ago of the killing of a policeman in a gang war, is at large and playing the quarry in a desperate life-and-death game of hare and hounds. When the prison siren wakened the citizens of the Hudson River town early this morning, only a few of the guards at Sing Sing knew that a prisoner had escaped.

Using a rope with a grappling-hook, smuggled to him in a manner yet unknown, the prisoner bent the bars of his cell with the steel foot-piece of his prison cot, scaled the walls to the roof of the cell block, and while the guards in the tower were changing their shift, made his way over the roof to the walls. A mysterious automobile, the owner of which is being sought, waited outside to spirit him to safety.

The police say the escape was the result of a well-organized plot. Although Sing Sing officials refuse to talk, it is learned that Doyle wore the regulation prison uniform of blue denim when he was last seen.

Detective Biff Myers of the New York Police Headquarters has been assigned to the case.

"He may make tracks for the city where he has pals who will hide him," Myers said to a reporter from the Daily Terror. "All his old hangouts are being watched. If he gets as far as New York, it will be in disguise."

Reports have been coming into headquarters all the morning. A woman in Dobbs Ferry telephoned that a suit of her husband's clothes hung on her clothesline was missing. A man driving a milk-wagon in Tarrytown reported that a car passed him, at six-thirty a.m. going at terrific speed in the direction of New York City. The police of Rye arrested a suspect who answered to the description of the missing convict but later released him.

Bebe Barrett, night club dancer and Doyle's sweetheart, who caused a sensation at his trial by screaming out her belief in his innocence from the witness stand, was seen this morning at her apartment in West Forty-eighth Street. "I'm glad! Glad!" she exclaimed when told of his escape. "Though I have not heard from Bobby in several months I still believe in him. He was framed. And there are others who know it too!"

She refused to explain further. When the reporter asked her whether it was true that she was engaged to "Dapper" Don Wilkes, well-known figure in New York night life, Miss Barrett became angry. "It's a lie!" she exclaimed. "I love Bobby Doyle and I guess I always shall, even if he spends the rest of his life in prison." She denied any knowledge of his present whereabouts.

Bess Royle, widow of the noted gunman slain in the same gang war, is being sought as a possible key to the mystery. Johnny the Hop, another member of the gang, was brought to Police Headquarters and questioned for an hour this afternoon.

Handbills with the picture and description of the hunted man have been scattered throughout the state. Detective Myers expects his capture within a few hours.



Freulich

One Rake's Progress

One garden rake that's gotten up in the world is this one; it holds the distinction of being owned and used by Alice White. And, because you see that young star sitting on a barrel, don't think she doesn't give a hoop how she looks. Her charm in "Broadway Babies" proves the contrary

A Hairpin and Two Tickets

Do These Mean That Lewis Stone Has A New And Hidden Romance?

By
DOROTHY MANNERS



R. H. Louise

THERE are actors and actors—and Lewis Stone.

For the most part, with all of their debonair charm and personality, one actor is a good deal like another. There are the ambitious-little-boy-Buddy-Rogerses. And the weary-I'm-so-tired-of-it-all-Jack-Gilberts. And the backbone-of-the-company-'cause-I'm-virile-George-Bancrofts. That just about covers everybody, including Lon Chaney.

Everybody except Lewis Stone.

He just doesn't fit.

Never has.

Never has done the things that Hollywood does, or thought the things that Hollywood thinks, or even drunk the stuff that Hollywood drinks. He gives the impression that his would be bonded.

Likewise, he has never reached the pinnacle of popularity that has been scaled by men in many ways his inferiors as artists. Lewis Stone has never traded on his personality to catch the public's imagination. He has consistently minded his own business and refused to have his own encroached upon.

A rather odd person. Reserved and formal.

One hesitates to ask him the questions that one puts so impudently to John Gilbert or William Haines.

Wasted Wiles

EVER since I can remember him from my extra days in "Scaramouche," he has been like that. Aloof. Held within himself. Though many a pretty court lady of that Rex Ingram picture cast a flirtatious glance in his direction—only to find him reading a book.

Nobody knew an awful lot about him—except that he was married and spent most of his time out of the studio at home, or hunting or yachting.

He has recently and, rather surprisingly, been divorced. But Hollywood doesn't know any more than she ever did. There were idle, gossipy reports that Lewis Stone had become a ladies' man, quite interested in the rustle of silk and the droop of a flapper's eye. That he was being seen more and more at the Cocoanut Grove with a gardenia in his lapel. That since his divorce he was going Hollywood.

But I don't believe it. I've talked to him. He's as aloof, as reserved, as cynically indifferent as he ever seemed to be.

Since his new contract with M. G. M., he has been installed in Lew Cody's former dressing-room on that lot. He greeted me cordially, but with a lack of enthusiasm that boded no great amount of color for a story. For his rôle of the attorney in "The Trial of Mary Dugan" he was groomed as you would expect him to be, immaculately. None of the new fopperies showed in the plain-bordered handkerchief that protruded from his pocket, or in the quiet weave of his suit. He said that he was glad to meet me and jerked at the handkerchief tip that showed in his pocket in a typically Stone gesture. I've seen him do it a thousand times on the screen, just as I have seen him run a meditative forefinger across the top of his upper lip.

The Mysterious Hairpin

WE talked a little while about this and that—nice, refined talk that would make anything but burning copy. But in perfect taste, if you know what I mean.

Suddenly he reached down to the foot of a couch on which I was sitting and picked up a hairpin. For a moment he regarded it quietly with an amused droop of his lips. Turned it in amused contemplation between his fingers. He reminded me of himself in "The Patriot."

"Shall we be tactful," he inquired in a well-bred monotone, "and say this was left over from Mr. Cody?"

For a moment I wondered about those idle rumors—about the rustle of silk and the gardenia—and the hairpin. But only for a moment, for the quizzically amused glance he had shot at me was replaced by the more sedate eye-work of a gentleman being interviewed. Back in perfectly excellent form again. Reserved as the book of etiquette.

Because "Mary Dugan" is being spoken as well as filmed, we talked of the new device that has thrown Hollywood into the screaming me-me's. Mr. Stone liked the talkies. That is to say, he found them interesting. Whether or not

(*Continued on page 82*)



R. H. Louise Photos

The glory and high aspiration of Easter morning were never more clearly embodied than by Norma Shearer. Hers is a fine beauty to rival which the lilies must indeed be gilded

Lovelier Even Are Norma Shearer In The Vestments Of A Choir Boy;



Than The Lilies

—And Leila Hyams in Those of a Nun

Conventual poses these may be, but never conventional. For Leila Hyams has dedicated to her portrayal of the novice an earnestness in supplication that shines forth like the aura of an inner light

How To Be HAPPY

Though In Hollywood

One Man—Jean Hersholt—Has Found Out

By GLADYS HALL



Freulich



Ray Jones



Jean Hersholt has put his Denmark upon the architectural styles, both interior and exterior, of Hollywood. His garden, wherein, with Mrs. Hersholt, he is standing—at the right—is distinctly Danish; as are, too, the walls and furnishings of his banquet room, below

IT has never seemed very marvelous to me, the fact that lads like John Gilbert, Nils Asther, Barry Norton & Co. are stellar lights. Recipients of heart-burns, impassioned appeals, maiden-ladies' prayers; and altogether dazzling in their amorous antics.

After all, God—or biology—has been kind. These men have been endowed, through neither fault nor virtue of their own, with the right linear proportions, a set of matched molars, an optic with a tsetse fly bite, a hand-made profile. Nothing to it.

The so-called character men are something else again. Jean Hersholt, Lionel Barrymore, Lon Chaney, Emil Jannings. There is considerable discussion in Hollywood as to which is the greatest of these. Back of the more or less matter-of-fact bodies of these men must needs burn the difficult fires of hard labor, ability, mentality, talent, genius.

And I say genius, despite the fact that Jean Hersholt says there is no such thing on the screen. He laughs and waves aside the question when the word applies to him. "It makes me laugh," he said, "this talk of the young genius of such and such a company; the genius of such and such an actor. It's nonsense. There's only one genius in this country and that one is Thomas Edison."

Well, anyway, it takes something. Something deliberate and independent of eyes, nose, dental equipment. Something more than a profile, a passionate pout, the oft-iterated It.

You may or may not believe it, brethren, but these same character men of Hollywood have it all over the aforesaid heart-bombers. All over them in real appeal, wit, intellect, interest. I'll grant you the desirability of a sheik for a moonlit hour; but for the long hours when the moon is dim, give me a Jean Hersholt. And come to think of it, even when the moon is riding high. For these are men who could color the palest hours with the flame of imagination. So much cannot be said for all and sundry.

From Slapstick to Shakespeare

JEAN HERSHOLT chose the career of Art back in the Danish days. He even graduated or something from the Academy of Arts in Copenhagen, I think it was.

His people were stage people. Which meant that the footlights flickered in his blood. And he had been acting, more or less, ever since he was in his middle 'teens. He ran the gamut from slapstick to Shakespeare, for in Europe there is no such thing as a type.

He came to San Francisco to help dramatize the World's Fair. And, while there, someone told him he should trek to Hollywood. He decided to trek. But before doing so

(*Continued on page 88*)



Bachrach Photos

A *Soldier of the* Queen

The Queen's last name being Kelly, her screen name being Gloria Swanson, and her real name being so complicated that we won't go into that. But Walter Byron's uniform luck continues, for right after his portrayal of the lieutenant in "The Awakening," opposite Vilma Banky, he was awarded a similar commission by Gloria in "Queen Kelly." She seems to know a trooper when she sees one



Autrey Photos

Teaming with Enthusiasm

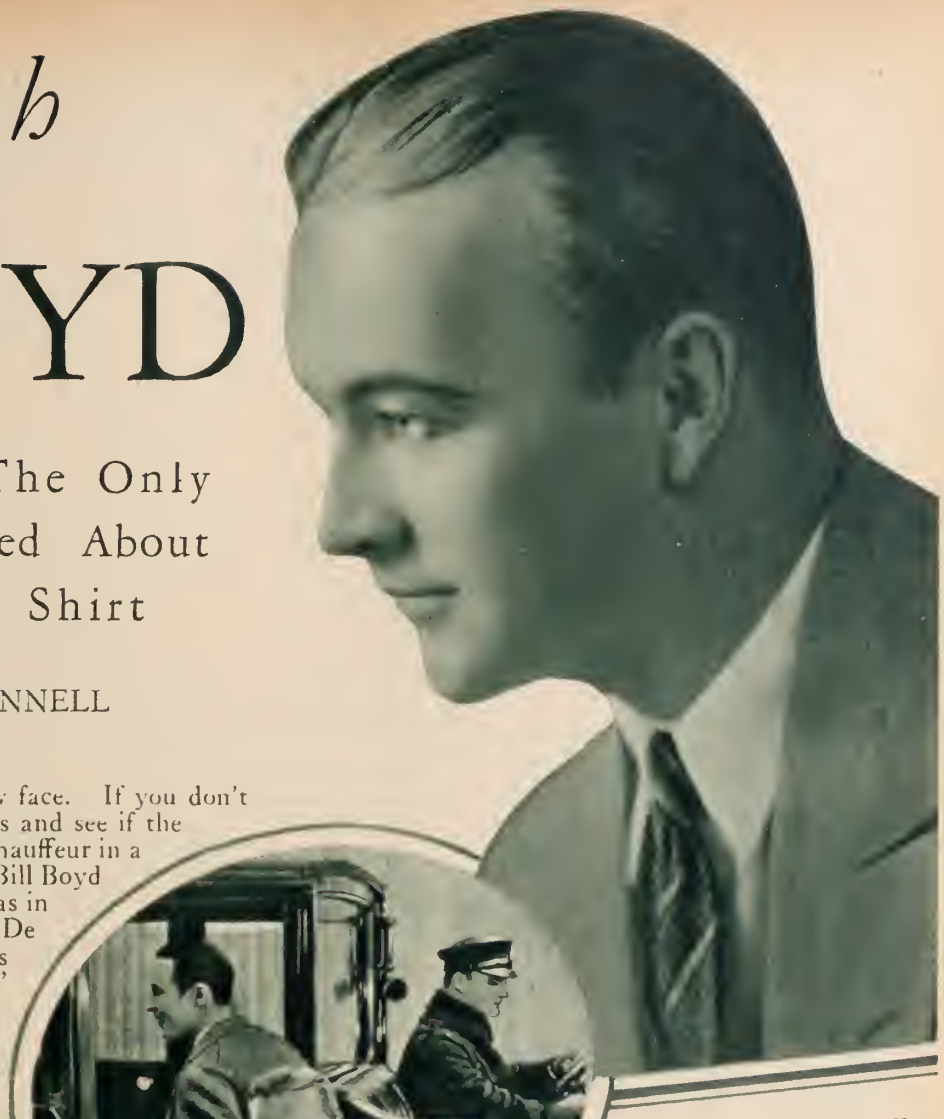
Sue and Nick, They Seem To Click

There's been a lot of rumor to the effect that Sue Carol and Nick Stuart may any moment sign life-contracts with each other. And there's this to give the report weight, that if they're not cast together in the same picture, they get cast down. Which they're not here, in "Girls Gone Wild"

A Tough BOYD

At One Time The Only Thing Hard-Boiled About Bill Was His Shirt

BY DOROTHY DONNELL



Hoover

It was inevitable, some time during William Boyd's drive toward success, that he had to play, as he does in the picture in the oval, a chauffeur. At the left, he appears in a costume that to most people means affluence but to him always meant failure

SUCCESS gave Bill Boyd a new face. If you don't believe it, look at the pictures and see if the Bill Boyd of 1923, playing a chauffeur in a Leatrice Joy picture, and the Bill Boyd of 1924, dancing with the other extras in a ballroom set of the early C. B. De Mille period, even faintly resembles the Bill Boyd of "The Leathernecks."

Once they said of him, patronizingly, "That pretty blond fellow on the café set? That's only poor Bill Boyd; he'll never get anywhere in pictures."

Once the Lasky casting director to whom he applied for a part in a Rex Beach drama of the great open spaces laughed heartily as he answered, "You in corduroys and a flannel shirt? Shucks, Bill, you aren't the he-man type. You're the society, dancing man type. Stick to your dress suits, my boy."

Once, when the part of the younger brother in "The Ten Commandments" was to be cast and an executive telegraphed to De Mille in the East suggesting Boyd for the part, the answer came back, brutally final, "Too weak looking. Get Rod LaRocque."

He could raise a heavy beard in a week, but nobody guessed it, with his fine blond hair and girlishly pink cheeks. A big chap, too, with years of muscular work in the oil fields and on California ranches behind him, but no shoulders look broad in a dress suit, and people are too busy in Hollywood to stop to listen to what an extra has done. Failure had made his mouth irresolute and nervous, his eyes humble, kept his chin down. He was poor Bill Boyd, one degree higher than an extra—he at least owned his dress suit instead of hiring it—and he played in so many café and ballroom sets that today he never enters a restaurant if he can help it, and he loathes dancing.

His Full Dress Phobia

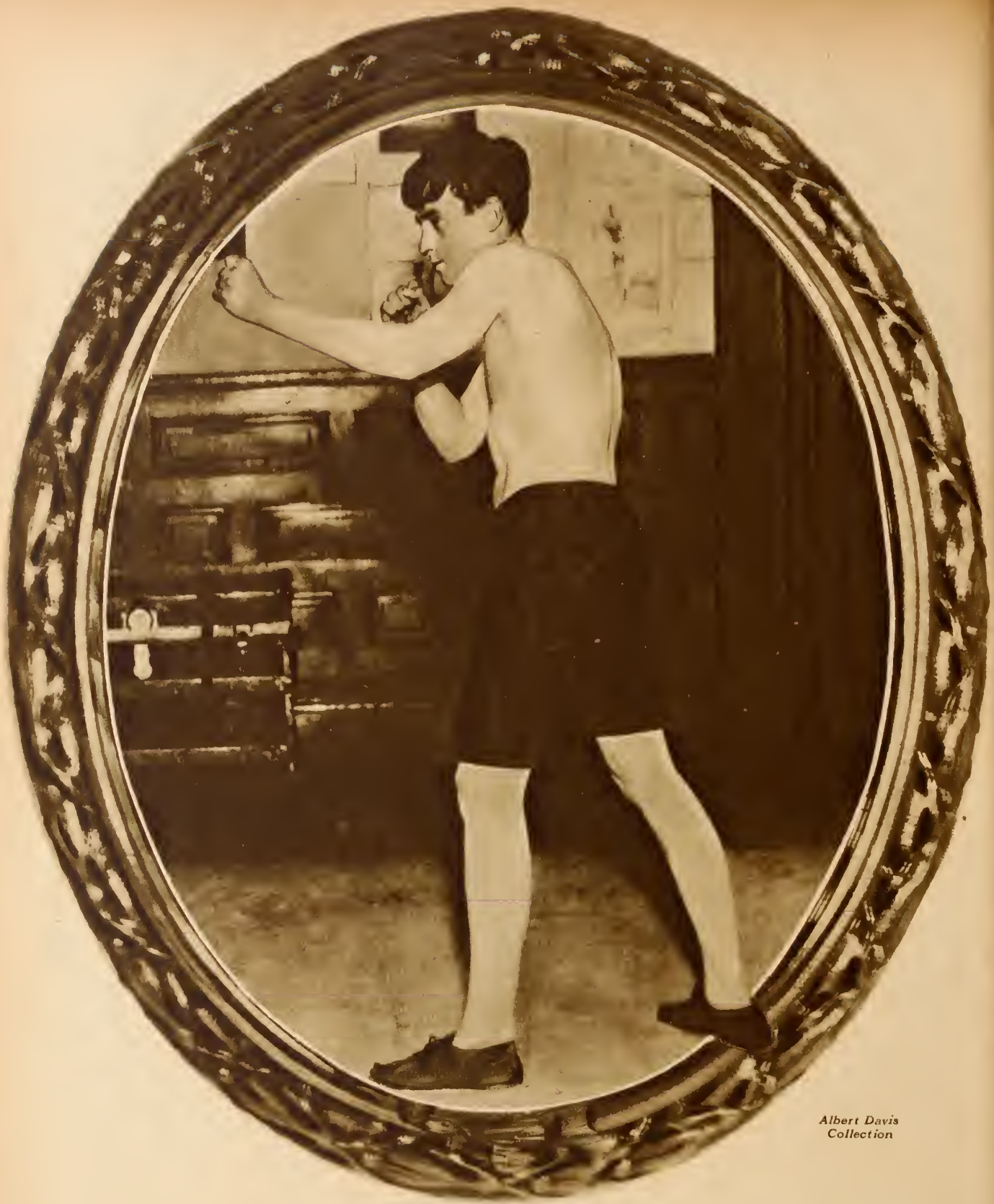
AND his wife very nearly has to chloroform Bill to get him to wear a dress suit nowadays.

Success gave Bill Boyd a new face, but it couldn't make a real movie star out of him.

"I guess I've never got over being an extra," says Bill. "Yes, sir, I guess that's it. I can never seem to learn new ways. Fellow that's sat around for years in café scenes drinking weak tea-champagne and wondering whether the landlady has locked him out yet doesn't lose that point of view just because he gets a good contract at last. I don't like movie affairs. I don't know many movie people. I've got more friends right now among the extras than among the stars; they talk my language. Yes, sir, I guess that no matter what parts I play in pictures I'll always be Bill Boyd, extra man."

Years of tying a bow tie and putting in pearl studs. Years of starched linen and patent leather pumps and black broadcloth—getting shiny. Since "The Volga Boatman" Bill Boyd has never once worn a dress suit in a motion picture. It may

(*Continued on page 87*)



Albert Davis Collection

Classic's Family Album

Back in Jacob's gymnasium in Denver, he used to box almost every day in the desperate effort to keep from becoming overweight. And he took as seriously then the planting of lefts as he does now the planting of laughs. For obviously it's none other than Harold Lloyd

Our Own News Camera



Autrey

Three prize Latin pupils under the tutelage of Hollywood directors are these above, all from Mexico and, in looks, all to the merry. From left to right: Lupita Tovar, Maria Alba and Delia Magana



Cosmo News

New York's Democratic mayor, Jimmy Walker, goes non-partisan. Here he is entertaining both Al Smith—on the left, and impersonated by an Our Gangster—and Herbert Hoover—on the right and represented by another, Joe Cobb. Wheezer is in Jimmy's lap; Jean Darling, as Texas Guinan, at the left; and on the right is Mary Ann Jackson as Mabel Willebrandt



In love with Love, when her first name is Bessie—who isn't? Especially when she works out on her ukulele



Autrey

The man who made "Moana," Robert J. Flaherty, has not lost his eye for beauty. His choice of Delia Magana for his forthcoming film of Indian life proves it



R. H. Louise

Johnny Mack Brown and a coy friend. She being Anita Page and trying her best not to show how very willing she is to be his Valentine

CINEMA SHOTS FROM COAST TO



White

Dorothy Lee's hugging him may be an armful practice, but Morton Downey—at the left—appears willing to risk its effects. They are feature players in a forthcoming and self-descriptive sound-film, "Syncopation"



Bulloch

A red-hat mama: Mona Maris, the first internationally known screen star from the Argentine, arrives in Hollywood wearing a vermilion sombrero. The pictures that made her famous were made in Berlin

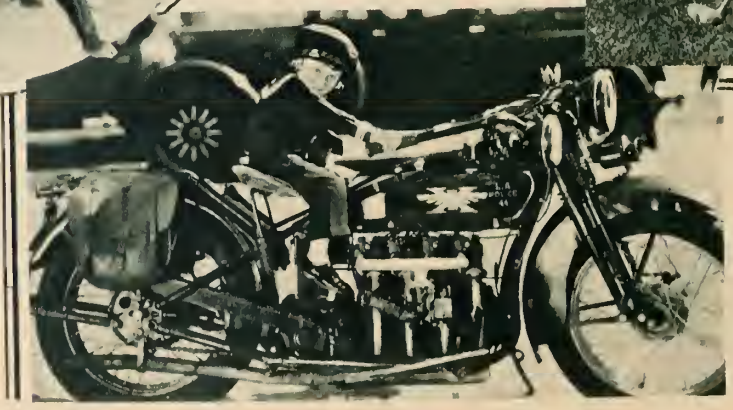


Pool, and comfortable, all of them—at the right: William Haines and George K. Arthur sitting at the feet of Marion Davies, on the brink of the outdoor natatorium on her estate



One goat that no one will ever get is Raquel Torres's, shown with her at the left. He is a Peruvian llama and she has claimed him for a pet as soon as he has finished acting with her in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey"





Speaking of vicious cycles, they don't come any more savage than the one David Lee—at the right—has mounted. But he has had to get the fastest kind in order to keep pace with the popularity he is winning

A good address: Barbara Kent—above—has one both at her residence in Beverly Hills and in her golf play. Here she is about to smack out an iron shot

COAST AND BACK TO COAST AGAIN



A far from dolorous Dolores is the new Mrs. John Barrymore, formerly Miss Costello. The cause of her happiness is nearby in the person of Mr. John Barrymore



Even though James Hall—at the left—is one of the most abstemious of young notables in the film colony, there are times when he seems unable to keep his feet



That quotation about Solomon is true. Here below is a picture of a Lily caught in the act of neither toiling nor spinning. Her last name is Damita

In spite of the fact that Señorita Armida—at the left—is so tiny, she is able to play first-bass more than acceptably well. And we may add that it's no accident her initials are S. A.





The pictures are becoming peopled with heiresses. Here, on the right, is Evelyn Francisco, exhibiting the handsome legacy that nature has endowed her with



Reverting to type: although James Gleason, author of "Is Zat So?" came to the Coast to act, he can't forego doing a little playwriting. Behold him at work, with Mrs. Gleason there to see that he stays that way



Before the darkness and silence the younger carpenter went to pieces. His eyes wild, he seized a hammer and, screaming, he began madly to pound the nearest lumber

SILENCE, PLEASE!

Taking A Talkie Brings On Shell-Shock More Quickly Than The Trenches

By
H. W. HANEMANN

Illustrations
By ELDON KELLEY



HAVE you ever wondered as you sit before your crisp breakfast bacon, your goldy-white fried egg, your nut-brown coffee and your talking movie where they all come from? You probably know that the bacon and eggs come from the ice-box and the coffee comes from the blue enameled tin marked "flour," but the talkie—ah! How many hands has it passed through, what trouble has been taken, what romance, what anxiety and care are experienced ere it unrolls before you, the action slightly behind its sound accompaniment.

We shall not go into the mechanics of this new-born sister of the Muses. As a matter of record, I tried to, and what a straight-arm I received! The mechanics are lodged in a lofty booth garnished with plate glass windows. It is, in effect, a kind of signal tower, and it is—figuratively—guarded by all the barbed wire entanglements and machine-guns of an illicit brewery. This booth or tower is called the control room, though it makes no claim to control the temperamental outbursts of actors, the vagaries of directors, the gross negligence of cameramen or the banalities of subtitles. Nevertheless, this is the control room and in it sits the master traffic cop who deftly keeps the pellucid tones of May McAvoy from crashing headlong into the sonorous rotundities of Lionel Barrymore and who shunts Monte Blue onto a spur while a long line of the flat, New England syllables of Louise Fazenda goes tripping by. His, in short, is the miraculous feat of preventing the condition experienced by the German trombonist who complained plaintively that he blew into it so sveet und it came out so r-r-rotten. How this condition is avoided and why, comes under the head of acoustical dynamics or electro-magnetic flux, and that lets out both Mr. Laurence Reid and myself.

For us, for all of us is the more familiar aspect of the workshop of the silent drama—the cunningly contrived sets lighted by groups of electrical deep-sea monsters with their tentacles of heavily insulated wire. After all, talkies or no talkies, there must still be crystal staircases, antique Spanish kitchens and paneled and recessed libraries with books to match. There must also be canvas chairs, script clerks, visiting Elks and mysterious individuals shouting and occasionally answering to the names of "Spike," "Red," "Mouse," "Pop," and "Mr. Du Fresyne." So far, so good. We are on the home grounds. But over all these and them and those is a new element, slung on three ropes from the top of a chosen set and looking for all the world like a section of imported salami swathed in cotton batting. This is the microphone. This is the works. This is the way we wash our clothes so early Monday morning. Pensively dangling, it hangs like the sword of Damocles and bides its time. As it bides, the director, who being one of the best directors obtainable, has never been known to do anything in a hurry in his professional life (except marry his second, third and fourth wives), does everything in his power to stay the fatal moment. He knows darn well that sooner or later, the microphone is going to get him and get him good. He gives it a haggard eye, orders it lowered or raised, or lowered again, rehearses the troupe, goes into vague and formless councils with the star, but his is the air of a doomed man. The pardon, if any, will come too late.

Eventually there is no reason left for stalling. The baloney—pardon me—the microphone hangs high, the actors are ready and willing, the cameraman along with his camera has been sealed into the sound-proof booth and the oxygen tanks turned on, the script clerk has pulled the hem of her Russian smock over her patellae and the director gives the signal. At the signal, bells ring, whistles blow, horns toot. The gas attack is on! But not quite yet. With majestic bellow, the director howls "Silence, please! Everybody keep still! Don't move!" Like the full-blood hounds they are, his pack of Affirmators take up the cry and before you could finish a novel by Alexandre Dumas, the last thudding blow of the carpenters' hammers has ceased, the spectators are frozen, and silence—the silence of "the wide desert where no life is found" reigns. It is a grotesque child's game of "Still Pond, No More Moving."

The silence continues, the pose is held, the tension increases. Nothing happens. One is acutely aware of the beat of one's heart, the surge of one's lungs and four or five places that could do with a good scratching. Still nothing happens. This is the poise of a high diver before his leap, the crouch of a tiger before his spring, the aiming of the gun before the bullet is sped. At last the director feels properly psychic, or resigned. Casting back over a none too blameless life, he has made his peace with God. He flashes a little light, and to provide for the actors' not understanding or not paying attention or something, whispers grimly, "go ahead and take it, Adolph." Adolph, who has been waiting on the company's time for this moment ever since he was a child of thirty-six, takes it.

With the start of the action and the dialogue, spoken in the grave, measured, meticulous tones of the old Greek tragedies, the tension slackens—at least for those close by. But out in the vasty reaches of the studio where carpenters are carpenters, the silence piles up with a growing horror, gagging, stifling, smothering, engulfing. It is the chill horror of the grave, the terror of the remote, forgotten bottom of the dank, salt deep. Half way through the scene, a younger carpenter can stand no more. The outer dark and the silence have shattered his morale. His eyes wild, his hair disheveled, he seizes his hammer, and with a muffled scream, pounds wildly on the nearest bit of

(*Continued on page 85*)



His New *Malaydy-Friend*

Ramon Novarro Has Chosen Dorothy Janis for His South Seas Sweetie

With inspiration as pronounced as that provided by Dorothy Janis, Ramon Novarro, in "The Pagan," need never have to rely for entertainment upon doing Southern Crossword puzzles.

Pola Puts It Over

She's The First To Win Bernard Shaw's Consent To Film A Play Of His

By
REG MORTIMER

POLA NEGRI'S exit from America may have lacked much of the pomp and circumstance of her entrance some years ago, but the temperamental beauty was not long in dazzling Europe on her return.

Oh, dear no! Pola was not going to allow her dear public to forget her; for whom should she pick on to link her fair name up with but the one and only George Bernard Shaw.

Really, we must hand a bouquet to Pola. She may be temperamental, but she knows her limelight.

It all started in Paris. Pola was quietly resting in an unpretentious hotel, not a stone's throw from the gay Champs-Elysees. After Prince Mdivani had returned to America, Pola disposed of her chateau on the outskirts of Paris. She preferred the gayer atmosphere of being in Paris, rather than on the edge of it.

Enter a London newspaper chappie. Hearing that the Polish star was in Paris, he thought there would be no harm in hunting her out, and hearing just what the lady had in mind now she was back in Europe.

Then the whole truth came out: Pola had been corresponding with a Mr. Shaw. Ever heard the name? And what is more exciting, she was on the eve of flying to London to make his acquaintance. What a story! How the dear public would love it. Pola and G. B. S. What a combination! The sensation of the jolly old century.



Keystone View

The huntress and the hunted. Above is Pola Negri preparing a battle-plan against the man who would never let a story of his be filmed; and below is himself, George Bernard Shaw, at bay in his home in Whitehall, London

Quiet, Like a Bugle

IN due course, Pola arrived in London. Though she may not have meant it, she said she wanted her visit to be "verrry" quiet. Of course, the highlight of her trip was the interview with Mr. Shaw. Pola could talk about little else.

In the select atmosphere of one of Mayfair's most exclusive hotels, Pola told me all about it:

"I am in England for the purpose of meeting Mr. Shaw. I am going to ask him if he will let me film one of his plays. It is 'Cæsar and Cleopatra.' I have had many interesting letters from him—and am dying to meet him. To-morrow—ah—we lunch together."

Pola was quite thrilled to death. In fact, before the luncheon appointment on the morrow, she had planned to take a drive in Hyde Park. This, as she carefully explained to me, was to "get over her nervousness." Fancy Pola being nervous. But that just shows you the effect a Shaw has on a person.

"I did so want to come to London quietly," continued Pola. "I thought I should be able to steal in without anyone noticing me. But, unfortunately, everyone seems to know I am here." Pola said this with rather a weak attempt at looking distressed.

Came the dawn. Early—that is, for Pola, for the clocks had long struck the lunch-hour. She rose from her couch to make her preparations. The black, waving curls were brushed to a lustre they had never known before. Above the vampish eyes—amber and green—the great eyebrows were encouraged in length and breadth so as to be ready for threat or wile. A lovely black gown was donned, and a hat to bewitch even a Shaw.

Late, but wearing a happy smile, Pola set out for her luncheon appointment at the Shaw abode, on the banks of the river Thames in Whitehall.

Business Barred

IN the meantime, I had received word through a secret channel, that Mr. Shaw had sent a message to Pola early that morning, stating clearly that the meeting must

(Continued on page 79)

Laurence Reid Reviews the New Photoplays

The Celluloid





Above, Richard Barthelmess shows his affection for Betty Compson in "Weary River." At the right are Greta Garbo and John Gilbert in "A Woman of Affairs." Below are Warner Baxter and Dorothy Burgess in "In Old Arizona."



Earns A Good Mark

THE tang of the tropics as Conrad caught it with "The Rescue," has been recaptured in the celluloid version of the novel. It's a tip-top picture any way you look at it, the plot and characterization being adhered to with exceptional fidelity—and the backgrounds weaving an enchanting spell through scenes which have a breath of magic about them.

The locale of the Malay Archipelago offers adventure. As the prime adventurer is a gun-runner who, as Ronald Colman plays him, is right out of the Conrad pattern—the type, naturally, is one that suffers deeply without any flamboyant emotion. So the English captain rescues his countrywoman in distress when her husband's yacht runs aground off the islands. This sacrifice of our hero causes him to forsake the dreams dearest to his heart. He breaks his word to the natives.

The repressed acting of Colman makes the figure very real—much more real than Lily Damita's study of the selfish woman whose rescue meant a man's dishonor. You'll like this picture. It holds you with its story, its characters and its beautiful photography. One

WHEN Emil Jannings has one of those plodding Germans to portray, it is up to him to drain the dregs of a full cup of emotion. But, unfortunately, he hasn't another "Last Laugh" in the new essay, "Sins of the Fathers." The former was a rich character study founded upon simplicity and truth. The latter is something of a glorified "Ten Days in a Barroom," and as such it may serve its purpose with uplifters and the ilk.

Really, it's a hack story of a husband and father who, after prohibition sets in, sees his saloon collapse and finds himself in the clutches of a vamp. So in becoming a bootlegger, his cup runneth over with bitterness when his son is blinded by the old man's booze. Down, down he goes to the depths (there are "Last Laugh" moments here which play deeply on the lachrymose glands of the sentimental), and the finish finds him a broken, tragic figure.

It's typically Jannings, you'll admit, but it lacks the realism, magnetism, force and polish of some earlier canvases. The eminent Emil will make you remember it for a while, but you'll remember "The Last Laugh," and "The Patriot" longer. The supporting players are good. Barry Norton does effective work as the blinded son, though some of his scenes are maudlin because of the exaggerated agony. Ruth Chatterton, recruited from the stage, gives a finely rounded performance as the vamp.

Critic

THIS MONTH

Weary River — In Old Arizona

Sins Of The Fathers

The Rescue — A Woman of Affairs — Redskin

shot is truly unforgettable—it depicts the full wind spreading the sails of the schooner. It has a rich complement of comparable scenes. And so I give it a very good mark.

Kicking That Red Man Around

WELL, Richard Dix does make a good Indian. There's no getting away from it—and "Redskin" fits him better than "The Vanishing American." Yet I can't come out and call it the big Indian epic. Were it not for the natural colors of Arizona's painted deserts and some truthful types that people, it, the film would be just so-so.

Any Indian story should be made with natural colors. It was a wise move for the sponsors of this one to act accordingly, for the colors give it the tone and quality that are missing from the yarn. It's the old hooey of the Indian youth seeking to adjust himself to his environment though he is ostracized by both races—red and white. After a series of ups and downs he finds oil and happiness with little *Corn Blossom*. There are some lively incidents—these dovetail the romance and pathos. And Richard Dix makes a splendid Indian, though he should go on the warpath for bigger and better stories.







Above are Richard Dix and Gladys Belmont in "Redskin." At the left is Emil Jannings, whose latest picture is "Sins of the Fathers." Below are Ronald Colman and Lily Damita, who appear in "The Rescue"

Garbo Is Great

IT'S a toss-up with readers of Michael Arlen's "The Green Hat," whether they'll like the movie version, "A Woman of Affairs," better than the original. It may not carry the same sex sting in its new shape, but no one can deny that it shapes up as an ideal pattern for Greta Garbo. To me she makes it better reading via the screen than between the covers of the book. And as for the stage presentation, the movie version puts it completely in the shade.

The picture has been carefully plotted—so much so that it is filled with subtle *asides* in its scenes and titles. This procedure was necessary to pass muster. But the original meaning is incorporated in the central idea and it is fully emphasized by the Garbo's finely shaded performance. There are some gorgeous settings. The atmosphere gives it quality, too. But when all is said and done, it is Greta Garbo's work that makes it enjoyable. John Gilbert is nothing much more than a figurehead here—being in the background most of the time. He does well, but so do Lewis Stone and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

The big outdoors is with us in "In Old Arizona," and its appearance is significant in that it is the first talking western. As plots go, it is nothing unusual, but it does carry a twist in its

(*Continued on page 96*)



R. H. Louise

LOOK! W*hose Back?*

Who is the Hollywood actress who place
young men on pedestals—or, at least, o
even more substantial high places, lik
mantels? Well, he is the increasingly famou
son of a famous star; and she is becomin
widely celebrated by the picture. Of course
the head is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s; an
the girl is Joan Crawford. Are they marrie
yet? Well, things are looking up

The Worser THE BETTER

Fred Kohler Enjoys Knocking The Hero Cold. And His Fans Enjoy Seeing Him

By WALTER RAMSEY



Richee

Hommel

HE LIKES to beat up heroes, especially if they are the good-looking sheik type. He enjoys forcing upon the heroine dishonorable intentions. He dotes on slapping white-haired grandmothers, and refusing to support his family.

On the screen, of course.

Off the screen he's something else again.

Fred Kohler's name and profile have had little show on the billboards. He is not a publicity-made actor. His name is not a household expression such as Jack Dempsey's or John Gilbert's. But for a long time he has been making quite a name for himself as a heavy. Just about the heaviest heavy in the game. He's the toughest, meanest, most hated villain of them all.

Fred couldn't make anyone hunt the cellar on looks. In fact, he's far from handsome, but he's a clean-looking fellow, who appears as though he might be able to put up the kind of battle you'd like to watch. And, contrary to your probable opinion, he's a family man with a ranch out in San Fernando Valley; a raft of chickens to feed and a few orange trees to take care of. And when he gets his two hundred pounds of beef and six feet of height stripped to the waist for action on the woodpile, it sure is a picture. A picture you wouldn't care to meet in a dark alley.

But he's not paid a nice fat salary to look pretty. His hair doesn't have to be wavy or his clothes perfectly pressed. He's paid to look ugly. The worser the better.

"The worse I get," said Fred, "the better I get along. The worst part I ever played—I mean the part in which I kill the girl's father, maim her brother for life, and almost ravish the heroine—that's the time I got the most fan-mail. Letters that begin: 'Dear Fred: You are the meanest, toughest brute in the world,' and end, 'All my love forever.' What in the creation does that prove? What do they want?

"If for a brief spell I happen to let down in my parts, or it happens that my part doesn't call for quite so many dastardly deeds, I hear about it. I get it about a thousand times a month. These letters don't have the same trend as the first. They inquire in rather a stinging, sarcastic way if I have gone haywire or turned Clarence, or any one of a dozen none-too-endearing terms. They want to know why I don't really get the leading man? Why didn't I do away with her father completely? And why, in the name of all that's mean and dirty, did I have to allow the girl to escape my clutches in the end?

"All you see in the papers these days are stories of flappers and half-grown boys. Boys who haven't had their first shave. This type of manhood seems to be front page stuff; and don't forget the ever popular man of the hour with the dainty, waxed mustache. If this is the type of man that women like, who is writing to me? I'm not fooling. I'd really like to know. What is it that makes some women like the hero and others the villain? I guess the cave-man period is not such a matter of history as the books would have us believe.

His Wages of Sin

"THE character I play is invariably slovenly, unkempt and uneducated. I rub dirt on my arms by the hour. Dirty overalls. Hair that looks as though it hadn't seen a good scrubbing since birth. Quite a contrast to the boy in dinner jacket, well-larded hair and a manicure. But—

(Continued on page 83)



Moore Deadly

The Colleen of
The Species Pirate
Is Fortified With
Both Arms and Charms



Than the Male

In any company, garbed as she is here, Colleen Moore must be the Spanish Main attraction. Her costume is so becoming that it's obvious that she's the one who put the gal in galleon and the lass in cutlass

Freulich Photos

Curth You, — JACK DALTON!

More Dirty Work At The *Crothwoads, Thayth* Russell Simpson, *Ith What Movieth Need*

By HERBERT CRUIKSHANK



Duncan



Soapy Higgins in "Montana"

IN the humble home of honest old Jeremiah McHorsefeathers there was villainy afoot. McHorsefeathers himself was securely shackled to a gin bottle, the mouth of which, inserted in his own, served as a gag to render him speechless. He was helpless. This was the work of the city slicker, Sir Aubrey Ritz-Carlton, who at this very moment had won two out of three falls from Our Nell, the hitherto unrung belle of the village and grand-darter of old Jeremiah. Even now she and the Ritz-Carlton roué were sparring Greco-Roman style for a holt. As her breast heaved, there were sounds of the papers crackling in her bosom. Outside the whining wind made odd noise effects. Somewhere there was a wolf at the door. It looked indeed as though the jig were up.

"Ah ha, muh proud beauty," hithed Sir Aubrey, "at last you are in muh power. Gimme them papers!"

"Unhand me, you brute," laughed Nell, "have you no thithter of your own?"

The black-hearted Ritz-Carlton paused to light a tailor-made butt as he pondered this question. For the instant it theemed that Nell wath thaved. But no! The scoundrel set his silk hat more securely over his ears.



The Colonel in "Alabama"

"I will cover your burning lips with kisses. I, the man you have scorned, will degrade you to the lowest depths. Then cast you to perdition!"

"You forget, Thir Aubrey Rith-Carlton, that ragth are royal raiment when worn for virtue'th thake," parried Nell. But as she tried for a toe-hold, the wily scoundrel caught her with both hands, while with the other he twirled his inky mustache. Where, oh where, was Nell's lover, gallant Tham Hardy, him they called "Young Buffalo, King of the Wild West?" Will he arrive in time? Hark, what thound ith that? Hortheth, hortheth, hortheth!



Obediah Strout in "Quincy Adams Sawyer"

"Thank heaven," giggled Nell. "It ith 'Young Buffalo' and hith boyth in blue! We are thaved!"



Pinkerton in "The Errand Boy"

Mabel Unmasked

AND Nell was correct. It was indeed her lover, in person. As he leaped through the window to the accompaniment of sound effects of tinkling glass and the noise of falling snow, Sir Aubrey Ritz-Carlton, until now the life of the party, stammered:

'Then who, or whom, have I wed?"

There was an instant's silence, then old Jeremiah McHorsefeathers, having finished the gin, bit the neck off the bottle, and removing his beard, bowed suavely:

"It is I, or me," he said. "Mabel Buildadam of the Secret Service." And at these words, Al Jolson, who up to this time had taken no part in the conversation, sang the verse to his new song "My Mammy's in the Movies Now," while Nell, Sir Aubrey and Jeremiah or Mabel, in reality members of the Los Angeles Police Quartette, joined in the chorus with a burst of Scotch harmony. Close, you know.

(*Continued on page 94*)



Bub Hicks in "The College Widow"



Bachrach

Blane and Fancy Dress

Sally Sallies Forth to a Costume Party

If it is true that the apparel oft proclaims the man, so it is in this instance, at least—that the costume doth disclose the woman. And the disclosure of Sally Blane brings anything but disillusionment. Sally is the one of the 1929 Baby Stars to receive the highest number of votes from the members of the Wampas. The boys know their ballots



Richee



R. H. Louise

A muffled voice: for the sake of preserving his throat for the talkies, George K. Arthur—above—wears his coat always like this. And besides, he points out, it cuts out entirely the cost of neckties

As for Doris Hill—at the left—even veteran railroad officials will forgive her deliberately holding up the train

Looking Them Over in Hollywood

Close-Ups From The West Coast

OVERHEARD in a studio cafe:

Lupe Velez to Jeanette Loff: "Hallo! I'm Dolores Del Rio."

Jeanette to Lupe: "Hello, yourself. I'm Vilma Banky."

Another voice: "Hello, both of you. I'm Lon Chaney."

And they didn't step on him—because it was.

Oh, That's It!

ONE of her best friends tells this story of Vilma Banky: Vilma understands English perfectly but does not always make herself understood by others. On this occasion she was trying desperately to explain to a groom at the Beverly Hills Riding Academy that a horse she had just ridden was more than unsatisfactory. In a broken but bitter tirade, she tried to make him understand that the animal was a pep-less nag that she never wanted to hire again. The groom listened politely, but puzzled.

"What did you say?" he inquired after a long speech from Vilma. She took a long breath and tried it over again. But to no avail.

Finally, almost in tears, Vilma pointed to the nag. "Damnhell," she exploded.

And then they understood.

Not Ringing the Party

ALONG comes Charlie Chaplin and denies that he is engaged to Georgia Hale.

And I didn't even know he was calling her up.

Off for the Front

A SCENARIO writer at the M. G. M. studio struck a snag in a story and thought he'd better consult with the front office before continuing any further. But realizing how long it takes to gain an audience with the executives, he left the following sign on his door:

Gone to see Irving Thalberg. Will try to be back before my contract expires.

Poiravings

ALONG comes Paul Poiret and puts his stamp of approval on the gowns of Jetta Goudal. Now Hollywood had always considered Jetta's gowns—shall we politely say?—odd. But the exalted French designer



A rising Muni is Paul, above. Young though he is, he has already scored emphatically on the stage in "Four Walls." The talkies have taken him to Hollywood, there first to enact a leading role in "The Valiant"

The Sennett eye may be a trifle older, but it still sees what it's famous for seeing. If you don't believe that, just look at Eleanor Black, on the right

Over Out Way

By DOROTHY MANNERS

says, "The most smartly gowned woman in Hollywood."

I guess all the girls will be going in for nose veils and turbans and hair nets and feathers.

In spite of Mr. Poiret, I'm kinda sorry.

Male Alimony

THERE is one young man getting a divorce from a pretty movie star who is certainly not adding to his popularity by trying to get half of the lady's property under the state law of California, which not only gives the wife half of what her husband earns, but is equally advantageous to the husband.

Hollywood is full of gold-diggers, male and female.

Elder the Berries

A CERTAIN great lover of the screen says that a young lady who has just recently arrived in our parts has more sex-appeal than any woman who ever hit Hollywood—and that includes Greta Garbo.

The connoisseur of feminine charm wishes to be left unnamed. But the lady he selected was no other than that daring aviatrix, Ruth Elder.

Splendid Fire

JUST to prove that Hollywood is still a very small town in spite of her sophisticated airs, all the townspeople turned out in a body to watch the half-million dollar



Cannons

sound-stage at Paramount burn down a short time ago.

Well-known directors and their wives and kids were there.

Actors and their girl friends.

Extras and stars.

From the attitude of the jovially milling groups you might have thought it was a picnic rather than a pain in the neck to Paramount. Mr. Lasky gave out a statement that the building was covered with insurance. But those on the inside know that insurance companies will not cover more than forty per cent of the value of sound-stages. Their horse-hair paddings and soft wood, used in construction, make them too great a risk.

Mike-Shy

"MICROPHONE fright" has taken the place of stage and camera fright with the actors. Most of

(*Continued on page 92*)



Idol Interest

And admiration, on the part of Maurice Chevalier. His favorite screen actor is the man with a name and an ancestry as French as his own, although he is American-born: Adolphe Menjou

Working-At-Night LIFE

After Dark Activity In The Film Capital Is Not All Whoopee

By DOROTHY LUBOU



HOLLYWOOD'S night life isn't confined entirely to the Cocoanut Grove, Plantation or parties in Laurel Canyon. When Susie Glutz puts on her dancing shoes, dons her most revealing gown, and kisses mother good-bye with the airy remark that she'll see her in the morning, mama doesn't turn pale and ask what the younger generation is coming to. Not in Hollywood. She is more apt to return her embryo Garbo's kiss and tell her her mouth is on crooked and her eyes could stand a bit more mascaro. For Susie is on her way to the studio—yes, even so—at seven in the evening. And Susie knows that at the studio she'll remain until the sun comes up or the director gets sleepy.

Scenes that require night shooting are welcomed by the lesser player and greeted with a few choice swear words by the more prominent actor. To the extra it may mean rushing from one studio to another, probably miles apart, without dinner or rest. Working all day will not prevent them from accepting a night call, for too many weeks pass without any work at all and the additional pay check is worth a few weary yawns. The contract player, however, is receiving a weekly salary and his hours at the studio may be two or twenty-two.

Sleeping Swains

TRANSPORTATION home from the lot is provided by the company, but those not fortunate enough to own a car have to get to the studio by bus, lifts, or the kindness of a friend. I've seen many a devoted youth sprawled across a bench on a night set, catching a few winks or disturbed by thoughts of the office the next day, while his extra inamorata is taking direction. Love is like that—even in Hollywood.



Behind "The Iron Mask": in the upper picture is Douglas Fairbanks completely surrounded by musketeers; and in the lower, the ladies-in-waiting being taught court etiquette by a French authority on it

"The Iron Mask," Douglas Fairbanks's sequel to "The Three Musketeers," has been in production since August. Night scenes have been saved for the last. California evenings being what they are, I arrived at the United Artists Studio fortified by a raccoon coat. I stopped for a moment to watch John Barrymore film some scenes with Camilla Horn. In the midst of a scene John, with raised eyebrow in my direction and a nod toward several other innocent bystanders, said he could not go on with his scene until we left.

Far be it from me to clash with the Barrymore temperament. So I continued on my wanderings and came upon a seventeenth-century castle surrounded by a moat, built on the grand scale so dear to Doug's heart. All the sets were designed by young Laurence Irving, son of the late Sir Henry Irving, famous English actor. Laurence himself is well known in the English theater world. Conspirators, resplendent in plumes and velvet, rowed several giggling, short-skirted flappers about, in a large, flat-bottom boat, dispelling the illusion of mediæval France.

Visitors Are Ever Tireless

PRODUCTION managers may be enjoying surcease from honest toil, supervisors may be in conference with the sandman, but no hour is too late, no studio too distant, to discourage studio visitors. Fiancées of the technical staff, girl friends of the juicers and grips, Aunt Hetty from North Dakota and Uncle John from Michigan stood around wide-eyed at the gaffir, the head electrician's, cries: "Fix yer niggers"; "Hit that broad"; "Move the

(*Continued on page 83*)



Thomas

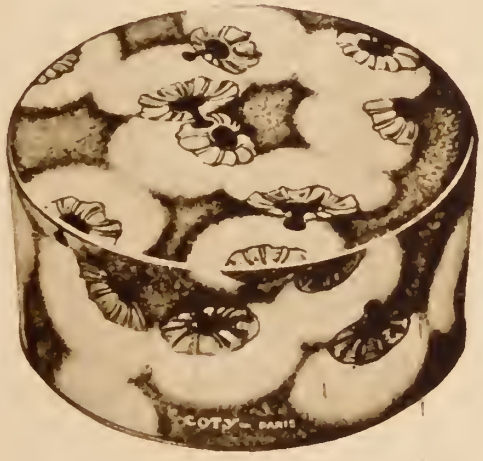
Cannons

Dorothy Appleby got her first chance when the late Rudolph Valentino chose her in a contest as the most beautiful girl in Maine. Whether he even bothered, if he saw Dorothy first, to look at the others, is a point in doubt. But it couldn't have made any difference, anyway. Now she's to appear with Eddie Quillan in "Listen, Baby!" and we are washing our ears

Hollywood's *Maine* Attraction



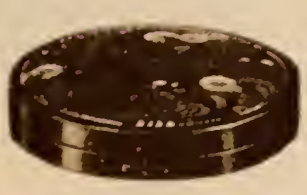
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COTY INC., 714 Fifth Avenue, New York

Photo by H. D. Carsey, Hollywood



A screen star's skin *must* show flawlessly smooth under the huge new incandescent "sun-spot" lights used for the close-up.

BILLIE DOVE, *beloved First National star, in the very charming modernistic bathroom built especially for her in Hollywood.*

"A smooth skin is most important to every girl whether she is a motion picture player or not. I find Lux Toilet Soap delightfully pure and refreshing."

Billie Dove.

Lux Toilet

For *loveliness that thrills, a girl must have exquisite skin—*

Say 39 Hollywood directors

Nine out of ten screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap for smooth skin.

Petal-smooth skin — how subtly and surely it wins its way into hearts everywhere! There's no loveliness like it, 39 Hollywood directors find.

"Smooth, flawless skin is beauty's greatest asset," says Al Rockett, production manager for First National. "The perfection of an exquisite skin is much more to the motion picture star—or indeed, to any woman, than any other physical quality."

A screen star *must* have skin so beautifully smooth that even the terrific brilliancy of the close-up lights reveals not a single flaw in its utter loveliness.

Nine out of ten screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap for smooth skin. In Hollywood, of the 451 important actresses, including all stars, 442 care for their skin with this daintily fragrant white soap.

The next time you see Billie Dove notice how exquisitely fine and smooth Lux Toilet Soap keeps her skin. When you see your favorite star, whoever she is, in a close-up, remember that 98% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen are cared for by this soap.

Every one of the great film studios has made Lux Toilet Soap the official soap in all dressing rooms.

It leaves the skin so petal-smooth! You'll love its quick, generous lather in your bath, too, and for the shampoo.



Photo by O Dyar, Hollywood

ESTHER RALSTON, popular Paramount star, says: "Lux Toilet Soap is excellent for keeping skin delightfully smooth."



Photo by R. Jones, Hollywood

MARY PHILBIN, Universal star—"A star's skin must have marvelous smoothness. I entrust mine to Lux Toilet Soap."

Soap

Luxury such as you have found only in French soaps at 50c and $1.00 the cake . . now

10¢

What College Men Think of the Movies

(*Continued from pages 18 and 19*)

What VIRGIL PINKLEY *Thinks* . . .

ments are far-fetched. There never will be a real college picture, depicting campus life as it is, unless a university student furnishes the story idea, and a grad who knows campus life from all angles serves as a technical director, with the final word.

University students on my campus pan the life out of college pictures, and they should. In one college football picture the hero played a few minutes at the first of the half, was taken out of the contest on account of injuries and just before the half ended, entered the game again. Didn't the director, technical expert or actor know that a football player can't enter a game twice in the same half? Why must the hero always win a football game, knock a home run or win the mile race? College has more than this to offer for story material.

Take the case of two pictures of recent release. Buddy Rogers was the hero in "Red Lips" and "Varsity." In "Red Lips" he comes to the big fraternity dance while a freshman pledge, wearing a derby hat. Imagine what a pledge would get for such cheek. Tub, paddles, and plenty of extra duties! And then some.

When he arrives, Marian Nixon, the leading lady, is surrounded by three-fourths of the men in the center of the floor. She sees Buddy and calls out, "Come here, big boy. I want you. Come here and give mama a big kiss." Now imagine how absurd such action would be on a dance floor! Things aren't done that way socially in college. Each fellow brings his own girl and stays with her during the evening.

Again in "Varsity," billed as an authentic picture of modern college life, Buddy Rogers is made to do some of the rankest foolishness, in spite of the fact that as a University of Kansas fellow he knows better. He wears a black sweater and white flannel trousers as he enters a room, and comes out in a dress suit. In another scene he gets drunk, and the next afternoon makes the varsity. The picture is about bootlegging, and Buddy is a drunken fool during most of the production.

Don't Blame It on Buddy

NOW that he's been a drunkard, we may expect to see him as a dope fiend in his next picture about college life.

It's not Buddy's fault. He can't help doing what they direct him to do, any more than colleges can help the poor pictures that carry the college labels. As a matter of fact, a lot of us at the University of Southern California know Buddy personally and like him.

University students have their own ideas about most things, and they certainly have about pictures and stars. We've heard and read so much about Hollywood that we know is nonsense. Having been in studios for a year and a half and living in Los Angeles for four years listening to

(*Continued on page 84*)

What H. MONTE HARRINGTON *Thinks* . . .

land. Sitting next to Charlie Chaplin, Wally Beery, William Haines and a dozen other famous faces, one can't go home without feeling that he has been honored, if not thrilled. University students aren't much different from anybody else, after all.

Hero-worshipers all, just who come in as images of the great god Flicker? Monte Blue is a favorite. He was accorded the honor of speaking at a student assembly two years ago and nearly fainted at the wild reception the Uclans gave him.

Clara Bow, she of winks and curves, most assuredly rates. Eddy Horton, of stage and screen, is followed in every move he makes. Dick Barthelmess, Charley Rogers, who made every co-ed shed hot tears in "Wings"; Ramon Novarro, Harold Lloyd, Dick Arlen and Lon Chaney all have heavy followings. Ronald Colman and Conrad Nagel, both adept at the business of loving, have determined collegiate modes of dress and action, more than they know.

And so it gallops along. Co-ed and ed alike gather trinkets of all sorts: one fellow had Norma Shearer carve her signature in his cigarette case when they worked in "The Student Prince" together. Another proudly displays a few of Clara Bow's bronze hairpins. If Greta Garbo shows up at Warners' Theater with her scarf knotted in back, a dozen co-eds will mimic her on the campus next day. We at U. C. L. A. live so close to the firmaments of the movies that our social life is directly influenced by their every move.

Producers Must Improve

HOWEVER, we do have our kicks. It is the general consensus of opinion that Hollywood producers would be better ditch diggers and junk collectors than college professors. In recent years these men have tried to collect the gilt on being collegiate for a month or so each fall. Their conceptions of undergraduate life have long ceased to be funny; they're pathetic. It is certain that suicides, homicides and epileptic fits will be common occurrences if our

(*Continued on page 84*)



One college which knows the movies behind the scenes, as well as from the theater seats, is the University of Southern California, in Los Angeles. The picture above is the Administration Building, wherein is located a film playhouse known as the Varsity Photorium

What TEMPLETON PECK *Thinks* . . .

good one; yet he keeps going, ever optimistic. As soon as the advertising stills have passed in review, he is ready at any moment to whistle, hoot, hiss, boo, or cat-call at any action or detail which doesn't click. They can show a closeup of the Star Spangled Banner and get a big hand at most theaters, but the college boys demonstrate their antagonism toward the flag-waving stuff by keeping a respectful silence. Other less pardonable b eaches of the subtle on the part of directors or news-reel editors meet with the merry ha-ha. The greatest raspberry I have ever heard given greeted the coach in a "Calford" football picture when he appeared at the end of the opus and Y. M. C. A.'ed to the effect that "they're a great bunch of boys—clean, fine, American youths."

Stanford Roughs are not always barking at what they see on the screen. Occasionally Emil Jannings or George Bancroft comes to town, and then the fellows stampede the box-office. Jannings and Bancroft are the favorite male actors of a majority of Stanford men and of probably a good share of the women. They are still talking about "Variety" and "Underworld" hereabouts.

Heavies and Sexies Best

THE female stars, however, are the ones who monopolize the conversation when the college bull sessions get around to the subject of movies and the queens thereof. Clara Bow always gets a word; likewise Sue Carol and Greta Garbo. Evelyn Brent is an actress fast growing in popularity. Naturally, "clean, fine, American youths" are influenced by sex-appeal; so the actresses who are particularly pleasing to the eye get all the breaks in popularity. Clara Bow is a sort of patron of Stanford among the movie actresses. She attended a Junior Prom here once, and she always roots for the Cardinal at the big games with California. The cold opinion is held, nevertheless, that none of the feminine stars of the day, even Miss Bow, amounts to much as an artist, and that Jannings, Bancroft, and Noah Beery and William Powell—the latter as villains—are upholding the laurels of Hollywood.

Undeniably, college students are movie fans. They complain about most of the dismal stuff which finds its way onto the screen, but they go back for more. They are getting pretty bored with alleged comedies where pie, ice cream cones, flour, shaving suds, persimmons or cuspidors are thrown about. They like good wise-cracks in the subtitles; they admire, for some unaccountable reason, the immensely conceited work of William Haines; they appreciate Charlie Chaplin's pathetic humor; and they are quick to recognize a sincere, worthy performance. The college man is a good judge of a good show.

A TANGEE TALKIE

Starring Ann Pennington and Frances Williams of George White's Scandals



ANN—"Frances, I've made a wonderful discovery! A lipstick that is practically indelible. My favorite and only TANGEE. Try it."

FRANCES—"Don't be sil! We couldn't get by with a sister act. And you know what becomes the brunette, won't do for the blonde."



ANN—"Ah! But TANGEE has hidden magic! It blends exactly with your own natural coloring. And it's as good for the blonde as for the brunette. Besides, it never rubs off. Do try it!"



FRANCES—"I've never seen anything so marvelous. Do you mind if I adopt TANGEE too?"

ANN—"Oh, please keep that one. I've just bought a dozen so that I'll never have to hunt for mine."

Ann is brunette, and Frances is blonde—but see how perfectly Tangee does for both! In an amazing way, Tangee changes as you put it on, from its original color to blush-rose—Nature's own shade—and blends with each individual type of beauty. Truly a marvelous lipstick and rouge.

Demand Tangee today! One lipstick and rouge for all complexions. On sale everywhere. Tangee Lipstick $1. Tangee Rouge Compact 75¢. Tangee Crême Rouge $1. Also, Tangee Face Powder, clinging, temptingly perfumed, $1. Tangee Night Cream $1. Tangee Day Cream $1. Twenty-five cents more in Canada. *If the name TANGEE does not appear on the package, it is not TANGEE.*

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Twenty cents brings you the miniature Tangee Beauty Set—all six items and the "Art of Make-up". Address Dept. M P C 4 The George W. Luft Co., Inc., 417 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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Otto Wiegand, Md., home-study graduate, made $12,000 from his business in one year. John Vassos, N. Y., gets $25 for a show card. Crawford, B. C., writes: "Earned $200 while taking course." Write for complete information.

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COMPLEXION BEAUTY depends on thorough but gentle skin cleansing. The safe soap to use is

Resinol

Hollywood's 300

(*Continued from page 27*)

table. Of course, some of these are Dutch treat parties between members. Robert Leonard gave the largest party in the history of the club when he entertained in honor of Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg shortly after their marriage. Places were laid for sixty. Ernst Lubitsch entertained thirty-four at the Hallowe'en party last year.

The First Families

THE Mayfair is a direct outgrowth of the old Sixty Club in Los Angeles. While the Sixty Club was patronized largely by film people, anyone with the price could go. Some enterprising tourist from the corn belt was quite likely to try and chisel a dance from Constance Talmadge, or Gloria Swanson.

Several leading members of the colony decided it would be more desirable to have an organization of their own, exclusively for film people. Accordingly, the club came into being in 1926. The daddies of this aristocratic organization were Irving Thalberg, Fred Niblo, Conrad Nagel, Edwin Loeb, well-known motion picture attorney, Sid Grauman, Charles Christie, B. P. Schulberg, Mike Levee, United Artists producer, and Joseph Schenck.

Initiation fees are one hundred dollars and the dues are twenty-five dollars yearly —certainly not exorbitant when one considers what it costs to join an exclusive Southern California country, town or beach club.

It is a non-profit organization. Whatever is left after bills are paid—and bills are occasionally paid in Hollywood—is turned over to the Motion Picture Actors' Fund.

One of the most interesting of the by-laws is that a non-member may attend as a guest of a member not oftener than once every three months. Exceptions are made in the cases of fiancées and other appendages.

The governing board includes some of the most scintillant names in filmland: John Barrymore, Richard Barthelmess, Charles Chaplin, Harry Cohn, Cecil B. DeMille, Douglas Fairbanks, George Fitzmaurice, Samuel Goldwyn, John Gilbert, Will H. Hays, Carl Laemmle, Jesse Lasky, Harold Lloyd, Ernst Lubitsch, Louis B. Mayer, Thomas Meighan, Antonio Moreno, Marshall Neilan, Hal Roach, R. A. Rowland, King Vidor and Jack Warner.

Human as You and I

BUT, back of this line, as rigid as any ever drawn in the palmy days of the Vanderbilts, the Goelets, and the Goulds, a party is a party after all. The Mayfairites make whoopee in much the same fashion as anybody else. On New Year's Eve they throw cotton snowballs, and toot horns. There are dancing contests with weird prizes. There is entertainment, and an excellent orchestra. And, funny gags, well, as Al Jolson says, "You ain't heard nothin' yet."

At one of the recent parties Charlie Murray, dressed like a hot-dog vendor, carrying a hot oven—the kind which always bursts into flames during a touchdown at football games—circulated among the dancers distributing the warm puppies. Every fifth or sixth puppy would be made of rubber. Can't you just imagine Pola Negri and Greta Garbo looking nonchalant while chewing on a rubber hot dog?

One night the Mayfair had a dancing contest and the prize for the best woman dancer, won by Gertrude Olmsted, was an elegant, jewel-studded hot water bag.

And, my dears, you would have been in stitches if you had seen Lupino Lane and Clyde Cook imitate the "Floradora" sextet, all by themselves. Lane, Cook and Johnny Hines can always be counted on for extemporaneous entertainment. Billy Haines is always just the life of the party.

They do say that Texas Guinan, who didn't have a very good time in Hollywood, was awfully mad at Mayfair when she persuaded a young New Yorker in her party to do some eccentric dancing. When he finished, there was a polite salvo of applause. You know, the kid glove variety.

Laugh! You'd Simply Die!

"GIVE him a big hand," shouted Texas, as only Texas can shout.

But another course had been brought to the tables, or somebody entered with somebody's else fiancée. At least, Mayfair wasn't listening to Texas.

A little later in the evening Johnny Hines showed Texas that eccentric dancing wasn't a lost art in Hollywood.

Texas didn't look too pleased.

Perhaps the most amusing surprise arranged for the idols of the screen was the incident of the trick waiter. This waiter went from table to table, calling stars by their first names, and telling them that their pictures were terrible.

Tom Mix rested an elbow on the table as he chatted with Lupe Velez, and he was informed by the waiter that it was a regrettable exhibition of bad table manners.

Virginia Valli, one of the most dignified ladies of the screen, dining with Charles Farrell, laid a jewelled bag on the table. The waiter pounced upon it.

"That sort of thing isn't being done in the best circles," he said severely. "Perhaps you haven't been about much."

Virginia turned all the shades of the rainbow.

Jack Pickford was ready for battle when the waiter informed him he was using the wrong fork. However, the waiter was well padded in expectation of just such encounters.

When things were comparatively quiet in the dining-room, he dropped a trayful of dishes. The crash might have been heard in Santa Monica.

Incidentally, the most amusing aspect of this hoax was the horrified expressions on the faces of the Biltmore staff of waiters, surely the acme in formal politeness. Every time the impostor moved to another table they must have expected the roof to come crashing down, a sort of judgment of the gods for such blasphemy in the holy of Los Angeles holies.

Divorce Isn't Separation

THE Mayfair parties serve very nicely for a divorcée to announce that one ill-fated experience has not bothered her eyesight for other men. Also, when a couple appears two or three times together at one of these events, it almost means an engagement.

In New York estranged couples do not of a necessity continue to go about in the same small circle. In Hollywood, you can get a divorce, but just try and separate.

Mayfair parties sometimes appear like home-coming day for Hollywood divorcées. Florence Vidor sees King Vidor, and the present Mrs. Vidor, Eleanor Boardman. Evelyn Brent meets Bernard Fineman, the former Mr. Brent. Ona Brown and her fiancé, Harvey Barnes, dance past Clarence Brown and his fiancée, Dorothy Sebastian. Mary Pickford sees Owen Moore. Clara Bow meets all of her heart attacks there.

Pola Negri and Mae Murray, each the possessor of a Prince M'divani, and not good friends, can glare from one table to another.

Romances have begun at Mayfair and romances have ended there. Mary Astor met Kenneth Hawkes at one of these parties, and Athole Shearer, a sister of Norma, first met Howard Hawkes at a Mayfair dinner. Apparently the Mayfair is quite a hunting ground for the Hawkes boys. Claire Windsor and Buddy Rogers, not so long ago, were always seen together at these parties, and John Gilbert and Greta Garbo appear together.

Norman Kerry, Jack Pickford and Matt Moore seldom take ladies. They prefer to play the field and chisel dances.

What is served at these dinners that is worth ten dollars a plate? There is a cocktail and a soup, a fish course, and usually a stuffed squab, a salad, elaborate molded ices and coffee. At times the menu is printed in French, and then it's difficult to tell from one course to the next what one will eat.

First Come, Last Served

DINNER is supposedly served at eight, but I have never actually heard of anyone's getting there at that time. A few early arrivals sit down at nine, but the dining-room is not filled before ten. The last course rarely comes before midnight, and the party is usually going strong by two.

Perhaps the most memorable party Mayfair has given was a spring event of last year. In addition to the host of screen celebrities were a number of guests from the stage. There were Ethel Barrymore, Mary Nash, Basil Rathbone, Violet Kemble Cooper, Al Jolson, Ruth Chatterton, Beatrice Lillie, Elsie Janis, Fannie Brice, and the late Nora Bayes.

It is the usual thing to ask the guests to entertain, although there is no undue insistence. Most of them merely bow from their table. Al Jolson is always generous with his singing. Elsie Janis imitated Beatrice Lillie, and Beatrice Lillie replied by imitating Elsie Janis imitating Beatrice Lillie. Get a pencil and paper for that one.

Sometimes the guests are terribly embarrassed at performing before so many notables at one time. Ramon Novarro was so frightened the time he sang for Mayfair that he has never attended another party.

Old Guardsmen

BUT for the most part, even those celebrities who have appeared in shadow form before countless millions, yet who are terrified to come face to face with a few score, do as best they can. And while they feel that their performance may suffer from the agitation of stage fright, they realize that they are doing their bit before others who, in their shoes, would feel exactly the same and who therefore will give them a most sympathetic audience. If it were not for that it is likely that all would be reluctant to volunteer; but because of that, few do refuse.

Not many of the younger players in Hollywood are members of the club. The Old Guard retains its rigid lines in much better fashion than most social circles. However, the younger set has its representatives in Betty Bronson, Lois Moran, Joan Crawford, Marceline and Alice Day, Madge Bellamy and Patsy Ruth Miller. James Hall is one of the few young leading men to have a membership.

There are many screen writers listed in Mayfair, but the only members of the press who possess memberships are Louella O. Parsons, motion picture editor of Hearst's Universal Service, and Edwin Schallert, dramatic editor of the Los Angeles Times.

THE STARS OF HOLLYWOOD

NOW WEAR NEW HOSIERY

which they have found
enhances Shapeliness of ankle and leg
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Betty Compson's

First National Star

favorite is this Allen-A chiffon, with Picot Top and Panel Heel

$1.95 the pair



SCREEN Stars have now found what they consider the perfect hosiery. It seems to make the ankle slenderer. The leg more graceful. The usual harsh line of the knee softer.

Virtually every star of note insists upon this new-type hosiery in her wardrobe. Very likely, it is the exact kind you have long wanted.

Miss Betty Compson's favorite is a matchlessly clear, sheer chiffon by Allen-A, with Picot Top and ultra-smart Panel Heel. Full-fashioned to mold to the leg without a ripple.

The new Panel Heel, much narrower and higher, lends a Parisian smartness to the beauty of the hose. It also reinforces the heel. And the silken foot is invisibly strengthened by an extra narrow sole, and special side and top toe guards. It is little short of amazing the way this hose wears and wears.

You will find this lovely, all-silk chiffon at your dealer's. In the newest shades. Ask for this Allen-A hose by style number—3712. Only $1.95 the pair. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us your name and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

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(a secret!)

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**(Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Glint Shampoo in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shade of hair!)*

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Color of my hair _____

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Confessions Of The Stars

(Continued from page 21)

"And oddly enough, the one time in my life when I was actually and definitely engaged to be married is the one time no one has ever known about. Not so much as a rumor. Yet I was engaged to him for nearly two years and the wedding date was set.

"He was a man older than myself. Of the scientific type. And it was a case of mutual attraction at first sight. I was lunching one day with another man. This man—Stephen—came into the café. I took one look at him and said, 'Who is that man?' A question I had certainly never asked or felt like asking before. My tête-à-tête companion wouldn't tell me. He laughed and said, 'He takes all my girls away from me. He isn't going to get the chance this time. But he did get the chance—he made it. By coming over to our table and forcing an introduction. That was, say, in September. I didn't see him again until the following Christmas when he called me on the 'phone and invited me to a large house-party to be given by a mutual friend. I accepted.

"We were dancing together that first evening and suddenly, cataclysmically, something began to happen to me. I thought, 'What is this I am feeling?' I'd never felt anything like it in all my life before. I hadn't had a trace of experience and then I thought, 'This is love!'

"It was mutual. We became engaged that very night. And we decided to wait for a year and then be married. I don't know precisely what went wrong. I think that it was me. He didn't especially care for my screen work. He said that he couldn't for the life of him understand why I should want to do such a thing. There was that; and then, too, I was very young, just beginning to have a taste of success, very sure of myself and my own unlimited powers.

Too Sure Too Soon

"I THOUGHT that I could go off on location trips, forget to write, play about generally and that all I would have to do was whistle and he would come to heel. I did a lot of very eccentric things, to say the least. I was, I suppose, whimsical and that awful thing called temperamental. I hurt his pride. I didn't give with any fullness. I prattled on about my work, my leading men, broke dates, did all the things a silly, cocksure girl does do before she knows any better.

"We broke our engagement but decided to remain good friends and see what came of it all. After a few months of this I decided that—I wanted him.

"I had been away. I came back in time to go to a large theater party with him. I'd been doing a lot of thinking on that trip and I'd decided to tell him that I knew I had been very trying and silly, but that I was going to change for the better and he could set the wedding date any time he thought best. One of our chief quarrels in the past had been because I was always postponing that date. He would say to me, 'If a girl really loves a man, she doesn t keep postponing the wedding date. That night I wore a new frock, too. For him. One I thought he would especially admire.

"When I came downstairs to greet him, he didn't notice the new and special gown. This was queer. I could see that he was very nervous. We went out together and all evening he was abrupt, fidgety, nervous. Finally I asked him point-blank what the matter was. He told me that he had become engaged to another girl.

But It Was Like That

"THERE were a lot of details: the way I had treated him, of course; my apparent indifference—things like that. I didn't hear them. I don't know how I got through that evening. I don't even remember what the play was about. I kept thinking, 'But this can't have happened to me. It might happen to anyone else. I've read of such things, but not to me. Life is not like this. Of course not.'

"But it was. Just like that. I don't know, even today, whether it was really love on my part or not. Or disillusion. That first, unforgettable one. I only know that for three months after I was miserable and that for the first and last time in my life I ran away from a situation I dared not face. His wedding day. I came out to Hollywood and stayed here until that day was over.

"Then I met another man. The other man. The really great and consuming love of my life.

"He was on the train when I came home again. As a matter of fact, I had met him before, two or three times, very casually. But I'd never talked to him before. He was interested in philosophy, psychology, things like that. Things that took my mind off myself. He was tall and young and handsome. It may have been a rebound. I often wonder what the outcome might have been if he had been any other man who talked to me as he did. But I don't think so.' At any rate, all I know is that I felt again, more strongly than before, the thing I had felt that first night I danced with Stephen. I, who had thought never to feel that thing again. I knew that I was in love again.

"And this time it lasted for four years. Four tragic, miserable years. When love is powerful—and wrong—it can be the most devastating force in the world. Those were years bare of any real happiness whatsoever. Excitement, yes. That's different. For this time I gave and gave fully and freely and without reserve. I thought that I had learned a valuable lesson. This time I wouldn't be coy, uncertain, hard to please. All the things I had been with Stephen. I wouldn't consider myself. I would consider him. It wasn't necessary to play and even if I had wanted to I couldn't have succeeded. You see, I loved him too much. And so I was tolerant and tender and, I think, human.

The World Turns Black

"AND then, one day, a short while before we had thought to be married, a frightful thing happened to us. The most tragic, soul-shattering thing that has ever happened to anyone. It was over. And if I had thought I knew what pain was before, I knew what it was then.

"For nearly a year, after that horrible night, I never ate a mouthful of food that agreed with me. I lost nearly thirty pounds in weight. I had difficulties with my work. The face of the entire world had turned black and if it had not been for my family I would have turned my face on the world.

"I went about, blind, dumb, so badly hurt that I couldn't seem to react properly to anything about me. I knew that I would never love again as I had loved. I didn't know where to turn or what to do. Or how to keep going from one dull day to another one duller.

"And then, one morning, I came face to face with myself in the mirror. Hollow eyes and cheeks, drooped mouth, thin, dejected and weary. A poor sorrowful-looking sight I was, too. I had shed too many tears, spent too many wakeful nights, lost too much hope and happiness. I stared at this poor, broken looking reed and I said to myself, 'You rotten sport, you.'

"My sister, Diana, told me the same thing in other words. I began to take stock of myself. I began to be wholesomely

ashamed of myself. I was losing everything, work, friends, and, worst of all, my grip on myself.

"I began to force myself to realize what I had, and not what I had lost. I had my mother and father and sisters, my work, hope and health. If any woman in the same situation should ask me what I think most essential to working out of those black depths, I would say, 'Health and faith.' A certain faith for which there is no name, faith that such things are necessary, serve some purpose, matter, are good.

Happiness Through Pain

"THEY are good. I'm glad that it happened to me. I needed it. I'm happy now. Happier than I have ever been in all my life before, with a mature, wide-awake happiness I could never have realized in any other way.

"I understand things as I never understood them before. I have developed a sense of humor. I believe I attach due importance to really important things, but I have ceased taking everything seriously as I once did. I take nothing very seriously now. Or not too seriously.

"And here I am. I want to be a human being living among other human beings.

"I'm not afraid any longer. Except of the dark—and of horses. I have to smile, by the way, when I read stories written about me and my fearlessness. Never was there a greater coward born. I nearly die every time I have to mount a strange horse, every time I come home alone after dark. But I am not afraid of life. It has done its worst to me and given me, in exchange, the great gift of courage. I'm not afraid of old age. When I grow too old for the screen, as I shall, there is the stage. One need never be too old for that. There are few Duses and Bernhardts, of course, but there is that goal to strive for and that's all that's necessary.

"I cannot visualize myself as married now. I have an idea marriage was not meant for me in this incarnation. I still dream about it in some of the wakeful hours of the night. I'd love a home of my own, and children, but if I am not to find this happiness here, this time, I have learned to wait.

"I will not play a game. A game with men. If I cannot be honest with a man and find a like honesty in return, I can do without anything.

"I have learned, out of all of this, to love work more than I ever did before. I have learned to love and really value books. I used to read for the pleasure I got out of it, the color, the emotional reactions. Now I read to learn, to develop. I've learned to love my friends with an added zest. Out of doors. My home and family and things.

"I learned to love life only after I had lost it."

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One of the biggest fish in the directorial ocean lands another and a real one off Catalina Island: William de Mille, standing beside his fifty-five pound catch, with Captain Sam Goulding on guard

de Mille With A Small de

(Continued from page 35)

You may infer what you please from the fact that William spells his name with a small de. Cecil uses big type, thus, De.

Within the year William joined the benedicks when he married Clara Beranger, the writer. For he had faith in, and admiration for, women. Where there were cobwebs in his library, they are now swept away. And that is a little too bad. For they go well with the man-smell, the tobacco fragrance of the room. With the great fireplace, the enveloping luxury of deep-hearted chairs, the high bookshelves colorful with varicolored bindings, rich in their content of mighty minds.

If there were cobwebs in the corners, there were none on the books. Carlyle meets Cellini. D'Annunzio and Ruskin stand in close proximity. Cowper and Alfieri are neighbors. Balzac and Dickens hobnob with Flamini, while O. Henry and Kipling share "Arabian Nights" between them. A most friendly room it is, with divans stretching their arms to embrace you, and Dimitrinos begging you to release their Egyptian fragrance with flame from a handy match.

THE SECOND FIFTY YEARS

THERE is a piano, and an extensive library of music: Verdi, Wagner and the rest. You may learn how the Wagnerian influence dominates all modern music, and how Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" must be considered the first articulate evidence of a distinctive American school. Or perhaps the conversation veers to philosophy, or economics. Scripture may be quoted for a purpose. Then you come back to arts and crafts and motion pictures, of course.

Then de Mille will tell you that he again feels the thrill of the pioneer. The advent of sound in the silent drama opens a new vista. A third technique must be developed, different from that of stage or screen. It will borrow from both, yet be different from either. And William de Mille, his trained, agile brain teeming with knowledge gained through thirteen years in one sphere and fourteen in the other, burns to give that public which he respects the benefit of his experience. He "stands like greyhound in the leash, straining upon the start" of a brilliant career in sound-films to begin his second fifty years.

In a sparkling monologue he will tell you how history is repeating itself in motion pictures. How every disparagement of sound-films was uttered years ago when motion pictures were in the state of crudity in which the talkies are now struggling. He will envision their future for you, and dreamily prophesy the invention of a device that will automatically translate spoken lines into every tongue.

The mentality of the industry has been far overreached by its physical accomplishments. The strides made in the technical end of the art have left human imagination standing still and stuttering. Wizards are weak when confronted with the mighty magic hidden within a motion picture camera.

Is there a dearth of story material?

There has been for several thousands of years, he says.

Must an author write down to the public,

a director always play to the gallery?

Bosh! he says. And adds that this has never been done successfully. That every creative effort must carry the conviction of truth. That a crude work made virile by the author's belief in its Truth, will go far further than the "most polished piece of prostitution."

TRUTH AND YOUTH

AND truth, he says, is like a diamond with many facets. From every viewpoint it appears different. But from any viewpoint it is beautiful.

Has the screen developed any real actors?

Yes, he says: Charlie Chaplin.

Is that the end of the list?

No. There's Harold Lloyd.

What about the women?

Oh, yes. Many women. More than men.

And with the mention of Del Rio and Gaynor, he swings into a eulogy of youth. Beginning with the new crop of fresh faces beginning to peer from the corners of the screen, he becomes lyrical in his praise of the younger generation. Thinkers, he calls them, who refuse to be bound by age-old bigotries, superstitions and conventions. Thinkers who dare look straight into the shining face of truth, and give the laugh to humbug. Throughout the world, he says—more particularly in America, and most especially in California—girls are preparing to mother a super-race of men.

Then back to pictures.

Will the screen ever enjoy the liberty of expression which the stage has won?

Yes and no, his answer seems to indicate. For while his eyes sparkle as he tells you that the screen has advanced more in fifteen years than the stage has in ten times as long, he adds that the freedom of a medium must always be in inverse proportion to the magnitude of its audience. Or words to that effect. The larger, the less, so to speak. The greater the audience, the lesser the freedom. The screen reaches millions upon millions, and the stage a paltry few.

THE PUBLIC BE PRAISED

HE credits the public with the progress made in pictures. Every film audience is as expertly critical as the first-nighters of the theater. Picture patrons discriminate, and their demands for better films have resulted in the speedy evolution of one-and-two-reelers of slapstick into the super-specials with millions in production value, and color, and sound.

And the end is not yet. For now the industry has its eyes on new heights. And its feet are facing in the right direction for the upward climb. Overnight the business of producing, directing, acting motion pictures has become a different industry. The peaks of its mountains are lost high in the clouds of speculation. No one knows just what it is all about, or just what is going to happen. But when the peaks are scaled, you will find a "banner with the strange device"—de Mille; and it will be firmly planted among the symbols of those who have accomplished most in the new art. He will be twice a pioneer.

Of his fourteen years in motion picture work, thirteen of them have been happy. During the other he was a supervisor. He differentiates between a director and a supervisor as between a mother and a midwife. Each brings a child into the world. But a mother—well, a mother is a mother. And a midwife is—just that.

He has never regretted his departure from the stage. Although sometimes he feels a play nibbling at the nib of his pen. But pictures are exacting paramours. He who woos the movie muse, may not dally far afield.

The day may be at hand when C. B. may be called the brother of de Mille, and the name will be spelled with the small de.

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Left by the wayside: as Eddie Lowe is in this instance, so must be profanity between army characters, now that the talkies have arrived. The glee of those adept at lip-reading will no longer have unlimited scope, now that you can hear as well as see cuss-words

What Price Profanity Now?

(*Continued from page 28*)

You Can't Cut 'Em

"THE trouble is, you can't perform major or even minor operations on talkies. If you have your character say, 'Damn your eyes,' he has to say it everywhere the picture is shown or not at all. You can neither substitute something milder in puritanical communities nor remove it altogether, both of which are possible with silent pictures. The only removable and censorable lines will be those that come at the end of a scene, and these only on Movietone, not on Vitaphone where the sound comes from a wax disk.

"So that just for the present we're having a few headaches pondering how to make our sergeant-majors mild, yet convincing. You know, we can't very well have 'em say: 'My word, but you are a bounder.' On the other hand, what they actually would say in real life would never get by the censors.

"Then," I quizzed, "how ya gonna tell me that the talkies won't deprive the screen of its red corpuscles?"

"Just tricks," he said. "We're learning 'em right along. There are ways of doing everything if you take the time to find them out. In my first all-talkie, 'In Old Arizona,' we didn't know much about it and the tricking was done more in the written dialogue than in the recording of it. I was a military gentleman in that, so it was necessary to find ways and means of making my remarks realistic, yet censor-proof. Wait till you see the picture, then tell me if you don't think we got pretty near to both goals. The dialogue was written so as to keep me out of situations calling for profanity, so far as possible, or where this couldn't be done we cast around for expressions with a salt tang to them which are yet not profane. There are some like that, you know."

Tactful Interruptions

"OH, really," I murmured. "I hadn't heard."

"But it won't be long before we have plenty of ways of tricking this little difficulty in the actual shooting. After all, if you have to show a private dropping a cabin-trunk onto a top-sergeant's foot, you can always cut away from the sergeant at that point and show the private's reaction to his remarks, which will come as a confused noise from somewhere outside the picture. Or else on such an occasion you can switch to a long-shot where the words are indistinguishable, or have your sergeant pass behind a piece of furniture, or have a truck pass by in the street and drown his remarks. These sound like obvious tricks but, well done, they would seem perfectly natural. You don't believe it? See 'In Old Arizona' and then tell me if you feel the same way about it. That is the first effort toward making the talkies safe for profanity."

I continued to register acute cynicism. "The Patriot," I began. "Think of the abominable crudity of censor-proof dialogue in those subtle cinematic stanzas."

"A superb picture," agreed Eddie. "Yes. But don't you see how much added richness is given to even the richest silent picture by the addition of real dialogue? You can have all the artistry that Lubitsch gives you, plus real words coming from the characters' mouths instead of printed sub-titles. And all the thrilling noises of out-of-doors. Wait till you see the scene from 'In Old Arizona' where we're seated around the camp-fire frying bacon; and you hear that gorgeous sound of sizzling fat, with the dull stamping of the horses' hoofs on the turf where they are tethered in the background. Wait till you see that—and hear it. Why, the toning down of my natural barrack-room language is a mere trifle compared with the glory of those common, everyday, but wonderful sounds. Just to get them into our pictures, there's no end to the ingenuity we'll give to tricking the language-angle. I dislike censors as much as anybody, but I'm not going to let them spoil my enthusiasm for the talkies. The talkies are wonderful."

He paused for breath. "My next picture," he said, "is going to be 'The Cock-Eyed World,' the sequel to 'What Price Glory?'"

"A talkie, of course," I breathed.

"Well, not exactly," said Eddie. "No, I imagine there would be language in that which would be better in pantomime. Yes, I should say that will be a pretty silent picture. If it wasn't, I'm afraid we should disappoint the public, which would never do.

"Not to mention the fact that, in any case, Vic pronounces his swear-words like a gentleman, even if he does mouth them like *Captain Flagg*."

Pola Puts It Over

(*Continued from page 53*)

be social, a party in fact, and that no business propositions were to be brought up.

You see, Mr. Shaw wanted to be very careful. For eight years people—great people—have been trying to secure for the films a Shaw play. So far they have not succeeded. But then, even Rome fell! Would Mr. Shaw?

A little later Pola arrived. I saw the great eyebrows tested in a few sharp rises and falls over the vampish eyes. I saw the pearly teeth bared in a flashing smile—a battle smile perhaps? For had not Pola come to London for the express intention of getting Mr. Shaw's view to coincide with her own?

Should you have chanced to be in London early in December, you may have possibly noticed a notice something like this in the society column of one of London's exclusive papers:

"Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Shaw entertained Madame Pola Negri (the Princess Mdivani) and Sir Almroth Wright, C. B., at a luncheon party yesterday afternoon at their residence in Whitehall Court. Mr. Bernard Shaw can always be depended on to produce an unexpected situation. Sir Almroth Wright, famous not only for his discoveries as a bacteriologist, but as the implacable Anti-Feminist who declared that the intellectual inferiority of women was capable of anatomical demonstration, is quite the last man in the world whom any host would have invited to meet the most famous enchantress in the film world. The luncheon party must have solved the old question as to what happens when an irresistible force encounters an immovable obstacle. It is a pity that the conversation at the luncheon table was not recorded by an imperishable movie-talkie. There were cameras enough and microphones enough in readiness; but Mr. Shaw's janitors were inexorable; not a word, not a gesture became public. All that can be said is that Sir Almroth was the first guest to leave, not in flight, but with every air of having enjoyed himself thoroughly. Pola Negri followed later, looking triumphant; but whether the great scientist or the great dramatist, or both, had fallen to the charm that has conquered continents must remain for the present a matter of conjecture."

And that, ladies and gentlemen, is how the London press viewed the meeting of Pola Negri and Bernard Shaw.

Later, back in Pola's hotel, I got her rather bewildering impressions. Her dark eyes sparkled, and her slim white hands were gesticulating.

'Ray for George!

"I HAVE met many great people—politicians, rulers, great actors, and men of the highest standing—but none of them has the personality of Mr. Bernard Shaw."

Mr. Shaw seemed to have a greater interest for her than her plans. She gabbled on enthusiastically:

"There is something hypnotic about him, and yet he is so kind, so charming. I knew that Mr. Shaw was a fine writer and dramatist, but I never imagined how great a man he was in person. What knowledge, and what wit! Master all the time when he speaks.

"There is nothing signed about his play that I want to film. But Mr. Shaw has agreed, provided that he approves of the characters, and so the matter rests. But I am sure we will agree.

"He is going to help in making the picture. He knows more about producing films than most producers. His knowledge is amazing, and I was astounded. I will

(*Continued on page 85*)



That Extra Fat

Ask your slender friends how to end it

Don't starve—

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SOME years ago, Science made a great discovery in respect to excess fat. A cause was found in a defective gland—the thyroid gland—which largely controls nutrition.

The thyroid secretion, when normal, helps turn food into fuel and energy. When it is scant, too much food goes to fat.

Many tests were made on animals which were over-fat. The reports proved that feeding thyroid brought reduction. It also brought new health, new energy. Then tests were made on people, with like results. Now physicians the world over combat excess fat in this way.

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WHEN this method met scientific approval, it was embodied in the Marmola prescription. It is compounded under direction of some of the greatest gland experts.

Now Marmola has been used for 21 years—millions of boxes of it. You can see in every circle how conditions have changed. Excess fat is far less common.

Marmola has been a leading factor in that change. Users have told others about it. The use has grown to enormous proportions. Now most folks have friends who can tell and show them what Marmola does.

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USERS of Marmola do not starve by rigid diet, though moderation helps. They do not overtax the heart by exercise. They do not spend time and money on mere follies, which never can reduce.

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With reduction comes new vitality, new youth. Ask anyone about you who grew slender in this way.

Do what they did

TRY the method which has served so many for so long. Methods wrong and ineffective come and go. This right method grows and grows in favor as more people learn about it.

Go get Marmola, for the sake of beauty, health, vitality and youth. When you see all its good effects, tell your friends about it.

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It's the injustice that working overtime would inflict upon the little woman that keeps Lew Seiler, at the left, from annexing one. Whereas Michael Curtiz refrains from chains on philosophical grounds

Single Blissedness

(*Continued from page 24*)

Another Irish smile, and he squinted his eyes: "Do you think the world would be any better with a lot of little Garnetts growing up in it?"

Have these bachelor-directors built up a wall of resistance against repeated exposure to high-powered sex appeal? Is that why they are bachelors?

The Paint Peels

"WHEN I was a little boy I believed in Santa Claus. He used to come and bring me a little red wagon. You know. Then I heard there was no Santa Claus. And the paint began to peel off of the little red wagon. And that was the end of that dream. I've believed in Santa Claus a couple of times since I grew older. Just about decided to marry. And then, gosh, I'd find there wasn't any Santa Claus for adults, either, and the red paint on the little wagon would peel off faster than that from the first little one I had as a kid."

And how about you, Mr. Grinde, who leads Colonel Tim McCoy to greater westerns? Why are you a bachelor?

Nick leaned back in his swivel chair and considered. He looked long at a blank wall and thought. To the rear was a large autographed picture of a beauty named Blanche. To his right a lovely charmer named Lorraine smiled down at him in portraiture.

"Darned if I have ever figured it out. I guess it's just a natural state."

But women: bet you're onto their tricks.

"I've grown to classify women, yes. Just like a naturalist sticks pins into rare butterflies. 'This one is the *genus* so-and-so and that the *genus* this-or-that.' I meet a girl and instantly I classify her. Some are of the wishy-washy type. Others are aggressive. There are about six kinds of girls, or at least there are in my category.

Six Sorts of Girls

"THERE are the wishy-washy girls, the aggressive, the flippant, the wise, the conceited and the frank girls."

And which is the *rara avis* that would please Mr. Grinde?

"She would have to have some of each of the qualities, a composite of all of them."

Could she be an actress?

"She could."

Not afraid of a clash of temperaments with both in the motion picture business?

"Not afraid."

And still he is a bachelor. A popular, pursued, provoking, perennial bachelor.

Victor Fleming laughed and stepped to one side of "The Wolf Song" set.

"Why am I a bachelor? Say, I've been looking for a wife for twenty years!"

Twenty years, so he says. And during that time there have been Clara Bow and Alice White. But Fleming is not an orthodox bachelor. In his early youth, before he went into motion pictures, a marriage sullied his otherwise perfect bachelor record.

"Say anything you want," said Victor, eyeing his waiting cameramen, "but don't say my interest in women is paternal or that I yearn to mother them. Anything but that."

Too Respectful to Propose

AND then there is George Hill at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer arena.

"I can't tell why I've never married, any more than the average man can tell why he has. Maybe it's because I have too much respect for the fair sex to have ever summoned up temerity to propose to one. I have never met a woman for whom I have not had the deepest and most sincere respect. After all, marriage is something like the flu—you wander along and all of a sudden it gets you. Or it doesn't."

But, Mr. Hill, thus far immune, would you give up your single blissedness?

"Probably I'll be married some day. Maybe soon, maybe not. It all depends on whether the girl will have me, I suppose, and how fate decides. A fellow can't foretell these things. Lots may happen; and it's a bridge one crosses when one comes to it."

An actress, perhaps? Or a home wren?

"A man's silly to say that if he marries it will be this or that type of girl. You can't say whether you'll have an actress or a non-professional for a wife. I know some very

(*Continued on page 91*)



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Is Lewis becoming a stepping Stone? And if so, can it be that the thrill of enacting a few scenes like this one with Greta Garbo has shown him there are other things more entrancing to do with his evening than roasting marshmallows?

A Hairpin and Two Tickets

(Continued from page 39)

they would ever have the appeal of the silent film he was not prepared to say, and Lewis Stone does not say much he is not prepared to say. "Mary Dugan," he thought, was particularly adaptable to the microphone. He was, further, politely enthusiastic about Norma Shearer's voice which registered beautifully in her tests.

"And when we stop to think that this girl has had no experience in stage technique, reading of lines and so forth, it makes those of us from the stage wonder if our training is going to mean so much after all.

Fat Days Are Best

"PERSONALLY, I wouldn't care to say whether I was for or against the microphone. So long as pictures provide me with a living that is really a living—and not a harum-scarum existence of working all night and sleeping all day, like the life of the stage—I don't care what they do. All I am interested in is that they just keep going. I wouldn't care to go back to the stage. It's an unnatural life. And I certainly wouldn't care to return to picking oranges."

He paused a moment, like a good dramatist, to let this sink in. And well he might. The incongruous picture of the immaculate Lewis Stone engaged in picking oranges for a livelihood would give pause to anything.

"I've been through it all," he explained, "the lean days and the fat ones; and I find the fat ones more satisfactory." But he didn't elaborate and you felt it would be rather bad taste to pry on. Apart from that, what had happened to Lewis Stone before the fat days would not be in keeping with Lewis Stone today, with his background of suave sophistication, bachelor quarters and tailor-made wardrobe. It might be becoming in the biographies of most actors to find hunger, one-night-stands, bitter striving against odds. But not in Lewis Stone's. Could it be possible that there was ever a time in his life when he had no club?

Certainly he himself finds his present-day affairs more adaptable to small talk than his past. As long as he must talk for publication, why not the immediate present? "Mary Dugan," for instance.

The Other Seat for Whom?

"WHEN I was signed for this part, Irving Thalberg assumed, of course, that I had seen the stage play. Everyone had—that is, everyone but myself. When Mr. Thalberg suggested that I see it, I took the hint as an order and made every effort to engage seats while it was playing locally. But things kept coming up to interfere and I put it off until the show had closed and moved to San Francisco. However, as the starting time of the picture drew near, I felt I had put it off long enough, so I motored up to San Francisco for the express purpose of catching a performance. Immediately upon my arrival I called down to the ticket stand and ordered two seats for that night."

Two seats? Two seats for "Mary Dugan." Wonder why that hinted of a lady? Perhaps a romance which Mr. Stone is keeping from Hollywood since it is really none of Hollywood's business, after all.

"But imagine my embarrassment to find the show didn't open until a week later. So I ordered my car and drove home that same night."

He wouldn't let Hollywood in on it anyway. He's never confided in Hollywood, this smooth, suave, elegant Mr. Stone. Wise man.

"So I never got to see 'Mary Dugan' after all."

But I was thinking, what does it matter whether he saw it or not? He will give a tactful and gentlemanly performance just like—shall we say? one of his interviews.

There is always compensation in life. The bills come in the first of the month, taking the joy out of things. But then CLASSIC comes out the twelfth and puts it back.

Working-At-Night Life

(*Continued from page 65*)

casaba"; gaping at Allan Dwan directing the swaggering musketeers.

The company had received a call to be on the set at seven o'clock, but at nine-thirty not a camera had turned. The use of miniatures and doubles for the water-sequence held back the shooting. Mary Pickford, though working all day preparing for her next picture, returned to the studio with her husband and spent most of the night on the set and in their elaborate bungalow. Doug, in velvet trousers and open shirt, was everywhere.

With his customary enthusiasm, Doug feels that this is his greatest picture. The genial, swashbuckling, devil-may-care, romantic Doug has played in all of his pictures, with variations. The picturesque *D'Artagnan* was the most popular. Perhaps because *D'Artagnan* is a reflection of his own flashing personality.

A dozen girls in the rich silks and laces of an earlier century, sat lazily on stools and boxes and waited. The musketeers grouped about Billy Bakewell, the youthful *Louis*, and waited.

Profit in Idleness

"DON'T all these hours of idleness get tiresome?" I asked Gino. He shrugged: "We get used to it." And smiled: "And paid for it."

No one cared to entertain himself by reading. Just gossip and wise-cracks and, toward midnight, "Is it time to eat?"

The studio orchestra suddenly came to life and sobbed, "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby." Everyone roused from a comfortable lethargy and accompanied the music with the proper pathos and feeling. "What with the stars and the moon and you," one gallant blade whispered—but his ecstatic cry of "Lunch!" when the midnight supper arrived just then, proved that the sight of food was more potent than the moon.

There was general whoopee, a rush to be first to the kitchen tent and a loud groan as they discovered the menu was veal cutlet and potatoes—again.

I tasted the coffee hopefully; but it was coffee. That and nothing more. On one night-set I had visited, a playful extra had poured three bottles of gin in the percolator. The pep the players had as a result was astonishing.

Satisfied with 7-5-Oh

THE next few hours were more animated. The chatter of the extra girls was flippant and amusing. They're a cynical lot and the stars hold no illusions for them. As to their own chances of becoming famous, one girl said, "Don't be silly. When I first came out here I thought I wouldn't be satisfied with becoming anything but a Swanson. Now I'm tickled to be getting the seven-five-o daily."

At the first hint of dawn, the Fairbanks's Rolls arrived and Mary, almost lost in a big fur coat, waved to everybody with a smile. Doug, wearing a jaunty beret, got in the car beside her as an assistant director called the cast together. "Men on the set tomorrow at six p. m. Girls are through. Collect your checks at the cashier's window on the way out."

The girls grumbled as they walked toward the dressing-room, removing the uncomfortable wigs. Tomorrow they'd have to start ringing Central Casting again.

The Worser, The Better

(*Continued from page 57*)

"*Maybe* it's because the villain is often the stronger man in the picture. Women like strong men.

"You know, any acting is hard work. But playing character heavies is the hardest. Each part has to be created by an artificial atmosphere. It's not a case of looking pretty and being kissed by the heroine. It means a lot of hard and slow work to put the character over.

"Being a villain in pictures is like being paid so much an hour for choking a beautiful girl, or beating up handsome men. And I'm here to tell the world I love it. I'm never so happy as when I'm stealing the girl and making myself out a general and complete nuisance. But there is one thing about being a villain that is rather heart-breaking. No matter how many women and leading men he overpowers in the beginning of the picture, he knows that he must take an awful beating in the last scene from the hero. Only once in my long career have I had the chance to beat up and generally knock the hero about. That was one of the last scenes in 'The Rough Riders,' when I was supposed to knock out Charlie Farrell. And he was knocked out. I should miss the chance of a life time! Not this boy.

From Chokings to Chickens

"IT'S a funny thing! I guess maybe I take it too seriously, but the minute I get my make-up on and a few dirty clothes, I feel like a villain. I want to do the worst things that I can do to make it hard for the boy and girl to kiss in the fade-out. But it's just the same when I'm through for the day. I have a shower, get all the extra dirt washed off, get on a clean suit of clothes, and I feel like being a regular guy.

"I don't suppose my lady friends, who like me mean, would get much kick out of watching me feed my chickens in the evening. I don't believe I look tough enough milking a cow. If I was seen petting one of my five dogs, I guess I would be banned as the villain. I'm only supposed to kick dogs. But I do all those other things, too.

"Living in a castle on the hill in Hollywood has never been my way of having a good time. I like country air. Plenty of it. I want lots of room to move around in. Why, if I only measured my front yard by feet in place of acres, I'd die of suffocation.

"I don't think that kind of living hurts anyone, do you? Every once in a while I pick up some discouraged young boy and bring him out here to the country for a few weeks. You see, living in a back bedroom and eating at the hash houses isn't so good for a young kid. Some of 'em that come out are almost starved for food and fresh air.

"While the stars are entertaining the European nobility, I am playing host to a half-starved extra, who has run away from home to become an actor. It sure hasn't helped my social climbing any, but I'm enjoying myself. Sometimes I believe I have more fun out of life than anyone else in the country. That's going too far, but for such a low-brow villain I have my moments.

"Speaking of villains, here's a good one: here's the first fan letter of this kind I ever got. She says: 'I don't see why, Fred Dear, that you don't make those directors let you be the hero. I'd like to see you win the girl. Why don't you? Your devoted slave.'"



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What College Men Think of the Movies

What Virgil Pinkley Thinks

(*Continued from page 70*)

campus gossip, this story, of what students of the University of Southern California think of motion picture stars and the pictures they play in, is authentic.

Upon close observation and personal conversation with co-eds and eds, we find that Charles Farrell, Richard Arlen, Ronald Colman, George O'Brien, and Richard Barthelmess are the most popular actors with the mass of university students. Among the co-eds Buddy Rogers also comes into this select group. He is one of the most regular fellows you could meet.

Janet Gaynor, Clara Bow, Joan Crawford, Mary Brian and Sue Carol are the favorite actresses, with Norma Talmadge and Norma Shearer also winning quite a few votes among the women.

These stars seem to have an appeal which college students take to as they do their heavy dates.

"Most men are weak when a woman pleads with them, but not Charles Farrell. It's pathetic the way he slays girls. They all like him," said a pretty senior co-ed.

Another campus favorite among fraternity men says, "Gee, but this Buddy Rogers is sweet! I hate to see him play in pictures like 'Red Lips' and 'Varsity.' No girl wants a bum and a drunk for her hero, and if he does drink she wants him to be two-fisted about it."

Dick's Devotees

HERE'S another personal opinion of a young lady: "They can have their John Gilberts and the rest of them, but the man I like to see on the screen is Richard Arlen. His face, to me, has character and he seems so human. I would like to date with a chap like Arlen. Is he a honey in sport clothes!"

The fellows aren't afraid to say what they think of the leading ladies of the screen. "I'll be frank. When I go to a movie, I want to be entertained. I like to see Clara Bow do her stuff, and she always makes me feel good all over. She has everything a fellow wants to see in a real good sport."

A football player says, "Clara Bow can act. She has the zip and pep that most people on the screen lack. If she stood among a group of girls on a campus, I'll bet every sorority would give her a big rush. She clicks every time you look at her."

One of the best known rushers and steppers on the campus, a Kappa Sig, who has more women wanting to go out with him than fraternities have Phi Beta Kappa members, says, "If I wanted a girl to pal around with, a good sport who would be the life of the party, I would like to date Joan Crawford.

"Janet Gaynor or Mary Brian is the type I would like to take to my home, and would be proud to introduce as my wife. They are sweet. I think Miss Gaynor has more human appeal than any other person I've ever seen on the screen. For a sweet, demure girl who has depth, I like Mary Brian."

Their Favorite Films

COLLEGE students go to see motion pictures, first because of the entertainment they offer, second to see their favorites, and third because the picture is a great epic. Professors of economics, history and sociology often refer to pictures in their lectures. When "Metropolis" was showing, every economics professor spoke about the picture.

"The Big Parade," "The Ten Commandments," "Beau Geste," "Seventh Heaven" and "Wings" are given by students as the five greatest pictures. "Dancing Daughters," "The Freshman," "Harold Teen," "Four Sons," "The Patriot," "Underworld," "Lilac Time," "Telling the World," "Sunrise," "The Noose," "Forgotten Faces" and "The Singing Fool" are pictures which a large number enjoyed.

One sophomore Sigma Alpha Epsilon said, "To me the greatest trio I ever saw on the screen was Ronald Colman, Neil Hamilton and Ralph Forbes in 'Beau Geste.' That picture was the best I've ever seen."

A group of Sigma Chi's consider "The Big Parade" the best war picture. They were especially impressed with the sound effects and aeroplane formations in "Wings."

A Delta Gamma pledge says about "Lilac Time," "I liked Gary Cooper and I think he stole the picture from Colleen Moore. Gary isn't handsome, but he's manly. He is a master at suppressed love. I don't like to see these sleek-haired, weak looking men on the screen."

What H. Monte Harrington Says

(*Continued from page 70*)

élite producers persist in believing that the home varsity always comes from behind in the last minute of play, stages a brilliant series of line bucks, and wins the game with a ninety-nine yard pass. Our profs are not the nit-wits we see on the screen. The hero does not always choose a bookworm for his chum; in fact, he is ashamed when seen with an intellectual whose back has been broken from carrying too many books. Besides, "greasy grinds" have been relegated to the limbo of the forgotten; university students know that only the well-rounded man can hope to be anything in this life of deadly activity.

We hate the blare and blah of movie advertising, the shallowness of press agents, who would have us believe their stars are sweet-smelling gods and goddesses. We revolt against the sticky sentimentality with which most directors saturate their work, the superficial iridescence which we know to be tinsel. We go on hating these and a thousand other things in the movies—but we will go tonight to see the wettest melodrama of the season. We will go tomorrow night and every other night we get the chance.

Cheap But Interesting

THIS is nothing more than proof that college students aren't much different from other people. Our sophistication, which is always carried to an extreme in public, becomes a shadow within the crypt of some three-million-dollar show palace, where all the evils of sin are being dramatized to the loss of their own respectability. Regularly, three times a week, the co-ed daubs her eyes with mascaro and then washes it off with tears when the blond man-of-her-dreams knocks the villain out of the window, to kiss the willowy heroine and save her virtue. Cheap, yes. But human. But we see more than tears, laughter and good money in the movies. It is only a question of a few years when much of our education will be taught visually.

Silence, Please!

(Continued from page 51)

lumber. That scene is, of course, N. G.

The younger carpenter is led, weeping, to the Red Cross room and put in charge of the house mother. The director is given two Aspirins. The star is permitted to stick a hat-pin into the press representative. Again bells ring, whistles blow, horns toot and the performance starts over. This time the film in the camera will buckle. The next time another carpenter will succumb. The next time a portion of the scenery will fall over with an unmistakable crash. By that time it will be time for lunch. Thus it goes, while you pour yourself another cup of coffee and spread your whole-wheat toast with marmalade. Nor will the afternoon bring any relief as long as carpenters have a union.

To be sure, there are such things as sound-proof sets, free from carpenters and uncertain adjacent scenery. So far as they go, the sound-proof sets are very good; hell, in fact, they are perfect. Again incased in an upright sarcophagus, the cameraman makes no noise and the director has only to follow his script and direct the action along with the carefully rehearsed dialogue. This is virtually the same thing as making an ordinary movie and that is my point. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose* (Ladies' parlor on the mezzanine floor). A talking movie is shot in just about the same way as the old-fashioned kind except that it takes more time. And the motion picture industry made a bum out of that element long before Einstein did.

The real mystery of the talkies and the wonder thereof is in the complicated apparatus to which the microphone is hitched, which mystery and wonder, so far as I can make out, is similar to the insides of a Rolls-Royce or the smell of a Chinese village.

Pola Puts It Over

(Continued from page 79)

give my very best—everything I can give to make a success of the film in which he is co-operating.

"Oh, I feel so proud of myself, terribly proud! All that has gone before was nothing compared with the film we shall make. Everything is to be real. I will have no 'seven-dollar-a-day' supers playing as though each were a little sheik. In the desert I will find the real people unaffected by any artificiality to form the background characters of the film."

And so Pola talked on and on. She could hardly talk of her own plans for producing. It was all about Mr. Shaw. It was evident she had fallen heavily for him. Even as she spoke, a messenger arrived with a translation of the play into Polish from Mr. Shaw.

Sipping a glass of wine, Pola thought for a moment, then added, "I am sure we shall agree."

Certainly, Pola has scored one of the greatest successes of her career with her tie-up with Bernard Shaw. Indeed, there are very few actresses who would have accomplished what Pola has done. It will be interesting to see how this remarkable combination turns out.

At least, "Cæsar and Cleopatra" should be a very interesting production. Providing, of course, "I am sure we shall agree" becomes sure.

A clever woman, Pola Negri. Anyone who does for the first time something never done before must be. The kind of people who read CLASSIC are the kind to appreciate this. Which is why CLASSIC is first to carry the story of it—as it has been first to carry so many other unusual items of news and uncommon interest.



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On Page 95

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Where Stars Are Outshone

(*Continued from page 23*)

Minimum Evidence

"NATURALLY, there must be evidence. But they give as little as possible, while the average woman tries to remember everything. She wishes to put every unkind word her husband has ever said to her in the public records. She wishes to recount her every feeling; her every sensation. The average woman wouldn't miss her day in court, while your motion picture star does everything to avoid it. We had a typical average case recently. The woman testified that her husband swore at her repeatedly. She charged cruelty. When I asked her to repeat his words, she said, 'Oh, judge, I couldn't repeat it.' Finally, persuaded she must offer substantiation for her statement, she gave them. Just the usual profanity. Her daughter corroborated the mother's testimony—and then testified in addition that her mother had replied in the same, or worse, language.

"We never have anything like that from the motion picture people. They use cruelty frequently, but it usually consists of a husband refusing to take his wife places or of the one being so busy professionally that he or she has no time for the other. They keep as far away as possible from the personal element; they avoid the sensational always."

The Year's List

AND suddenly I began to see light. There was one haven of obscurity for our Hollywood celebrities. They couldn't find it in marriages, births, love triangles or funerals. But in the divorce courts—then there was one place where these people made public appearances which they tried to keep from being photographed and recorded. There was one corner in this big Western city where they went through the routine of life the same as other people. A retreat which sheltered during the 1928 season the following people: Claire Windsor and Bert Lytell; Blanche Mehaffey and George Hansen; Louise Brooks and Eddie Sutherland; Anita Stewart and Rudolph Cameron; Flora and Carter De Haven; Virginia Brown Faire and Jack Daugherty; Laura Guisti and Roy D'Arcy; Dorothy Mackaill and Lothar Mendez; Louise Lorraine and Art Acord; Lou Tellegen and Isabel Craven; Sylvia Breamer and Dr. Harry Martin; Madge Bellamy and Logan Metcalf; Big Boy Williams and Katherine Clifford; Jacqueline Logan and Robert Gillespie; Harry Langdon and Rose Frances Langdon; Gardner James and Marion Constance Blackton; Helene Costello and John Regan; Bryant Washburn and Mabel Forrest Washburn, and a few others.

And out of these were fifteen who used the harmless grounds of cruelty; two desertion. One case touched on the sensational when the wife, Louise Lorraine, alleged she had found a strange nightie in her apartment. And that was more humorous than harmful.

"But don't the newspapers ferret them out?"

"Yes, but usually not until it is over. I think you find the majority of cases filed under non-professional names. Even if they do discover it and print a story, the grounds are usually so harmless that there is no excitement about it. Of course, there are exceptions."

Judge McComb looked at me. I looked at the judge. Not one word was spoken, but I'll wager you right now that the name in both our minds was the same. The name of Charles Spencer Chaplin—and his two leading-lady spouses.

Actress for a Day

WE were both quiet for a moment. My mind was playing with this new angle on our home-town people. I had come down to get a sensational story. Well, it was sensational, but from a different standpoint than I had expected. And suddenly a picture flashed across the film of my imagination. A picture of a drab little woman clothed in wilted gingham, standing over a boiling pot in a nondescript, steam-filled kitchen. Hungry children crowding around her. A man enters. He is sullenly silent. "Dinner ready?—Well, why in hell isn't it?"

The scene changed. A courtroom, indifferently crowded. The same woman on the stand, this time in cheap silk rather than cheap gingham. "But judge, he called me names. He — ——" and all the details of the long, day-after-day, every-day-the-same, years together.

The first time in her life that this woman has had a chance to act out her life story. The first time drama has crowded into her colorless existence. The first touch of what she had seen so many times in the movies creeping into her own life-experiences.

While Claire Windsor, Louise Brooks, Blanche Mehaffey, Dorothy Mackaill and the other long list of world-famous women who had graced that court, either in person or through legal representation, what did a day like that mean to them? It was just a necessary adjunct to making their exit from, what in comparison to their real lives, must be a perfectly colorless situation. Merely a side-issue of life which might be turned into scandal if they didn't make every effort to avoid it.

Poverty, the Great Divider

I TOLD the judge of my imaginary picture. "Exactly." His voice was very sober as he answered. "The average woman wouldn't miss that one day of her life—wouldn't miss adding every bit of sensation and drama which she could think of or imagine. If you sat in this court day after day as I do, you would find that where wealth and prominence cause one separation, poverty causes a thousand. One goes into the newspapers and the other doesn't. A man is all in all to the life of an average woman. Her divorce is her one great moment of diversion from the monotony of living. While to the motion picture woman it is almost a side-issue. Being engaged in a profession, she doesn't have time to brood over every word he has said to her, every little discourtesy that has been shown. Nor does she have the same economic problem.

"The big problem in the average divorce is money. Recently I had a case of a husband and wife with two children. He received fifteen dollars a week and they had obligated themselves to pay out thirteen dollars and a half a week on regular instalments. She was bringing him into court regularly because he was ten dollars behind. It was put up to the court whether to place the man in jail and cut off all livelihood or send him back and let him pay as he could. Those are the ones which never get into court, but they are the ones which linger in the memory of the person who handles them.

"Personally, I think there should be a law that all divorces should be private. The motion picture people can make them so because of their economic independence and with out-of-court settlements. Why should their affairs or those of others come to the ears of outsiders?"

The Absent Lillian

OF course, when a case is given publicity, people do crowd to the courtroom to see the celebrities just as they crowd to see a Hollywood opening or a Hollywood funeral. When Lillian Gish was being sued by Charles Duell on contract matters, Judge McComb had an audience so large his courtroom wouldn't hold it. They thought Miss Gish would make a personal appearance. She didn't. Her testimony was taken by deposition. And the Los Angeles public has now come to realize that nine times out of ten the stars do not make personal appearances while getting divorces, so it does not bring down soap boxes *à la* the much-talked-about openings.

I left the Judge a wee bit disappointed. I had thought there was no place in the world where Claire Windsor of Hollywood would not receive more attention than Mary Jones of Long Beach. I had thought there was not a judge in the country who would not be thrilled to know that she appeared before him. I had not supposed that fifteen dollars a week as a salary could cause more trouble than fifteen hundred dollars for the same period.

Yet I was glad, too: glad that there was one corner on earth where these women could avoid the octopus-tentacle of publicity; glad that there was one place where their less fortunate stay-at-home sisters could share, nay, over-shadow, them in importance and give vent to the pent-up drama which resides in all women.

Yes, it was nice to locate one place where motion picture people are really not in the least important.

A Tough Boyd

(*Continued from page 45*)

be perhaps because to him it is the uniform of humiliation, the symbol of failure. A dozen times he almost got a good part, and then went back to the dress suit and the café sets—because he was too weak-looking to play he-men.

If it were not for his wife, Bill Boyd, movie star, would not have a dinner jacket to his name. And even wifely influence cannot get him into it often. There was the time when "Dress Parade" was being made at West Point and she and he were invited to a dance at the military academy.

Surrendering to the Army

"BILL refused point-blank to dress up," she relates. "Not crossly—Bill is always good natured, but he just grinned and said, 'Aw, Honey!' Finally I persuaded him that the whole army of the United States would be offended if he didn't come in a tuxedo and when I left the hotel room he was putting in his dress studs. He came downstairs looking really properly dressed and we set off for the dance. I was pleased with myself all the evening till I happened to see Bill talking to the commandant's wife. He had hitched up the knee of his trousers from force of habit when he sat down—any man who has made his living out of a dress suit will know that reflex gesture—and as he sat there talking I nearly fainted. He was wearing his bright red and green wool plaid golf stockings above his pumps. I got him away as soon as I could and after I'd finished talking, Bill just grinned again and said, 'Aw, Honey, what's the difference?'"

Then there was that other terrible occasion when Bill was making "Skyscraper" and forgot that he was expected to come home early from the studio to dress for his birthday dinner party. When he arrived, wearing his steelworker's overalls, the guests were already seated at the table. "Hurry upstairs and dress, dear," his wife whis-

(*Continued on page 89*)

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Mayhe the boy who first came forward with the idea of letting well enough alone was a wise apple.

But we wonder about it seriously.

We wonder what might have happened if everyone who ever heard that advice had taken it.

For if people had been willing always to let well enough alone, we'd still be sending letters across the continent by pony express.

We'd still be depending for our thrills upon looking at pictures of Vesuvius through the hand stereopticon.

We'd still be getting our music from the old prickly-pear music-box roll.

For those things, in their way, were well enough.

But if everybody had been content to let things rest that way, we'd have no air mail, no movies, no victrolas, no radios.

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It's the Magazine of Authority

How to Be Happy

(*Continued from page 42*)

he sent to Denmark for the lady who joined him in Frisco and in matrimony and who still, after eighteen years, remains in that enviable position. I refer to matrimony. Yes, they were married and they set forth to accomplish the sack of Hollywood.

A gentleman named Horkheimer offered him a job in the movies. He explained that he couldn't pay anything for the first few weeks. He had to see how Jean would make out. Jean said that he wouldn't eat for the next few weeks, and so he didn't suppose he would make out at all. He has, by the way, a lusty appetite, has Jean. He is one of the fast-dying race of he-men who consume forty-nine sinkers, ten eggs, a few steaks and several ells of corn pone for breakfast every morning. It's a part of his omnivorous capacity for life and living. Virile. Trenchant. Flesh-and-blood. It is, so to speak, the keynote of his work.

A Dollar a Rôle

INTO this diet and drama stepped Thomas Ince. He offered Jean a place in the kleigs at fourteen dollars a week. Jean accepted; and on the first day of his first picture in Hollywood he played fourteen different parts. A dollar a rôle, no doubt. He kept on playing and getting fourteen a week and lived in a small shack on the beach, to which came few visitors save the wolf at the door and the shadow of the sheriff.

Jean Hersholt is no sentimentalist. He doesn't hark back to those dear, dead days with a sigh of regret for beauties gone. He admits stoutly that he is a great deal more comfortable now than he was then. He doesn't care for poverty, for uncertainty, for skim-milk. Financial security is a warm berth, and if you don't believe he's in that berth you've missed your man.

On the other hand, money and fame have not changed him. He still loves his wife, his son, his home, his books, his gardens. His interests are identical. Simply they are dearer to him because they are protected.

No use retracing the steps of the Hersholtian career. There are the high marks. "Tess" with Mary Pickford—which means that Mary believes she discovered him, made him what he is today. "Greed" with von Stroheim—which means that Von believes he discovered him and made him. "Stella Dallas" with Sam Goldwyn—which means that Sam, and so forth. "Old Heidelberg," with Metro-Goldwyn, which means, etc. "Abie's Irish Rose," "The Battle of the Sexes," etc., etc., down to date. When you come to Hollywood you're only farming out—as George M. Cohan would have it. You can't keep a good man down, even in Hollywood. And by the way, he's all for the talkies; and in the past few months has had to speak in the dialects of a Jew, a German, an Italian, and others.

Not an Overtime Actor

AS there is nothing of the soppy sentimentalist in Jean Hersholt, so there is nothing of the temperament bunkum. He can take his characters or leave 'em. He doesn't care a damn whether he is called upon to play the repulsive sot in "Stella Dallas" or that fine, tenderly humanitarian figure of the tutor in "Old Heidelberg." It's all the same to him. He doesn't take his characters home with him, either and have D.T.'s all over the front lawn, or play football with his son, benevolent and big. The plangent publicity that has been given some of our great is out of the picture with Mr. Hersholt. He leaves his work on the set and goes home to his wife and child and to his varied other interests, like any other God-fearing business man.

He does study his characters. First from the script. But mostly from life. From people he has known or seen. As in "The Battle of the Sexes" he drew the character from that of an old and somewhat unsavory M.D. he had once known. Sometimes his sources are so apparent as to be instantly recognizable. When a friend of his saw him in "The Battle of the Sexes," he exclaimed, "Why, Jean, that's old ———!" It was.

All literature, all art, must derive from life if it is to be living. Which is why, no doubt, there are so many shudders, so many warm tears over the varied characters of the man in "Stella" and "Old Heidelberg." You do not see Jean Hersholt picture after picture. You see the men he plays.

Jean Hersholt is the only happy man I have met in Hollywood.

He is the only one who did not either pour forth or at least imply a list of frustrations, complexes, hidden sorrows and other malaises.

He Has All He Wants

"BUT why shouldn't I be happy?" Jean Hersholt asked me, over the laden luncheon table at the Montmartre. "Why not? I have everything to make me happy. Enough money. A nice wife. A nice son. A home we think is beautiful. My gardens. My books. Paintings. Dogs. A stamp collection. A few friends. What else should I want? Why should I go about looking for trouble? Looking for something to destroy the things I know I never could build again. Nothing I have found in Hollywood is worth it. I haven't encountered any dangerous temptations. It is all too thin.

"The trouble with most of Hollywood, if there is trouble; the reason for the divorces and other tragedies, is that the great bulk of the people are actors and actresses and nothing else. They can't forget that they are actors and actresses. The old axioms about fame and money turning their heads is a true one. They all play rôles, unreal. Their work and the attendant excitements, poses and parties are all they have. That is a great mistake. There is so much else."

It is a mistake Jean Hersholt doesn't make. He is not an actor, he is a man. And he transfers that unique state of being to the screen. That's all. He has what he says he has. A charming wife. A sturdy son. A beautiful home. Gardens. He has, also, one of the finest libraries anywhere about. The only fine library, so far as I know, among the Hollywoodians. Not just a library, but a noteworthy collection of first editions, memorabilia, and the like. He is a collector with a considerable fund of knowledge and the thrill a collector knows. He reads and studies. He doesn't go to parties because he can't learn anything. He is interested in his son's career; he doesn't care what the boy chooses to do once he has finished college, but Jean would prefer him to take up architecture rather than acting. These are young Hersholt's choices to date. He dresses extremely well, laughs a lot, eats a lot, never smokes anything but cigars, and many of those; gets a kick out of his fame back home and the thrill it gives his aging mother; is a director in two banks, carries a walloping life insurance; likes to be with business men. Life is a many-sided affair to Jean Hersholt. And to every side he accords his red-blooded interest, his lusty friendship. Here is no pale, emasculate shadow, no pretty fellow posturing about, but a man with hands and heart at the roots of things.

A Tough Boyd

(*Continued from page 87*)

pered. To her horror she heard his footsteps descending the stairs almost immediately, and Bill, face and hands washed and hair combed, came cheerily in to greet his ceremoniously clad guests, in the blue denim overalls. "And he never seemed to know the difference," Mrs. Bill wails, with the tolerant despair of the wife who is proud even of her husband's faults.

Always Rough

"YEAH," says Bill sheepishly, when reminded of these sartorial sins. "I don't like to play bridge or dance or dress up. I'm just a roughneck like the parts I've been playing."

For the extra who used to pull ladies in rented evening gowns about ballroom floors while the camera clicked has become the screen's working man. He has played a steel worker, a railroad engineer, a policeman, a Marine, a laborer on a dam, glorying in rough flannel shirts, corduroy trousers, overalls and lunch pails. The "too weak looking" dancing man has become the most virile hero on the screen.

Success has given Bill Boyd a new face. His blond hair has grown grayish in the long struggle, that slightly irresolute mouth has become a trifle grim, and his chin is aggressive. He looks taller, heavier. His great laugh booms out more frequently. But success hasn't given Bill Boyd a new soul.

"If these talkies drive us all out," a friend said to him the other day, "what will you do, Bill, if you stop acting?"

"Hell!" said Bill, "what would I do if I ever started acting?"

He insists that he doesn't know the first thing about being an actor. "If they ever cast me as anything but Bill Boyd, I'm done," he says cheerfully. The talkies, with their lines to study, seemed to offer an insuperable difficulty, but Bill has found a simple solution. "The lines they give us to learn are too fine-sounding. They aren't what real folks would say. Shucks! Imagine a fellow getting up on the witness stand and spouting stuff like, 'It was while I was engaged in the employ of Soandso that I became acquainted with Suchandsuch.' In order for the talkies to be natural the players will have to make up their own lines. And that's what I'm doing."

Little Peshus

BILL BOYD lives in a comfortable, unpretentious sort of house such as a prosperous young salesman or lawyer might own. He calls his wife "Mommer," though they have no children; and this domestic pet name has caused rumor to make them parents several times. One evening when the Boyds were entertaining the press, a newspaper sob-sister drew Elinor Fair, Bill's wife, aside and cooed into her ear, "Do just let me take a peek at the little peshus. I'll promise to be very quiet and not wake him."

So in his private life, Bill Boyd lives a life foreign to the ordinary theatrical existence that is characteristic of Hollywood. Certainly foreign to the general conception of the manner in which screen celebrities spend their time and their energies. Transplant himself and his family and their home, and it would fit into any neat, residential community in the country.

In the midst of the feverish activities, the determined gaieties of Hollywood, the Boyds manage to live the humdrum life of Main Street. Bill potters about his yard after working hours, Mrs. Bill matches cretonne for curtains and doesn't seem to miss the career she gave up in the movies. "She's willing to make a career out of looking after me," says Bill contentedly. Nobody gossips about them. There is not much to say about happy people after all.

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See page 95

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Wholesale Hosts

(*Continued from page 33*)

the sound of their grinding is likely to drown the music furnished by the expensive orchestra engaged just to prove that the host is no piker.

The Din of Shop-Talk

THERE is a pitiful story about a certain director who wanted to make a real social splash. So he gave a lavish party at which he had numbers of professional entertainers to do mind-reading acts and contortions and eccentric dances. But the shop-talk at this particular gathering got off to such a vigorous start before the entertainers began to do their stuff, that there was no one to look or listen when the elaborate entertainment began. All the guests were in corners, or in the kitchen, either selling themselves or telling where they had advised Joseph Schenck to get off.

Betty and Jim know better than to do that. They turn their guests loose, as it were, and let them go their own ways. You find hungry ones in the kitchen, raiding the ice-box, if the buffet supper is later than they had hoped. You find nature lovers plucking flowers in the garden—and so on.

After supper, Betty retires to her own boudoir and there she receives her more intimate friends, a few at a time, for a little friendly chit-chat. If she and Jim have to go to work early the next day, they may both retire, leaving the party to progress as long as it cares to do so and the servants to look after anyone who decides to spend the night.

One thing Betty resented was the freedom with which her guests helped themselves to her dressing-room, especially during the summer when swimming in the pool was a part of the program. They not only used, but criticized, her accessories and equipment for renewing make-up.

Nobody's Acquaintances

SHE relates a story of one Sunday evening not long ago, when she looked up to see about a dozen people entering the room, whom she did not know.

"I thought of course that they were people whom Jim had met somewhere and invited to the house," she says, "so I hastened to greet them. Jim, thinking they must be acquaintances of mine, hastened to do likewise.

"Each of us waited for the other to do the introducing until it became rather embarrassing and then I finally said, 'I'm so sorry—but I just cannot, at the moment, think of your names.'

"One of the men in the party looked at me a little strangely and said, 'We 'phoned for reservations. Just what is your cover charge?'

Not a Tea Room

"THEN I saw what had happened. They thought they were in Madame Helene's tea room, which is a little way down the road.

"That's the fun of it, you see. Anything may happen. When strangers come, some of them may turn out to be charming and interesting. Sometimes there are annoyances and inconveniences.

"The times that Alice Gentle has sung for us in the garden. Sung because she wanted to sing—because she felt like singing. And I am sure she has never sung at the Metropolitan as well as she has sung here. Nights when famous pianists have played for us. Conversations between brilliant people: authors, artists, actors. Romances have begun—and ended—at our parties. Many careers have had their start here.

"It is part of it for people to feel at home, to feel free to do as they please. It is great fun and I should hate to think of ever giving up our Sunday afternoons."

As for me—well, I think Jim and Betty are just too brave and patient for most anything.

Front Page Secrets

(*Continued from page 31*)

ries. Even duels have been fought in the interest of her public. Of course, it is true that one of her former press agents expressed regret that she didn't take an aeroplane to New York and a fast steamer to Europe to be with Jaime at the last moment. It would have meant so much headline space for her. Only there was "Evangeline." And productions won't wait even for the most sacred moments.

And I'm certain it wasn't Rudolph Valentino's fault that the sidewalk merchants had an eye to good business and established hot dog stands along the last pathway of his earthly body. But from what I know about Rudy, I've always been a bit hopeful that his belief in the astral plane was justified and he could see from his shadowy position the glory of his own funeral. Every day of his life in Hollywood had trained him to agonize, yet enjoy to the fullest.

Then there are the births and the weddings and love's sacred moments. There just can't be anything private about them. I mean, what chance did Eleanor Boardman have to keep her and King Vidor's baby a secret? I had lunch with her about three weeks before she happened. Then it was to be a he. Why, King Vidor was even betting more than even money upon a masculine heir for his megaphoning. And Eleanor was violently announcing that if he were a she, it would remain in the hospital. Other mothers have said the same thing in the same vehement manner. The Chinese have even kept the promise. But Eleanor couldn't say it to her friends without saying it to her public. After all, there's so little left that can be written about these people which has not already been written. They must, one and all, dramatize the news of the moment.

None the Worse for Sharing

THEY do say that Sam Goldwyn was the showman on the Vilma Banky-Rod La Rocque wedding. Since some of the ushers corresponded to some of the ushers at the Roberts funeral, you can't wonder that it was worth newspaper columns for everybody. And if the same Sam Goldwyn did buy a gold cradle for his expected baby—well, he could afford it. Now, if he'd had to buy it on the instalment plan—well, then you might have had a right to criticize the stories in all the newspapers.

But certainly, you can't think that Vilma and Rod love each other less—just have dinner with them, if you doubt me—or that Sam lacks anything in the adoration which he gives his offspring because they are accustomed to let the public enjoy, and suffer, with them.

Why, they've run so many pictures of a certain well-known male star and a famous screen siren that one of the fan magazines had begun to give them serial numbers:

(*Continued on page 96*)

Single Blissedness

(*Continued from page 80*)

charming actresses, and equally charming non-professionals, all of whom would make charming wives—and I feel assured that not a one of them would have me on a bet. So why worry about that?"

Are you wise to women's foibles after directing them?

"Directing women has nothing to do with marrying them. And usually after marriage they direct you. I know some directors who are supremely happy with actress wives, others with non-professionals. They're happy not because their wives are actresses or otherwise, but because they're the women they love.

"And love comes or it doesn't. We can't control it. And what we can't control we shouldn't make theories about. I don't. It's all in the laps of the gods."

Again a Mistress

AND Michael Curtiz, a one-time benedict now enjoying a bachelor's privileges, quotes Rabindranath Tagore when it comes to the vital question of matrimony: "Marriage is to be practised in philosophy, not in theory."

Another delectable bachelor is Lew Seiler at Fox. He admits he never considers matrimony because "that ole davil Hollywood" takes too much of his time.

"What would a wife do when I'm working at the studio every night? Would it be fair to her? Suppose she had arranged a bridge party and I had to preview my picture that evening. The most understanding woman in the world would get tired of the constant demands motion pictures make. Plans disarranged. Parties canceled. And I would not blame her. That's why I have never married."

Mr. H. D'Abbadie D'Arrast, why are you a bachelor?

"Because no one loves me."

But surely this Frenchman must be wrong. What sort of woman would attract him? Must she be beautiful, intelligent, witty, charming? All these things.

"It would make no difference as long as I loved her. Love would give her, in my eyes, all these qualities."

Could she even be ugly?

"Certainly. Love would make her beautiful to me."

These men. These bachelor directors. Some beautiful blonde will get each and every one if he doesn't watch out.

What? People of today not so interested as their forebears in the CLASSICS? Not if CLASSIC'S mounting circulation figures mean anything. And they do. They mean that several thousand more a month are finding out there is a fan magazine that both likes the movies and likes to write about them sanely



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ADVICE *to the* Love-Life-Lorn

Since the beginning of the Love-Life Story Series in MOTION PICTURE we have received innumerable protests from readers about the difficulties of obtaining copies of the magazine

It seems the newsdealer is sold out almost before he has time to get behind his counter on the morning of the 28th of the month

MOTION PICTURE has been petitioned, indeed, to have Congress enact a law forbidding the beginning of sales of the magazine before 6 o'clock in the morning, so that the average alert reader can have a fighting chance to get a copy

This MOTION PICTURE has been loath to do. The granting of its request, of course, would come quite as a matter of form. But it feels that the responsibility rests with the reader rather than with the dealer. The merchant of magazines has to observe the policy of first come, first served. He cannot discriminate

But he can do this: he can reserve a copy for you. And he will. Tell him before the 28th that you want a MOTION PICTURE held for you on the 28th. And he'll have it. And you'll have it

It's the one way to insure your getting the next —the May—issue, in which there's another sensational Love-Life Story and a host of other features of equal interest

MOTION PICTURE

It's the Magazine of Authority

Looking Them Over Out Hollywood Way

(*Continued from page 63*)

them go tongue-tied when it's time to pick up a cue and can't even speak their own names. William K. Howard tells this story of a character actor who was up for a part with him.

The man's speech was this: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from which my blessings flow."

Here's the way he said it into the mike: "I shall lift up mine hills unto the mercy from which my eyes flow."

The Wampas Rumpus

THE Wampas Baby Star selection caused considerably more rumpus this year than you would expect from such a purely diluted event. But there's no denying that the 1929 bevy of babies is a rather uninspired group.

Anita Page, Doris Dawson, Josephine Dunn, Loretta Young and Helen Twelvetrees are the most potentially interesting of those named. And will somebody please send me a bulletin as to why Jeanette Loff and Merna Kennedy weren't included?

The Book of Queens

TOM MIX gave himself a birthday party and lots of people brought presents and "drank his liquor and ate his food and used his tennis courts."

Dorothy Dwan presented him with a portfolio of photographs of all the girls Tom has taken places since he and his wife were separated.

How Suite of Gary!

LUPE VELEZ has come right out and told the world in no uncertain terms that she is in *loff* with Gary Cooper, as she has never been in *loff* before. Gary gave Lupe a beautiful dining-room suite for Christmas and a lot of snoops look on the gift as just as good as an engagement ring. When young couples begin to get domestic —well, you know how it is?

Fair Exchange

ANOTHER front-page romance of the month is that of Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, who have already announced their engagement and may be married by the time this reaches print.

There's an odd tie-up between these two romances.

Just a couple of months ago Gary and Bebe were getting along suspiciously well and Ben Lyon was very, very interested in Lupe.

In this exchange of boy-friends and girl-friends nobody's feelings were hurt at all.

Tough on Jack

THE other evening The Gentleman I Go Around With and I arrived at the intersection of Vine Street and Santa Monica Avenue just in time to see a brand-new sport roadster graze the fender of a truck and turn turtle.

The occupants acted most strangely. They didn't even stop to find out if they had any broken bones. Like three startled jack-rabbits they took to their heels and flew.

A little investigation proved that they had good cause for their actions. The car rightfully belonged to Jack Mulhall and the three young fugitives had stolen it. Justice will out—but it seemed a shame that justice had to wreck Jack's new car to splinters in the outing.

Conrad! Conrad!

FOX made a little picture with Conrad Nagel and June Collyer called "Red

Wine" that turned out to be so much better than anyone had planned that they are thinking of releasing it as a special and calling it "Making Whoopee."

Can you imagine Hollywood's two most impeccable people billed as follows: "Conrad Nagel with June Collyer, Making Whoopee"?

Lon and Lois

LON CHANEY has pronounced Lois Moran as one of the cleverest actresses at character make-up he has ever seen. Which is quite a compliment coming from Lon.

Lon based his judgment on a series of art studies in which Lois portrays every age of woman from the cradle to the grave. It isn't hard for Lois to look like a cute baby, but her interpretation of a withered old woman was a masterpiece.

Naughty Thoughts

TAKE that certain exotic lady from the Old World who has all Hollywood mystified as to what lies behind her inscrutable eyes.

"And while everybody's figuring out what she's thinking about," explained her gentleman-friend, who has a sense of humor, "she's getting away with murder thinking about—nothing."

Lucky Thirteen

BETTY COMPSON has the most amazing year ahead of her of any girl in films. Betty is booked up for thirteen pictures at as fancy a little salary as you'd ever want to deposit. Count 'em—thirteen.

So They Say

HEARD here and there: Mary Nolan is the most beautiful woman in Hollywood, both on and off the screen. That Lupe Velez is so sensational in her every move and gesture she'll run out of her bag of tricks if she doesn't slow down for breathing space. John Ford's new Rolls-Royce is the most beautiful that ever hit the town. Bebe Daniels's engagement ring from Ben Lyon is a wow. Lili Damita wasn't such a hotshot in "The Rescue" as expected.



Ramon Romeo has had a hard time making the studios realize that his romantic monicker is his last and not his middle name. He's been offered many opportunities to do amatory acting. And turned them all down, because he prefers to write scenarios



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Yes, the world we live in has changed . . . . . changed marvelously for the better.

Have you ever stopped to consider the part advertising has played in this change? Glance over the advertisements in this magazine. How many of the products mentioned are old friends of yours, familiar because you already own them or intend to get them soon! And the articles in your own home. Every one of them, probably, is advertised, either here or elsewhere. *The chances are you first learned of them through the advertisements.*

Advertising is important to you because it keeps you informed of the changes in the world. It tells you of new products, of improved designs and workmanship and materials. It helps you to spend your money wisely and well. It points you to the better things of life.

ADVERTISING
is the herald of progress

Curth You, Jack Dalton

(*Continued from page 60*)

And that, my children, may give you a very rough idea of what may happen in the talkies, if Russell Simpson, of Broadway and Hollywood, and all the tanks between, is correct in his prophecy. For Russell, with nothing concealed in the sleeves, forecasts that the good old red-blooded meller-drammer is due to be revived in the sound pictures.

And why not?

They held action aplenty. And lines galore. Moreover, there was never a word or gesture to be snipped by the censors. Every one of the lurid lurers of the good old days was a moral masterpiece. Vice got the razzberry, and virtue got whatever was coming to it.

Consider the titles. Think of the exploitation possibilities. Imagine the twenty-four sheets. Why, bless you, what couldn't be done with "Rags to Riches," "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands," "King of the Opium Ring," "Hearts of Oak" and the rest?

Perhaps they'll be put on under different names, and dressed up a bit with a couple of swimming-pool sequences, and maybe a big physical wow—something about the Fall of Rome. But according to Russell Simpson, the're bound to come back. That's his story, and he's stuck with it.

From Burlesque to Belasco

SIMPSON is that California *rara avis*, a native son. He was born up Frisco way nine years before the big blizzard, 1880, to be prosaic. There are a lot of good actors who claim the Golden Bear of California as an alma mater. He is one of them. Few players at present in the picture, or the pictures, have so completely run the gamut of show business. Repertoire in a stock company, the old Robert Stewart stock company. Burlesque. The sticks—and how! Teaching the young idea how to place its voice. Elocution instructor. Then finally Broadway. Savage, Klaw and Erlanger. Belasco.

It was while he was stage manager to the great David that the movies got him. He came to Hollywood to play one part in one picture. And he's been here ever since. The chances are he'll never see New York again. Some of his pals have been back. But they tell him the old town has changed. And it has. Then besides, the producers keep Simpson pretty busy going from picture to picture. They know he's got what they want. And they don't give him much chance to plan trips across the country.

It doesn't make any difference to a real trouper what type of character he is called upon to portray. No temperament, no nonsense about feeling the part. Come what may, it is all part of the day's work. A real actor can play one part as well as another. For instance, to see Simpson as the comical *Gunner Bill* in "The Exodus," soon to be shown, you'd never for a moment suspect him of being the sinister miser in "Wild Geese," or the dressed-up fellow in "The Kid's Clever," or the horse-loving old bigot in "The First Auto." No more similarity is there in the parts he has played in the "Trail of '98," "Snow Blind," "Girl of the Golden West," and the rest.

Part of this, of course, is due to Simpson's proficiency as a make-up man. The miracles he can accomplish with crepe hair are such that he could make Jackie Coogan look like old man Noah, or Tom Mix's horse resemble the Ark. But there is more than this. The secret is that of putting oneself right into the character to be delineated. A knowledge of many sorts of mankind enables Simpson to remake himself into any of them, and with an easy facility react to any circumstance as would the character that he portrays.

The Pict of the Lots

ON or off, Simpson is a type to attract attention. A mop of fiery hair. Eyes as blue and cold as Alpine lakes. A predatory beak of a nose with finely chiselled nostrils. Mouth thin as the edge of a knife. A tall, slender, erect figure, and a face etched deep with the lines of character. Yet the lines around the eyes can crinkle with appreciation of a joke, and the eyes themselves sparkle with kindly warmth. While the knife-blade lips can curl upward as his resonant, bell-clear voice sounds in hearty laughter. His appearance commands the second, the third, look. In "Annie Laurie" he was the only actor in the cast who looked like a Scot. Natural, perhaps, for his forebears knew the heather of the Hielands. But how, then, account for the fact that in "The Exodus" he is the only one who carries actual conviction of being a Mormon? He certainly isn't one. And he'd better not try to be while Mrs. Simpson has her health. It is simply the fact that Simpson dominates any scene he's in. And moreover, dominates any roomful of folks which he may enter. His personality is as compelling as a Pictish pike. And as sharp. And pointed.

Lesser lights than *Sherlock Holmes* or *M. Le Coq*, knowing the appearance and the character of the man, would not find it difficult to deduce his probable hobbies. Doubtless it is the stern, unbending ancestry of his that causes him to delight in twisting and torturing iron to his will. While the softer, artistic side of his nature leads him to revel in the skilful fashioning of violins. The strong hands that work unyielding metal into ornamental shapes are equally cunning in the sensitive art of Stradivarius.

Scoff at melodrama if you will, you sophisticated city slickers. But don't forget that Belasco himself considers it the most potent force in the theater. And when to the word of the Master is added the opinion of one so versed in its ramifications as Russell Simpson, there is, at least, food for thought.

One thing is sure. The so-called society drama is not suitable for the movies, sounded or silent. Even though the dialogue be scintillant with the wit of a Wilde, motion picture patrons will not spend their time or their money to watch players drape themselves stock-still in the center of the screen and indulge in lines. Words, words, words. They may have their place in the new form of visual and aural entertainment. But, in the words of Mr. Sennett, you gotta have a chase. There must be action. And more action. And the ideal combination of phrase and gesture is found in melodrama. They'll surely come back. And when they do, you'll find Russell Simpson, with his magnificent presence, his trained voice, and his accurate knowledge of both stage and screen technic, dominating scenes in the talkies as he has on the stage and in the silent drama.

This matter of lucky numbers is beginning now to be open to debate. It used to be that seven and eleven ranked first, especially with practitioners of cubical dominos. But with so many people reading CLASSIC, there's a new nominee for the numerical epitome of good fortune: ten. That's the day the calendar hangs out every month when CLASSIC appears on newsstands.



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Front Page Secrets

(*Continued from page 90*)

"Picture number so and so." Perhaps they have ceased to be madly in love with one another. The gentleman friend admitted as much to a writer—not this one—in a rash moment, but added, "It makes such good publicity." Well, they're still good friends and enjoy being seen with one another. They'd only have to dig up something new for the thousands upon thousands of picturegoers who expect and demand off-stage romances from them. And they've undoubtedly had plenty of sacred moments to allow for the truthfulness of the reports about them.

True, Frank Keenan wailed and mourned in print that the press wouldn't even leave him alone when he was honeymooning in Europe. Yet they do tell me he had a press agent with him. But why shouldn't he utilize his marriage for business as well as romance? He'd been trained to it—just as Peggy Joyce has trained herself to make something out of her marriages.

Publicity First

DEATHS, births, marriages, divorces, love-making—all sacred moments which they couldn't keep quiet if they would but which they probably wouldn't keep quiet if they could, because they've been trained to make the most of every moment for themselves and for the public on whose tongues they must keep their names rolling.

I sincerely felt sorry for the pallbearers at Theodore Roberts's funeral, more sorry than for Theodore Roberts. He rested in peace while they were before the public just as they are every day, only on a different location. I've sympathized many times with Conrad Nagel. He's really a sincere person and must work awfully hard to keep giving such excellent speeches. And in them all, I'm certain he has never said an unkind word about anybody because he is really a very kind person. Of course, I do smile once in a while at Joan Crawford and Doug, Jr. They have had such sport keeping the world guessing as to whether or not they are married. It's been printed and denied and denied and printed—I just wish I had a way to check the number of reversible stories. But if I were in their places and could furnish copy for print as easily as that, I'd—well, I'd keep it up until I was a grandmother or a grandfather, providing I could successfully keep the children hidden. Of course, there'd have to be children if I were a grandmother or grandfather.

And if this is a dangerous story and I've added to the little hurricane which is now flurrying in this city—I'm sorry. It's just meant to show another true side of this city where homes can't even be homes but must become perforce open houses for the public.

The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page 55*)

climax which makes the film conspicuous from the customary assortment of yarns of the cow and cactus country.

On top of the good points may be added a rattling good performance by Warner Baxter in the rôle of a bandit. He's colorful and convincing in a part made to order. And Edmund Lowe is no slouch as the army sergeant out to get his man. There is a woman in the story who develops the romantic conflict. This assignment is handled well by Dorothy Burgess.

There is your story—and there are your troupers. And because all three of them know their technique, they deliver the dialogue to make the picture stand out as a talkie and as a western which has sweep and color-action and thrills. I'm telling you it's well worth seeing and hearing.

Barthelmess In Song And Story

ANOTHER yarn of the underworld is "Weary River," which introduces Richard Barthelmess to screen dialogue and a vocal rendition. As melodramas go, it plots its story and characters without any surprises—though it plots them with sufficient action and incident. When the pendulum has struck off the necessary amount of bitter hours for the young convict, it swings in the opposite direction. And there is the hero finding happiness along the straight and narrow.

This particular story has Barthelmess an unruly prisoner who becomes exemplary enough in his conduct to win the approval of a big-hearted warden. The friendship is cemented firmly when the crook displays his talents as a composer able to warble his own songs. There is misunderstanding, humiliation and sacrifice to be lived through before the youth wins back his self-respect. Betty Compson attends to the matter of Dick's going straight—and does it with sympathy and charm. Altogether, it is a good picture.



Keeping time is one thing, Carol Lombard explains to Lew Ayres, the young dance orchestra soloist, and keeping on time is another. She instructs him in this by demonstrating how to work the studio time clock.

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You *see* and *hear* a thrilling horserace at historic Belmont Park, the roar of subway trains and voices of milling crowds, the click of coins in the turnstiles; you *see* and *hear* the hustle and bustle of Times Square and the Grand Central Station—every sound of these eye-filling and ear-thrilling scenes recorded by Fox Movietone at the ACTUAL SCENES.

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MOTION PICTURE
CLASSIC

Vol. XXIX | MAY, 1929 | No. 3

Notable Features in This Issue:

What College Men Think of The Movies ..... *Marx Borodofsky, Kenneth G. Patrick, Richard Arnold Stout* 16
Confessions of the Stars (Corinne Griffith) ..... *Gladys Hall* 18
She Must Take A Bath Every Day ..... *Dorothy Manners* 21
Thirty Famous Unknowns ..... *Dorothy Donnell* 28
How to See Hollywood ..... *Ruth Biery* 30
Seeing Stars ..... *Dorothy Manners* 34

The Classic Gallery 11–14
Carol Lombard, Phyllis Haver, Baclanova, Warner Baxter
A Pair of Faces—*picture page*, Laura La Plante 20
Horton Is Horton ..... *Dorothy Spensley* 22
On Edge—*picture page*, Myrna Loy 23
Hollywood Horrors—*cartoon* ..... *h. o. hofman* 24
Long-Distance Lovers ..... *Helen Louise Walker* 25
The Code of Cody ..... *Gladys Hall* 26
Instrumental in His Success—*picture page*, Buddy Rogers 27
A Parasolitary Stroll—*picture page*, Colleen Moore 32
A Miracle Is Foreseen ..... *Herbert Cruikshank* 33
Skin Tights—*picture page*, Virginia Bradford 36
Live and Re-Live ..... *Ruth Biery* 37
Bare Footage—*picture pages*, Lily Damita and Don Alvarado 38
Twelvetrees is Oke ..... *Walter Ramsey* 10
A Shade Higher—*picture page*, Joseph Schildkraut 41
Lon Guard—*picture page*, Lon Chaney and Lupe Velez 42
Sophie Goes Talkie ..... *Bert Ennis* 13
Classic's Family Album—*picture page*, Buster Keaton 44
But is it Art? ..... *Cedric Belfrage* 48
A Warm Woman—*picture page*, Evelyn Brent 50
For Richard, For Poorer ..... *Beatrice Wilson* 51
Wetter Late than Never—*picture page*, Anita Page 54
From Pickles to Pictures ..... *Cedric Belfrage* 55
More Excitement!—*picture pages*, Lia Tora and Maria Alba 56
Houdini Hamilton ..... *Walter Ramsey* 58
Pronounce or Renounce?—*cartoon*, Emil Jannings 59
High and Low—*picture page*, Sally Phipps 62
He's Through With Women ..... *Herbert Cruikshank* 63
The Futility Man—*picture page*, Lucien Littlefield 64
Grinding Out Grins ..... *Dorothy Lubou* 65

The Classic's Famous Departments

Last-Minute News 6
That's My Story ..... *Bert Ennis* 8
Our Own News-Camera—*The Screen World in Pictures* 15
The Celluloid Critic—*Some Current Films in Review* ..... *Laurence Reid* 52
Looking Them Over Out Hollywood Way—*Newsy Close-Ups* ..... *Dorothy Manners* 60

Cover portrait of Clara Bow by DON REED, *especially created by* RUSSELL BALL

LAURENCE REID, Editor
Colin J. Cruickshank, Art Director
CLASSIC comes out on the 10th of every month, MOTION PICTURE the 28th

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC *is published monthly at 731 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Ill., by* MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. *Entered as second class matter August 31st, 1928, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879; additional entry as second class matter at New York, N.Y. Printed in U. S. A. Editorial and Executive Offices, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.,* Copyright 1929 by MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. *Single copy 25c. Subscriptions for U. S., its possessions, and Mexico $2.50 a year, Canada $3.00, Foreign Countries, $3.50. European Agents, Allas Publishing Company, 18 Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4. George Kent Shuler, Pres. and Treas., Duncan A. Dobie, Jr., Vice Pres., Murray C. Bernays, Sec'y.*



LAST MINUTE NEWS



BROADWAY won't be Broadway pretty soon. The long trek to Hollywood has begun and those whose voices take as well over the microphone as they do on the legitimate stage are staking their claims with the utmost satisfaction.

Ina Claire is the latest adventurer West. Her brilliant sophisticated style should be heralded with joy in a realm where sophistication is beginning to be honored, and with the added asset of her good looks, the talkies should take a leap forward in popular appeal.

The Barrymores, too, are names that are listed prominently among screen luminaries. And I don't mean just the romantic John or the compelling Lionel. There is also Ethel, who, 'tis said, will round out the Royal Family's numbers by appearing in talking pictures with her brothers. What a carnival for the electric sign makers!

George Arliss, Richard Bennett, papa of the Bennett daughters three, Constance, Barbara and Joan; Ruth Chatterton, Charlotte Greenwood, Jeanne Eagels, Irene Bordoni and the flock of Marx Brothers are just a few of the names that will desert the theater to add their talents to talking pictures.

SONGS are destined for Billie Dove. Way back in the dear old days with Dr. Ziegfeld, Billie sang as well as added to the decorative appeal of the Follies. This item of history has become unearthed by the prospectors of filmdom, and now she will be heard in a song or two in "Careers."

This picture, by the way, will present one melody after another. Songs have been written for Antonio Moreno, Carmel Myers and no other than Andrea de Segurola, the opera star, who is our understudy for the monocle-wearing championship.

Mary Brian, too, has taken to warbling gaily in the talkies. She discovered she had a nice little voice—indeed, singing ability is now the chief discovery of Hollywood—and decided to let the world listen in on her next picture, "The Man I Love."

And to show just how important songs and dances are to become in the new era, Con Conrad, Broadway melody-maker, has been chosen to turn out bewitching tunes for "The Movietone Follies."



P. & A.

Indications that the horse-operatic season is over, and for good. These cow-ponies, formerly ridden by Bob Steele, Buzz Barton and Tom Tyler, erstwhile heroes of Westerns, now are looking for new and steadily employed owners

WHAT with Charlie Chaplin's ptomaine, Mary Pickford's talking version of "Coquette," the rumor of Bill Hart's re-entry into his first love, the pictures, tales of Will Rogers's return to Hollywood, gossip of this and that, it's a poor day that doesn't find a line or two of Hollywood doings adding to the dailies' dozen best stories.

Among the most recent crop of rumors is that of Janet Gaynor's engagement to Lyndell Peck.

There's a brand-new baby come to the Monte Blues' home.

Viola Dana is getting a divorce from Lefty Flynn, so they say.

Russia, too, is breaking into print along with the application for a marriage license by Olga Baclanova and Nicolas Soussanin—two Russians of the Russians.

"EVERYBODY happy?" Hope Hampton answers, "Yes." She's about to do a little talking and a great deal of singing as *Manon* in a talking picture version of the Massenet opera. Remember that just recently Hope made her début as an opera singer in Philadelphia?

Gloria Swanson is another who is finding a voice sorta handy in the movies.

Even Charlie Chaplin rises from a sick-bed to let the world hear him in "City Lights," while Lina Basquette, Ricardo Cortez and many others are practicing their ohs and ahs diligently. Indeed, it's the day of the voice instructor in Hollywood.

WE can't tell whether it's a little boy's dream come true or not; Lon Chaney didn't give his reason for it. It is a well-known fact, however, that he is getting a great kick out of his latest film, called "Thunder," in which he plays a railroad engineer. We'll have to ask Freud about it and Freud will probably tell us that Lon always hankered to get in the railroad yards. He will journey with dat ole debbil make-up box all the way to Philadelphia and Baltimore to take scenes in Baldwin Locomotive Works.

Gilda Gray is setting out on a "See America First" tour, according to the route arranged for her in her vaudeville contract. From watching the sun rise in old Boston town clear to the Pacific in Los Angeles, Gilda will wiggle and sing about badness clear across the continent.

Conrad Veidt, too, will do a bit of traveling. He has left Hollywood for an extensive trip to Germany to attend the première of "The Man Who Laughs," as well as make future pictures there.

Victor Varconi is another who is taking to the seas in a ship that will carry him to England where he can make pictures that are silent and where they will not find his Hungarian accent a detriment.

THE urge to see the first New York robin must have taken hold of many of the Hollywood contingent. Clara Bow came to town all dressed up in incognito to—well, maybe not to see the first robin, but to see, perhaps, how Grover Whalen is running traffic at nights.

Carol Dempster is another visitor to the East Side, West Side and is adding new frocks to old to take back home with her.

Marie Prevost, too, is seeing what she can see in New York before embarking for a trip to England.

And Norman Kerry is another name listed on the guest book before the ferry carries him abroad. Yes, it's a busy time back East.

IT isn't often that birthdays are celebrated in Hollywood. That is the place where they pass by unnoticed and unloved. But the twenty-first birthday of Hollywood itself as the home of movies did manage to attract a little attention.

If Hollywood could have turned the hands of time back a bit, it would have been amazed to know that Mae Busch would one day go to court to have a paltry four hundred dollars released from attachment. There was a time when La Busch signed important contracts and never thought of the wisdom of grandpa's old adage, "There's no friend so true as a dollar or two."

On the other hand, there is Ruth Roland who, as a serial heroine, touched the high spots on the screen's landscapes and yet managed to make a million—or is it millions?—in real estate. She celebrated Valentine's Day appropriately by giving her heart and hand to Ben Bard, who, in spite of the parts assigned to him on the screen, is not villainous at all, at all. A snappy dresser, too, is Mr. Bard.

IT'LL be a long while before "The Last of Mrs. Cheney" is heard from. *Mrs. Cheney* herself, in the person of Norma Shearer, has jumped into the Kleig lights to be seen in a talking version of the stage's Ina Claire play.

And there is Roland Young to help out the cast by adding his nonchalant characterization to his original rôle. "Mrs. Cheney" was superior entertainment on the stage. We hope it will prove as captivating on the cinema.

Lila Lee will experience one of the greatest joys in the world when she gets the coveted opportunity to come back. Her voice, one of the best for recording, has brought her into the megaphone's range, and, too, she will play in her accustomed place opposite Thomas of the Meighans.

Pleasure Mad Plutocracy AT PLAY!

Tank Parties, Motor Boat Polo, Airplane Love Chases, Provides Divorcees and Debutantes Stimulation for Jaded Appetites and Ragged Nerves — The Thrill Seeking Set Outrivals Ancient Roman Revels at Modern Society Parties With Airplanes the Sky Is No Longer a Limit.



As Told By ELINOR GLYN

Mad revels now run rampant with that set which seeks solace in speed. Rome, at its wildest, was a complacent country strawberry festival when contrasted with society orgies.

The latest example of this never ending search for bigger thrills was the lavish "Underseas Ball" recently given by Mrs. Viola Hatfield, a daring divorcee of Santa Barbara.

The ballroom resembled the sea bottom. Long strands of seaweed twisted and twirled in the drafts from concealed fans. Over in one corner half buried in the sandy "ocean" floor lay a wave battered hull from a nearby beach.

A huge and brilliantly illuminated glass tank of water extended across the ballroom. And, as a master touch, the whole room was bathed in a ghostly green light.

Truly, an appropriate background for these weird goings-on. It was not strange that such a setting should have brought to a swift climax the pent-up passions of one of the strangest love affairs society has ever known.

Joan Winslow, a beautiful young ward, harassed by an over-strict guardian, and Michel Towne, handsome bachelor catch, who was equally harassed by droves of women whom he found more desiring than desirable, had entered into a "contract marriage," to escape their respective annoyers.

This socalled "marriage" was a strange one; not only did "honor" and "obey" have no part in the "ritual" but, what was stranger still, the most important clause was a definite agreement NOT TO "LOVE."

Michel invited his wife that was, and was not, out to his yacht. Joan insisted that he live up to the letter of the "contract marriage." Michel, crazed, attempted to take by force that which he could not get by reason. Joan escaped and swam to shore.

On the night of the "Underseas Ball," Joan was very attractive, both to the eye and to the heart of Michel. He plead passionately. To escape, she plunged into the glass tank. Angered, he smashed the glass and sent the water over the half drunken guests. As Joan swept by him, he seized her and disappeared with her in the confusion. To—

FINISH THIS STORY AT YOUR LOCAL THEATRE WHEN IT SHOWS

BILLIE DOVE

Talking in

"THE MAN AND THE MOMENT"

with ROD LA ROCQUE

A GEORGE FITZMAURICE PRODUCTION

FROM THE STORY BY ELINOR GLYN

PRESENTED BY RICHARD A. ROWLAND

A FIRST NATIONAL

VITAPHONE Picture



Communiques From The Hollywood Tattle-Front

By BERT ENNIS

ON THE LEVEL

IT happened at one of those small-time studios where the independent producers turn out their two-reel comedies that nobody ever sees. An unknown comedy actress was going through a pie-throwing scene wherein she took plenty of meringue in the face. A well-dressed girl, a visitor, was an interested onlooker. As she wiped the dripping cream paste from her features, the slap-stick girl walked over to the visitor and looking her over, piped: "How'd you like to be in pictures?" The visitor looked at her smilingly and walked off with the director. It was Corinne Griffith.

WHOOPS, MY DEAR!

ACCORDING to a statement recently issued by sound engineers, contralto, alto and bass microphones are the latest development in perfecting voice registration for the various players, according to the class their voice happens to fall in. I suppose when they put that Movietone musical comedy on, they'll have soprano microphones for the Shubert chorus boys.

WHY, NATALIE!

THERE'S a Hollywood pest who spends his entire waking hours hanging 'round the various companies working on exterior locations, trying to "make" the girls who are on the location. Recently he picked a street location where Natalie Kingston was playing in a two-reeler. To amuse the company, Natalie vamped the would-be sheik, giving him all kinds of encouragement. He took it seriously, however, and as the company was preparing to leave, insisted on getting into Miss Kingston's automobile. A husky property man drove him off and Natalie promptly forgot the incident—until the next morning when the same gent stopped her as she was entering the studio and flourished a gat, threatening to kill her unless she married him. As Natalie watched the cops carry her friend away, she swore off fooling with watchers.

HOW ABOUT A CANNON?

THE snicker of the month is furnished by the company which blows a fire siren every time they want quiet on the sound stage. Folks living in the neighborhood of the studio have turned in a dozen still alarms up to this writing, figuring the building was on fire.

SUB-TRIFLES

THE girls called her chiffonier—she was such a good dresser.

Nell was only a rural mail-carrier's daughter, but the stage-manager liked her free delivery.

He was the kind of a guy who hung around insane asylums, hoping to see a raving beauty.

She had married a tattooed man so she could sit up nights and look at the pictures.



Fryer

How to be able to smile on a rainy day is demonstrated by Gertrude Olmstead. If you wear a gay colored slicker with umbrella to match and galoshes, you can well afford to say, let it rain, let it pour

A LITTLE SCOTCH

VERA REYNOLDS stopped this purveyor of misinformation on the street recently to tell him about the Scotchman who was so mean that he took his glasses off when he wasn't looking at anything.

THAT'S OUT

GUESS there'll be no Garbo-Gilbert talkies. None with their own particular kind of love-scenes, anyway. They say the mikes mustn't be more than 70 degrees Fahrenheit, or they won't work.

A QUICKIE CLASSIC

AND then there's the quickie producer who called a conference of the entire producing staff—the whole three of them—and closed his talk with, "I want the best possible pictures under the worst possible conditions."

THESE BOYS SHOULD KNOW

OVER at United Artists studio, Henry Irving, grandson of the celebrated stage star of the same name, is a set architect; Ferdinand Schumann-Heink, son of the famous grand opera warbler, is playing character leads for Famous; and Arthur Sullivan, nephew of the immortal Sullivan of the Gilbert-Sullivan composing combination, plays the doctor in Fox's "Mother Machree."

WE THINK WE KNOW HER

J. FARRELL MacDONALD was describing a girl who had been pestering him to get her a break in pictures. "You know the kind," piped MacDonald. "She looked like a dame who had gone into a beauty shop and hadn't been waited on."

DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN

RAQUEL TORRES was doing extra work in Christie comedies? You could enjoy a sound sleep at the movies? George Ovey was making Cub comedies? Ben Turpin was playing "Happy Hooligan" in vaudeville? Robert Edeson was a matinée idol? Herbert Brenon, Earle Williams and Scott Sidney all played together in "When Knighthood Was in Flower"? Jim Kirkwood was Mary Pickford's leading man? Rain storms were achieved by placing pin scratches on the film? Ralph Ince was the screen portrayor of Abe Lincoln? All the present-day gag-men were song-writers and all the present-day song writers were . . . ?

I WONDER WHAT'S BECOME OF

MARION LEONARD. Charley Ray. Bill Hart. Carol Dempster. Fan photos. Louise Glaum. Personal appearances. Ethel Clayton. Two-reel comedies.

GOING AND COMING

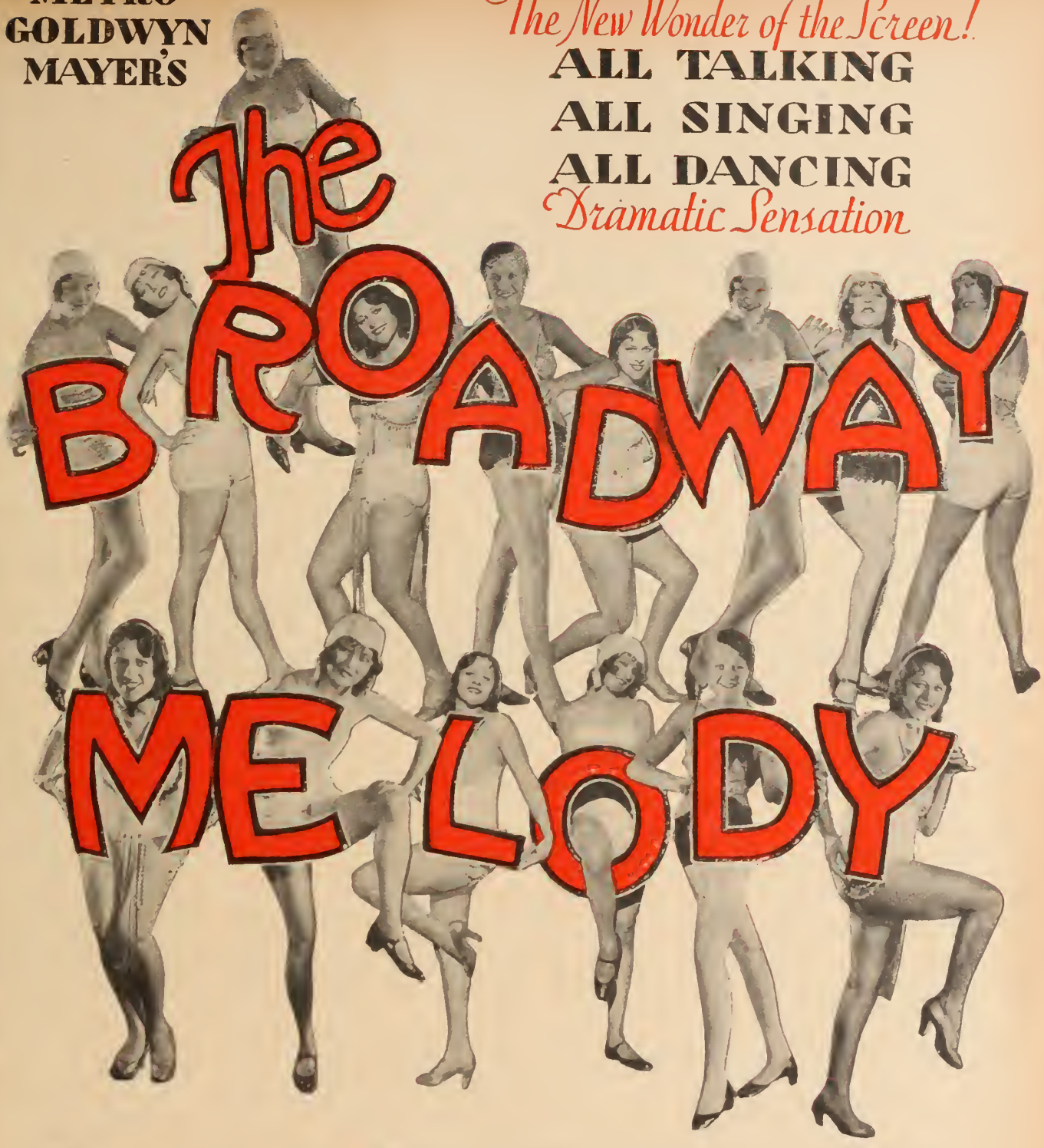
TECHNICAL men have found out that actors' voices aren't so clear after lunch as they are before. And so studios are insisting that the players go without eating while engaged. This looks like it's going to put an awful dent in the professional population of Hollywood. It kills all incentive. What's the use of an actor's working at all? He's got to starve either way.

METRO GOLDWYN MAYER'S

The New Wonder of the Screen!

ALL TALKING
ALL SINGING
ALL DANCING
Dramatic Sensation

The BROADWAY MELODY



with
CHARLES KING
ANITA PAGE
BESSIE LOVE
Directed by
HARRY BEAUMONT

Story by Edmund Goulding
Continuity by Sarah Y. Mason
Music by Nacio Herb Brown
Lyrics by Arthur Freed
Dialogue by Norman Houston
and James Gleason, author of "Is Zat So?"

FROM COAST TO COAST has swept the fame of the newest miracle of the films. All the magic of Broadway's stageland, stars, song hits, choruses of sensuous beauty, thrilling drama are woven into the Greatest Entertainment of our time. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the leader in production of silent pictures, now achieves supremacy of the Talking Screen as well. See "The Broadway Melody" simultaneous with its sensational $2 showings in New York, Los Angeles and elsewhere.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

THE METRO GOLDWYN MAYER LION
THE GREATEST STAR ON THE SCREEN

"More Stars than there are in Heaven"


THE SWEETEST LOVE STORY EVER TOLD
The EPIC DRAMA of the AGES
SEE and HEAR
DOLORES COSTELLO
in.....
"NOAH'S ARK"
WITH
GEORGE O'BRIEN
Here is romance that transports you into realms of blissful emotion. Drama with a world-sweep, colossal and sublime. Thrills that grip every fibre of your being!
"Noah's Ark" is the outstanding achievement of the Screen, made vivid as reality itself through the marvelous Voice of Vitaphone.
See and hear "Noah's Ark." You'll agree that it gloriously surpasses all existing standards or conceptions of modern screen entertainment.
A WARNER BROS. VITAPHONE TALKING PICTURE
You See and Hear VITAPHONE only in Warner Bros. and First National Pictures



Thomas

MOTION PICTURE
CLASSIC
MAY, 1929

CAROL LOMBARD

A shocking costume? It all depends on the circumstance. For shopping, for riding in the park, for the matinée—perhaps. But not for the occasion Carol Lombard has assumed it for: her appearance in "High Voltage"

Hesser

PHYLLIS HAVER



Ball

In black and white, and in either black or white, as she is here, Phyllis Haver is the news. And this may be the reason why she most recently has been selected to play the leading rôle in a photoplay of journalistic life, "The Office Scandal"



Dyar

Richee

BACLANOVA

Accent is no handicap in the talkies where ability to act is so evident as in Olga Baclanova. The sound pictures have, if anything, enhanced the range of her expression. In the-other-woman róles there is no other woman on the screen today to rival her



Ball

WARNER BAXTER

The apparel may oft proclaim the man, but it doesn't determine the degree of his success. Warner Baxter, whether in the gaudy bandit silks of "In Old Arizona" or the stiff-shirt "Through Different Eyes" requires, has proved equally and signally effective

The Magazine With the Personality

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

Pictures and Personalities

By GEORGE KENT SHULER, *Publisher*



RECENTLY a New York newspaper columnist related that a certain picture producer would not hire a very competent film editor because he asked a salary of only $25,000 a year. When later the writer doubled his demands, he was engaged.

This kind of anecdote, one arguing that motion picture people are so ignorant of any artistic merit, as to have but one gauge of a man's capabilities—his cost—is both stale and damaging.

It is about as novel as the mother-in-law joke. It is standard equipment for outside commentators, upon the picture business. There may have been once a slight basis for thus belittling the intelligence of film producers. But it stands to reason, inasmuch as these same men have, most of them, for a good many years been capable of turning out entertainment pleasing enough to get millions of people to pay to attend it, that they are not by any means witless. They make their mistakes. They do their share of underestimating and overestimating people's worth. But who doesn't? The important point is that on an average, they must make fewer mistakes than they achieve right judgments. Percentage of proper appraisal is on their side. Results prove it.

The man who makes remarks about motion pictures of this sort is like the tin-horn who boos a prize-fight. And the same thing may be said to him: if he thinks it's so bad, let him get in the ring and do better.

The Vanishing Literati

Another element that has become almost obsolete in the life of Hollywood is the eminent author. The recent visit of William J. Locke there brings it to mind, for he is almost alone in being a literary celebrity to be imported into the screen colony.

This vanishing of the novelists and short-story writers of mark is, both from the point of view of themselves and the movies, a good thing. They were ever misfits in the atmosphere of Hollywood.

And this was neither the fault of Hollywood nor of themselves. The writers regarded a picture offer in the light of an easy way to make money, much more immediate money than could be got by contributing directly to magazines or to publishers of books. They, moreover, looked upon pictures with an eye of condescension. They were stooping from their high places to take part in an enterprise controlled by persons of far less intelligence than their own. This was their attitude. And in opposition to this, perhaps as a result of it, it is a fact that the studio people took great pains to make everything quite as difficult for the writer as possible. One director, and a director of definitely mediocre ability, once said: "We send 'em all back with their tales between their legs." Hollywood took pride in doing this. And while it may have been justified in the cases of particularly high-hat authors, it worked a great unfairness to the other sort, the man who occasionally did come to the picture capital eager to do and capable of doing excellent work for the screen.

Enter Broadway

The result of this has been that the novelists now get their profit from Hollywood by writing about it instead of for it. Or that they never compose anything directly for the screen. They write books and if, after they are published, the picture crowd thinks them worth while as a basis for a film story, they sell the rights for that purpose.

This is the better arrangement. There must necessarily be a wide difference in viewpoint between the man who, as Hergesheimer said, "sits for long hours in a still room" writing, and the man who, in the midst of the confusion, the personal conflict, the hurry of the picture-plant, erects his article of amusement. Neither is either right nor wrong; the two simply are different.

And incidentally this makes understandable the recent and ready success in the picture business of the vaudeville and theatrical personalities of Broadway. Gag-men, song-writers, playwrights, and the like. They have not worked with the same tools as have the members of the screen. But they worked in the same manner, under conditions basically alike, and with people of almost identical nature. They are used to noise, argument, and the continuous rush. They get along with Hollywood. And both they and Hollywood benefit.

What College Of The

The Second Of A Series Of Of Prominent



Above, College Hall, Vanderbilt University

By MARX BORODOFSKY
Editor of The Vanderbilt Hustler

VANDERBILT

Wants To Know Why, In This World Of 6,000,000 Subjects, They Pick On College Life



Meyer & Holt

A TITLE flashes upon the screen of the neighborhood movie and informs you "Hale Wins." Immediately thereafter we get a close-up view of the hero and heroine doing with great gusto one of those necking scenes the like of which college youth, free and bold, may so well portray "as she is done this year." And a college crowd files slowly out of the movie joint feeling, strange to relate, that they have learned something new in the intricacies of the truly collegiate life.

And so another super-minded director conceives what he denotes a different story of college life. He collects a gang of drug-store cowboys and uses them for atmosphere. They wear so-called collegiate sweaters, trick bow ties, and all of the accoutrements of the lowest type of college student. At least, that is the observation at Vanderbilt and on a few other campuses, south and west, which we have had the pleasure of visiting. The director probably thought he had a new idea. It develops into the same trite tale . . . and Bill Jones, after three years on the bench, hops forth with a split second to play. The score was 6 to 0. With heaving breast—for Dolly, his sweetie, is looking on—he goes in. A crash. Then—he breaks loose on the first play, runs for a touchdown, scores the extra point and the game is won. Dolly rushes on the field and they gush over with love. The game is won and so is Dolly.

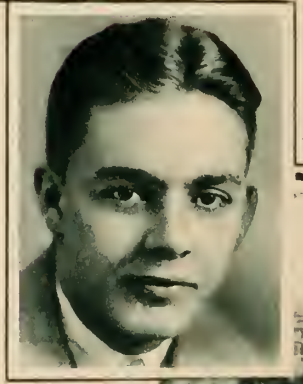
College students, the men who are in the closest possible contact with the university as she really is, are becoming sick and tired of this stuff.

(*Continued on page 70*)

By KENNETH G. PATRICK (*Below*)
Managing Editor of The Michigan Daily

MICHIGAN

Can Stand For Hokum, So Long As Short Comedies Are Exterminated



DESPITE the fact that the theaters in the vicinity of this campus have often in the past reverberated to both cheers and catcalls, and that managers have yet to be able to prophesy what sort of reception their current attraction is going to receive, it must be admitted that motion pictures are judged more soundly—if sometimes more crudely—in Ann Arbor than in those towns where life runs smoothly and without undergraduates. Any



Three Million Dollar Law Club

Men *Think* Movies

Articles By Undergraduates Universities

college student can tell you this, for during vacation periods he will sit pensively in his home-town theater chair despite what is thrown on the screen, but once back in his element he does not hesitate to go to any ends of expression, whether or no the manager's hair turns white. The restraint of civilization is removed.

The reasons for the soundness of this rowdy judgment lie under the surface, and are sometimes altogether hidden from the common eye. The criteria are more serious than those held up by ordinary citizens, chiefly because of the influences to which students are exposed for the greater part of the year in the classroom. Strangely enough these are esthetic and economic. The movies present to a college man more of a pastime to be investigated with care and less of a mere relief from everyday drudgery. Unless he is an exceptional grind, he goes to the theater untired from the day's work, and with his wits sharpened by his studies, to seek out just whatever value there may be in the film before him.

All Masterpieces

PROBABLY the greatest disgust aroused in college men by the movies has been in

(*Continued on page 70*)



University of Michigan



Above, Lever Hall, Harvard University

By RICHARD ARNOLD STOUT
President of The Harvard Crimson

HARVARD Would Have The Women Of The Screen Do Less Necking And Be Less Virtuous

THERE was once a motion picture called "Brown of Harvard." If it had been a bedtime story, it could not have been more alien to the spirit of student life in the oldest institution of higher learning in the United States. The only solace of Harvard undergraduates has been "Hold 'Em, Yale!" and "Varsity," the latter picture taking Princeton over the coals. Seriously, these three atrocities have enabled Harvard men to reach a unanimous decision for the first time—a hearty mistrust of any motion picture which claims to portray college life. In addition to the pitiful lack of verisimilitude, there is the flaming collegiatism from which, above all things, Harvard is immune. Cambridge students hold themselves aloof from the rah-rah and hey-hey spirit, and are amused rather than resentful when it is attributed to Harvard. "For Harvard's only conspicuous habit," writes an authority on undergraduate Harvard, "is the habit of inconspicuousness; its chief custom is to have no customs; its manners are studiously free from any significant mannerisms."

Almost as bad as the collegiate film in the eyes of the college man is the saccharine love plot which has marriage as its objective and creates the impression at the fade-out that matrimony is a state of eternal bliss. The hero and heroine dissolving into each other's arms create no false illusions, even in the mind of the most callow freshman. The happy ending, with its inevitable amorous clinch, is the nemesis of the intelligent undergraduate. The latter would rather think than palpitate.

A corollary of this objection is a good-natured antagonism to the elevation of so-called necking to the plane of the fine arts. The

(*Continued on page 70*)



Confessions of

Corinne Griffith Tells Her Untold Tale

By GLADYS HALL

CORINNE GRIFFITH has been pretty consistently publicized as the orchid type and other analogous terms. Which, translated, means that a lovely, aloof and precious lady moves with an apparently detached serenity among the more flamboyant growths of Hollywood. As Mrs. Walter Morosco, she is one of that charming inner circle who have given pride to the screen by being, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion and beyond reproach. A circle crested with such names as the Antonio Morenos, the Jascha Heifetzes, the Conrad Nagels and others. She lives in an exquisite and recently built home, which is a home as well as a repository for such exquisitudes as Lalique glass, jades, rose quartz, priceless laces, etchings, prints and books.

All of which is orchidaceous, we'll admit—but Corinne was born in Texas of hardy stock. Her father was a railroad man and her childhood, while comfortable enough, was rough and ready with the necessity of breaking camp and following the father from place to place. After his death, there was poverty, disillusion, hard work and heartbreak. And from such a start has Corinne come today to be the most enviable person in filmdom, commanding a salary of ten thousand dollars a week, making but two specials a year with long leaves of absence in between, selecting her own vehicles and having her productions managed by her own husband. An orchid? Maybe, but an orchid who still grows in hardy soil, who can and did exist without the hothouse and who can decorate and love the hothouse now that she has earned it.

There are always reasons why people are as they are. Corinne Griffith is going to give you hers. She speaks with diffidence. It is difficult for her to tell of the things closest to her life. She has worn the veils of reticence for sound and valid reasons, and it is painful for her to cast them aside. So that these revelations are the more valuable because they are so hard to get, so hard for her to give.

Corinne Griffith, in her own words:

"I HAVE had a poison in my life. A noxious sort of poison lurking in my heart and half killing all of my hopes and dreams and will-to-live. It might very well have ruined my entire life. It very nearly did. It is called an inferiority complex.

"And because of that complex I never knew a happy

the STARS

THE EIGHTH OF A SERIES OF REAL LIFE STORIES



day in all my life. Moments, yes. Thrills, gaiety. Excitement. Something I once took for happiness. But until I married Mr. Morosco I was never actually at peace. When you have found the real happiness, it is very easy to detect the false.

"This complex is, really, the story of my life up to a very few years ago. It explains me as nothing else can or does. It motivated most of my actions and is accountable for my supposed coldness, indifference and reserve. When you are afraid of yourself, you are afraid of all mankind, too. Self-consciousness, perhaps, is the true name for it.

"Three months before I was born my mother lost two of her children. A boy and a girl. That, I think, began this poison of mine. There is supposed to be nothing left to the myth of pre-natal influence. Perhaps not. But it seems to me that a child born in the very presence of great sorrow must somehow be touched by it. I know that I was.

"For I was the saddest child on earth. And the loneliest.

"I never had any friends. And I wanted them, desperately. But I was shy, and timid about making advances and there was never time for anything but advances, considering the fact that we no sooner settled in one town than we had to move on to another. My father was a railroad man and that necessitated frequent trekkings on the part of the family.



THE UGLY DUCKLING

"I WAS the ugly duckling of the family. My mother was Italian, my father English; and the enormous brown eyes of my mother's people were the distinguishing marks of beauty in our family. My eyes were blue and smaller than my elder sister's. I was thin and tall and awkward, and when I was thirteen my legs were as long as they are today.

"My sister, several years older than I, was my mother's pal and confidante. I was constantly being dressed up, put on a chair in some strange hotel or house and told to stay there. I felt out of things. I didn't seem to belong anywhere or to anyone.

"When I was nine or so, they sent me to boarding-school in New Orleans. My chief recollection of those days is roller skating along the embankments, loving in some dark, obscure way, the storied old city; and desiring passionately to be a portrait painter. That, I had decided, was to be my great work in the world. Of course, I occasionally draped myself with a sheet and postured before a mirror, fancying myself as a great actress. But that doesn't mean very much. Most children, I think, play-act.

"During what proved to be my last year in school, the end of my formal education—I never went to school again after I was thirteen—I began an ambitious canvas. It depicted the form of a nude woman clinging, precariously, to a rock. Being thirteen and with the Puritan strain still operative somewhere in my blood, I later added a filmy wrap to the lady's anatomy, and felt better about it.

VISIONS OF VINDICATION

"IT must have been an awful thing, that painting. But to me it was marvelous. It was more than a painting, it was the justification of my whole existence. I had been lonely, inconspicuous, the ugly duckling—but never any more. I had

(*Continued on page 72*)



Ray Jones

A Pair of Faces

And both trumps for attractiveness, are Laura LaPlante's, both the profile and front elevation. The darkness of the glass, too, is suggestive of her next picture, "The Haunted House," in which they say she makes the ghost of her opportunities

She Must Take A Bath Every Day

That's In One Star's Contract Only In Another Permits Beer Drinking Secret

By DOROTHY MANNERS

THIS story might well have been called "Guiding Young Footsteps Aright," by Paramount; or "What Every Young Girl Should Know at First National." That's how intimately the producers guard the destinies of the tender flowers in their charge.

And, say I, it's high time they got some credit for the good they are doing in the world. Real good. Good on a bigger and better scale.

Next to Billy Sunday, they've done more for morality than practically anybody except, maybe, Aimée Semple McPherson.

As guardians of the public peace, they wield more authority than the police department. And the Clinic of Hygiene isn't in it with the Producers' Association for general clean-up.

All unbeknown to the public who has, lo, these many years, looked on them merely as hard-hearted business men who sign little Susie for the shekels they can make out of her, here they have been operating on a purely uplift idea, guiding little Susie's footsteps aright and seeing that she doesn't step too high, too handsomely and too wide.



Freulich

Bull

Freulich

Reginald Denny mustn't ride in an airplane. Joan Crawford—at the left—has been told that photographs of her legs must be conservative. And Molly O'Day—at the right—can't play if she becomes too heavy

Maybe it's a suppressed complex—a thwarted mothering instinct on the part of Carl Laemmle, Joseph Schenck, Al Rockett and the Warner Brothers—that leads them to add such tender passages of advice in contracts that were originally intended to deal merely with the business end of acting. It must be something—to lead a producer to add in his legal hold on a certain young playerette that she is to take a bath every day.

A Word to the Unwise

STOP for a moment and consider the tender solicitude that brings up. Even a mother couldn't do more.

You can imagine the blushes of shame that must have flooded the face of Papa Louis B. Mayer to wake up and find one of his brood posing in jazzy dance photographs that exposed her, er—limbs. Almost bowed down with the shame of it, he called Joan Crawford into his office for a painful heart-to-heart talk. He told her tenderly that all men were not good in this cruel world and that a girl could not be too careful. A girl could not always have innocent fun like being photographed at the Black Bottom without some evil mind making something unprintable out of it. And so Joan's contract read that there were to be no more jazzy photos of her limbs. And so there aren't—so many.

It's touching and it's tender, but neither so touching nor so tender as the thoughtful solicitude of the producer who insisted via the contract that a budding young charge of his was to be delicately instructed in the matter of sex, beginning with the birds and bees and working gently on down to the funny little jackrabbits. In other words, harsh as it might be to her virginal mind, she must know that the stork didn't bring babies and that there was more to the love life of fish than caviar.

When Lupe Velez first arrived in Hollywood, she was a cute little cuss who cussed and cussed and might have continued cussing if Joseph Schenck, guardian of her professional destiny, hadn't really spoken firmly to her. Ever since movie stars became ladies, they have not cussed, except in foreign languages, and duly a clause was written in to correct little Lupe. Mr. Schenck was fatherly about it. He carefully explained that the eyes of the world were on Lupe, also its ears, since the talkies. What would they think if they heard her "golly-dams" and her "jumping hells" and her wild and woolly "darns"? Why, they would think she was not a good girl. And she was a good girl. Wasn't she? You're golly-dam right she was a good girl. Who in jumping hells said she wasn't? Thus

(*Continued on page 90*)

Horton is Horton

He's The Stage Actor Who Throws Film Stars Completely Off Their Orbits

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY



"SO I decided to give myself a vacation," continued Eddie Horton. "The only way to keep me off the stage, I knew, was to make it impossible to appear before the public."

He didn't want to break a leg or black an eye. All that was far too painful.

"I shaved my head." Eddie paused a moment, a whimsical moment, to sound the effect. "A regular convict clip," he added, and drew his lips in, as Eddie always does. They formed a narrow seam of red. Then the right corner flew up in that typical Horton smile.

That typical Horton smile. That typical Horton manner. That typical Horton style. That typical Horton look.

It gets them in at the box-office. Eddie is the Hollywood motion picture stars' favorite stage actor. That's saying something. Little Wampas baby starlets sit in swooning groups to watch him. Older character men lean back in parental approval. And when one actor does that to another, it's time to all clap hands.

Eddie puts the critics at a loss for words. Gardeniaed and spatted to review his newest play at the Vine Street Theatre, the critics rush out to write "Eddie Horton Again Scores in Typical Horton Part." They sit, befuddled, before their typewriters and try to explain the spell that this Horton guy weaves. They try to tell what it is about his gait, his voice, his manner, that makes him pack the little theater where nightly he performs in this play and that, "The Queen's Husband," "The Nervous Wreck" and "Mary's Other Husband."

Flattening Fattening Flappers

THEY try to figure out if it is his voice or his smile or the robin-like wink of his bright blue-grey eyes that knocks the matinée girls for a row of non-fattening chocolates and their escorts for two tickets in the front row, center, please.

They try to figure out that, if he is so funny as a perfect sap, how can he make your heart contract when he puts his arms around Allen Vincent—"the ex-President's son" in "Spread Eagle"—and grips him tightly, while he lies and lies and lies about the whole darned thing to his buddy, Ben Hewlett, the reporter of the piece. And why little thrills race up and down your vertebrae when he says "Good-bye," with that rising inflection, to Lois Wilson. And never once kisses her. And all the time you know that he loves the gal and gives her up

Oh, gosh! I'm getting to be a Horton fan. I'll be wanting an autographed photograph next. Two tickets in front, please, for the opening of every one of Eddie's shows.

(*Continued on page 80*)

The sight that sets the sirens sighin' is Edward Everett Horton, little known to the films, but a byword for infatuation among the women who are



Both Myrna Loy's—well, Myrna Loy herself, and her temper. But all for the sake of art, for her impersonation of the well-worth-cultivating wild flower in "The Squall"

On Edge



Hollywood Horrors

Richard Barthelmess tries to rival C. B. DeMille's yacht's record for frequency of crossing to Catalina Island

Long-Distance LOVERS

The Suitors Of Shadows Are Always Sure Of Acceptance

By
HELEN LOUISE WALKER



Pity the poor sailors on a night like this! A nice thing, you say, to remark about the lady in the arms of Karl Dane? Not at all, not at all. Because it ain't no lady, it's George K. Arthur. What would a lady be doing out with Karl, anyway.

SUE CAROL was the somewhat nonplussed recipient, a few days ago, of a letter from a gentleman, somewhere in the East, informing her that he had come to the conclusion, watching her on the screen, that she was just the girl he wanted to marry.

His business, he continued, would prevent his coming to Hollywood for the wedding until some time in the summer, but he was too smart to trust these movie gals too far. So he sent a contract for her to sign which would obviate the difficulty of the delay. It read like this:

"I, Sue Carol, being of sound body and mind and a subject of love, do hereby agree to remain single for the period of four months. At the end of that time, I do solemnly declare I will become the bride of ———— to love, honor and obey until death do us part."

He enclosed a description of himself, sent a photograph, listed his property and assured her that she would not regret the transaction. Then he went on with plans for the wedding, the honeymoon and a choice of residence afterward, untroubled, apparently, by any doubt that the young lady would fail to jump at so bright an opportunity.

A human being in love is a strange and unaccountable creature, at best. But when that human being becomes enamored of a shadow on a screen and sets out to make that shadow his, willy nilly, the resulting phenomenon is one of the strangest in the world.

Unafraid from Afar

SHY boys who find it difficult to ask a girl whom they have known all their lives, to dance, will indite passionate missives and urgent proposals of marriage to ladies of the screen, whom they have never met. Inhibited young women will cast all reserve to the winds and throw themselves at the heads of any motion picture actors they can contrive to meet. A doddering old gent will fancy that the screen's hottest flapper is merely waiting for a chance to wed a fine fellow like himself.

Standards, reserves, common sense—all go down before the glamor of a shadowed being on a screen. The results are sometimes funny, sometimes pathetic, and often acutely troublesome to the objects of this synthetic but none the less temporarily real adoration.

A strange thing about it is that these remote aspirants for the hands of stars seem, almost unanimously, to overlook the fact that the objects of their affection have been leading lives of their own for a lot of years—that said object may even have a husband or wife. People whose marriages have received large amounts of publicity have almost as many of these strange offers as the single ones.

There was, for instance, the man who traveled all the way from Europe with the avowed intention of wedding Colleen Moore. One would think that if he was that much interested in the petite actress, he might have noticed in the stories and articles published here and there about her, some mention of her husband, John McCormick.

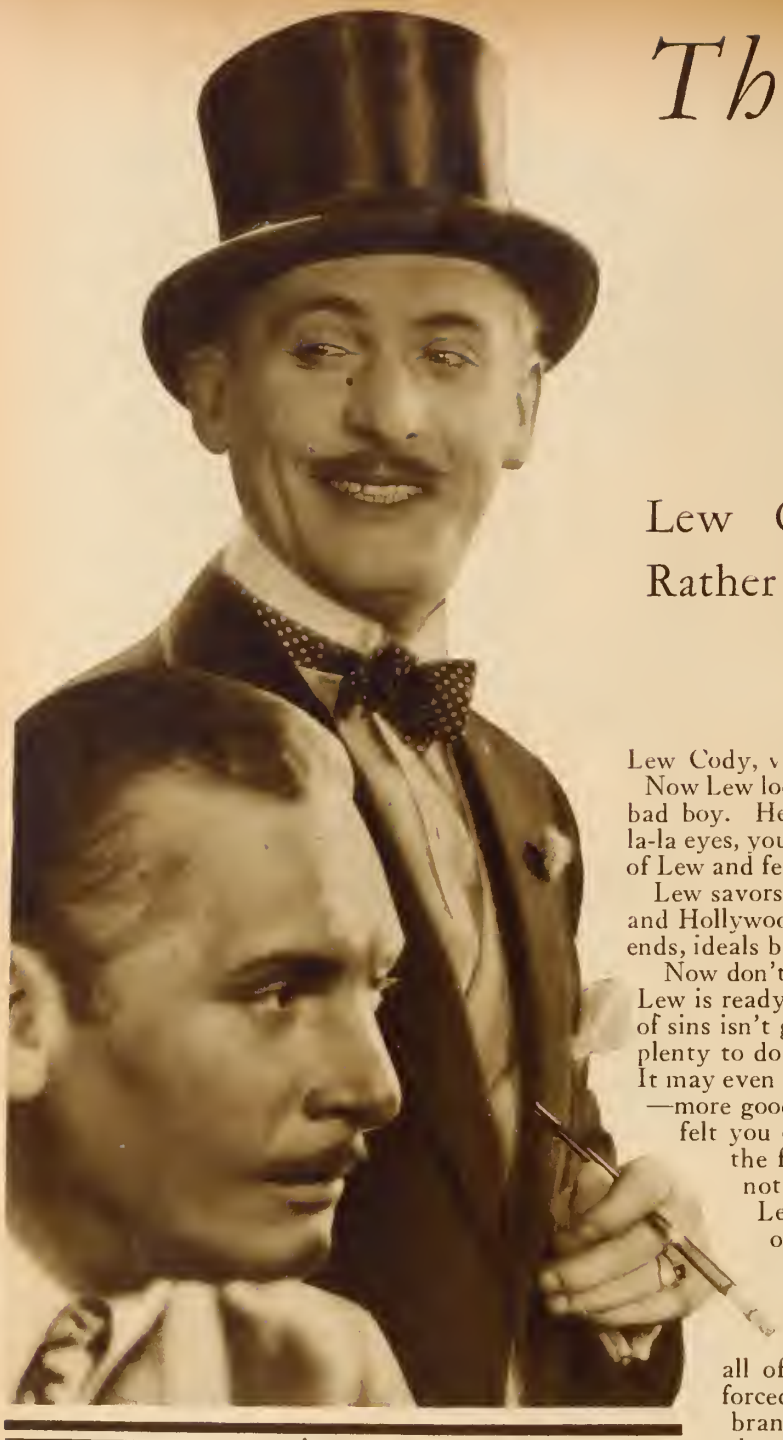
But no, indeed. The ardent suitor was really quite sulky about it upon his arrival when he found that Colleen was thus hampered as regarded accepting his offer. He seemed to feel that she had not done right by him some-

(*Continued on page 77*)

The Code of Cody

Lew Chose to Face Starvation Rather Than Be the Butterfly Man

By GLADYS HALL



C. S. Bull

IT'S too simply darned annoying that people can't be all of one piece. Cut from one bolt of material. It's too intricate that black can't be black, white, white, virtue, virtue and sin, sin.

I mean, it would be so simple to write of Mary Pickford as an angel picking asphodels with never a mite of common clay upon her feet. Of Greta Garbo, Mary Duncan and Lil Tashman as poisonous frails guiltless of a kindly thought, a good deed. Of such men as Bill Powell, Lew Cody, *et al.*, bringing a mother's white head in shame to the grave, not to mention where they bring the golden heads of daughters.

I mean, villains should not have hearts of gold. Life is complicated enough as it is. And there are so few thoroughly good, dependable villains left. You think you have bagged a rascal and lo, he offers to raise the mortgage on the old home or pension a maiden aunt, or he's kind to cats.

Lew Cody, villain par excellence, is the case before the house. Now Lew looks as if he could be, should be, a Grade A villain. A bad boy. He is so debonair. He has such destructively—well, la-la eyes, you know. You surely should be able to think the worst of Lew and feel comfortable about it.

Lew savors, indeed, he smacks, of the white lights of Broadway and Hollywood Boulevard, of speakeasies, unaccounted-for week-ends, ideals broken like wish-bones and what-nots.

Now don't misunderstand me. I'm not trying to tell you that Lew is ready for the Ascension or anything. The official shriver of sins isn't going to get the sack on Lew's account. There'll be plenty to do. It's not as bad as all that. But Lew has a heart. It may even be a heart of gold. He does good. He does—boo-hoo—more good than bad, I fear. It's all come out lately. And I felt you oughtta know. Mothers need not put the latch on the front gate when Lew comes to town. Fathers need not gat about after Lew. They're more likely to find Lew in the county jails, workhouses, hospitals and orphanages doing good to the poor and needy and oppressed than harm to the village virges.

Again I plead with you not to misunderstand me. I'm not trying to gild the lily-known-as-Lew. He takes his fun where he finds it and not all of his activities are Christian Endeavors. But I'm forced to believe that he takes his fun where the same brand can be handed back to him and running over. He doesn't take advantage. He plays in his own back-yard.

I've been suspicious of Lew for quite some time. Little things keep leaking out—such as at the time here lately when Lew's car ran over a dog. He didn't just go on his way twirling his twirlable mustachio and wiggling his cane. Not Lew. He stopped the car, dismounted and knelt in the dust of the road, weeping over the injured canine. He then hopped his car again, took the canine to a good canine hospital and paid visits and all bills until said canine was in that state of health where he could stand being run down again. That's Lew. It is so.

An Old Jail Pal

A FEW years ago I went to jail with Lew. Sing-Sing. No offense. We went as part of equipment. A picture was being taken to Sing-Sing for the purpose of entertaining the compulsory boarders. Lew went along to make a personal appearance. I went along as a member of the

(*Continued on page 84*)



Has been Buddy Rogers' musical ability. This skill first brought him to the attention of the movie theater manager in his home town, and the manager in turn to the studios for which he now is a star. Now again, in a new picture, "Close Harmony," Buddy's aptitude at playing the saxophone and the traps is assisting him to scale the heights

Instrumental In His Success

Richee

THIRTY

By DOROTHY DONNELL

"YOU forget," Ruth Chatterton said haughtily to an interviewer when she first came to Hollywood, "I am an actress, not a movie star."

Broadway has always had mixed emotions about the movies. Contempt mixed with envy. Respect mixed with superiority. Amusement mixed with jealousy. The actors have wise-cracked the films and then, when the chance offered, gladly hurried Westward to share in the fabulous salaries of the screen.

Now, since the advent of the talkies, the truth is out. All the actors of the speaking stage have suppressed desires to become movie stars.

"It's all you hear on Broadway," a New York actor on tour in Los Angeles told me the other day. "They boast that they're coming out and drive the movie players off the screen."

Eastern studios, so long tenanted only by mice and spiders, are open and turning out talkies with casts drawn from Broadway. Electricians in Hollywood studios are learning how to light new faces becomingly. Two months from now the exhibitors in your home town will be re-arranging their mazdas on the theater canopies to spell strange names TONIGHT—TWELVETREES and EATON; FEATURING CHARLES KING PAUL MUNI IN SOANDSO. Five months from today you will be writing fan letters to stars you haven't heard of yet.

Whether the new players whose photographs are shown on this page will drive out the old favorites or not, you are going to see them when "Nightstick," and "The Letter," "The Pusher-in-the-Face," "The Trial of Mary Dugan" and "Night Club," and all the other talking motion pictures now in production are released. You are going to turn to us and ask, "Who are they?"

Meet the Family

LET us introduce you to:

Charles King, a brisk, dark-haired, crinkly-eyed chap who is making his cinema début in "Broadway Melody" for Metro-Goldwyn. His sister, Molly King, was a beautiful blonde heroine of early movie serials, but Charles's twelve-year career as an actor has been behind the footlights with the Ziegfeld



At present obscure to the screen public, but soon to be celebrated, they are, beginning at the top, and down: Jeanne Eagels, Robert Montgomery and, to the right of him, Chester Morris; Charles Eaton and, Ina Claire; Gilbert Emery—in the helmet—and Paul Muni; in the corner, in reverse order Bobby Clark and Paul McCullough; to the right of them, June Nash, Marguerite Churchill and Fannie Brice

Famous Unknowns

Meet A Few Of The Stars Who Are Bywords On Broadway And Who Are Beginning To Be On The Boulevard

"Follies," in "Good Morning, Judge," "Hit the Deck," and other Broadway musical shows. In his first talkie he plays a song and dance man. Movie fans will be reminded of John Mack Brown. King is one of those perennial juveniles who will never, no matter how old they may be, grow up.

Carlotta King. When Warner Brothers was searching for a leading lady for "The Desert Song" who could sing as well as be pursued by a sheik, they tuned in on KFWB and heard Carlotta over the radio. When they found she was small, blonde and green-eyed and had experience on the local stage, they signed her up. In private life she is married and the mother of a little girl.

Eleanor Griffith, who has the feminine lead in United Artists' "Nightstick," is a small and dainty blonde fresh from several successful seasons on Broadway, where her last rôle was the lead in "The Spider." Years ago, it is said, she was in the chorus of the "Follies." The cast of this picture is almost entirely a stage cast, with the exception of Pat O'Malley, the leading man.

And of Course There's

HELEN TWELVETREES, whose odd name dates back through five centuries to the days when people were named for their possessions, began her stage career with Stuart Walker, mingling it with positions as an artist's model. Critics have called her "the perfect ingenue" for her work in "An American Tragedy," "Broadway," "Yen," "Roulette" and

(*Continued on page 73*)



Other stars of the stage whom the talkies have beguiled are these. From the top down, they are: Robert Ames, Sylvia Field, John Cromwell, Raymond Hackett and, on his right, Grant Withers; below them, Lee Patrick and, looking along toward the left, Claudette Colbert, Charles King and Eleanor Griffith

How to See

Where the Stars and Studios Are to Be Found and How to Get Close to Them

BY RUTH BIERY



Keystone



Graham

The Roosevelt Hotel, above, stands almost exactly in the center of the motion picture colony; the Ambassador, at the right, extends along the fringe between the film settlement and the focus of the more conservative and less interesting life of Los Angeles, shall we say, proper. Below is a glimpse of the tea room of the Roosevelt

IF you were going to London or Paris or Rome, you could buy a hundred books which would tell you just where to go and what to see in those cities. But when you start for Hollywood you have nowhere to turn for specific instructions. You know, of course, that it is the capital of the motion picture industry and the center of the world's most unusual climate.

There isn't much to see in a climate but there is a great deal to interest sightseers in the motion picture industry. Not places so much as faces. In London or Paris or Rome you visit cathedrals, museums, art galleries—monuments to a dead past. In Hollywood you aspire to know or to see Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Gloria Swanson—living statues of a colorful present.

Just where can you go to see them? They are not collected for public display in any one place. But since they are human and living, they must seek their amusement just as other people. MOTION PICTURE has made a thorough study of the habits and habitats of the stars with the object of guiding Hollywood visitors.

The Border Hotel

WE are taking for granted that you are one of the large majority that have no friends in this city and that you will come without letters of introduction to assist you. Naturally, your first problem is the choice of a hotel which may be propitious for meeting and seeing the celebrities of this city. The Ambassador, on Wilshire Boulevard, between Vermont and Western, lies on the boundary line between Hollywood and Los Angeles. It attracts motion picture people not only as permanent guests but for luncheons, suppers and dancing to the famous Cocoanut Grove orchestra. Nils Asther occupies one of the Ambassador bungalows at present; Pola Negri always makes it her home while in the city, while John Barrymore divides his time between his Ambassador bungalow and his home out in a Beverly Hills canyon.

Greta Garbo, who avoids being seen in most public places, lunches in the French Room two or three times weekly; usually in company with Lilyan Tashman or John Gilbert. There is scarcely a noon when you cannot find from ten to twenty producers, stars or directors holding conferences over Ambassador luncheons.

The Big Nights

TUESDAYS and Fridays are the most popular evenings for dancing in the Cocoanut Grove Ball Room. Although Friday is more essentially College Night, you will always find the younger group of players intermingled with the students from Los Angeles universities. Sue Carol, June Collyer, Marian Nixon, Sally Eilers, Joan Crawford, Nick Stuart, Matty Kemp, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Ben Lyon. While on Tuesday evening, the regular Hollywood Night, it is not unusual to see



HOLLYWOOD

A FEW HOW-MUCH'S

THE AMBASSADOR: Rooms, Single: (with bath) six dollars a day, up. Double: eight dollars a day, up. Luncheons at noon: one table d'hôte, $1.50; but this is not featured. Prefer to serve à la carte service. Cocoanut Grove: $1.50 cover charge. Average price, five dollars per person.
THE ROOSEVELT: Single Rooms, $4.00 to $7.00 a day (with bath); Doubles, $7.00 to $8.00. Saturday afternoon tea dances: $1.00.
MONTMARTRE: Special luncheons, $1.10. An elaborate affair including hot dishes, cold meats and salads. Does not include bread and butter, coffee or dessert. Average cost, with trimmings: $1.50.
PLANTATION: One dollar cover charge. Ginger ale expensive. Averages from four dollars up, per person.
POM POM: Three dollars a person and no cover charge. The same for a sandwich or a full steak dinner.
THE RUSSIAN-AMERICAN CLUB: $1.00, $1.50, 6 to 9. After 9:00 P.M., à la carte. Twenty-five-cent cover charge.
HENRY'S AND MUSSO-FRANK'S: Popular prices.





West Coast Engraving

The Californian and the Parisian note in Hollywood life: at the left, a view from the air of the Hollywood Hotel, representative of the old order of elegance there; and above, one room in the dress shop of I. Magnin, one of several important modistes catering to the wealthier of film colonists.

Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Eleanor Boardman, Billie Dove, Lilyan Tashman, Edmund Lowe, and scores of others.

The Roosevelt, a comparatively new hotel at 7006 Hollywood Boulevard, centers, geographically, the motion picture industry. Approximately twenty-five guests from the profession are lodged there permanently, including Lily Damita, Alice and Marceline Day, Margaret Sedden, Barry Norton, Directors Edwin Carewe and Lou Seiler. Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Torrence live there twice a year during their semi-annual house-cleaning. Alice White, Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day are frequent monthly guests.



Keystone

The Roosevelt lobby is to the motion picture stars what the Algonquin lobby is to Broadway actors, the favorite rendezvous in the city. Tea dances are featured on Saturday afternoon with some motion picture actress as hostess. Practically the entire younger set of the colony may frequently be found in attendance.

Academicians All

THE Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences, the diplomatic corps of the industry, has its headquarters on the mezzanine floor of the Roosevelt. If you chance to be in the lobby on the evening such meetings take place, you can see Louis B. Mayer, Ben Schulberg, Al Rocket and other producers; Douglas Fairbanks, Conrad Nagel, Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Mary Pickford, Lillian Gish, Gloria Swanson and Dolores Del Rio pass into the session destined to promote harmony between the perspiring actor and the supposed-to-be-hard hearted employer.

The Hollywood Plaza, the Christie and the dear old Hollywood Hotel—once the only hostelry in the city— are other public centers in the heart of the industry. They face or border upon the Boulevard, that mecca of How-do-you-do — I'm-glad-to-meet-you activity. Only the more usual term on Hollywood Boulevard for celebrity greetings is, "Hello! How's tricks?" That goes, by the way, for either Douglas Fairbanks or a well-known extra.

Although restaurants in Hollywood are legion, there are but a comparative few which interest motion picture people.

Reel Rotarians

OF course, the Montmartre. Its Wednesday and Saturday luncheons are as essential a part of amusements to Hollywood-ites as the weekly Rotary luncheons are to the home-towners. Eddie Brandstatter, who owns and operates the place, has divided the room into two sections. The stars, directors, producers and their guests occupy tables lining one aisle while lookers-on are seated in opposite corners. There is no opposition offered to

(*Continued on page 66*)



Freulich Photos

A Parasolitary Stroll

Colleen Moore, in the costume of grandma's day, illustrates two stratagems that grandma didn't hesitate to use. First the glance from beneath the hat-brim. And then, if that didn't work, the falling off the bridge. Making sure first, of course, that the rescuer was close at hand

A Miracle Is Foreseen

The Screen World Has Been Told To Watch Henry King

By HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

HAG HOLLYWOOD, that garrulous old witch-woman, knows all the neighbors well. Behind her hand she'll cackle to you of this and that affair. Her cracked laugh will echo shrilly as she whispers who's going with whom. And who pays. She'll tell you who's slipping, who's coming back and, with uncanny precision, will prophesy things-that-will-be. Portentous events that pause upon the threshold. If you ask about Henry King, she'll purr like a black cat. And stirring the bubbles in the boiling pot of destiny, she'll drone his future.

"Just about due," she'll mutter. "Just about time for him to make another big one. Something startling, Something the world will talk about. A thing inspired. Greater than 'The White Sister.' Eclipsing 'Romola.' With the heart-sobs of 'Stella Dallas.' The soul-searching beauty of 'Tol'able David.' I see him lavishing genius on a crucible of celluloid. His best effort is on its way."

And the cauldron splutters. And the green-eyed black cat purrs. And the oracle's voice fades away like a sail in a sea of fog. You're left wondering about Henry King. The genesis of the man whose brilliance has painted many masterpieces upon the exacting canvas of the screen. The man who invariably forsakes the fact of accomplished fame to seek the greater glories of new triumphs, the joys of creating.

You'd know King was a Southerner. And you'd peg him correctly as an actor. There is something in the occasional soft drawl, not yet quite eliminated by the staccato phrases of the studio, which spells Virginia. Something in the manner of the man that suggests the theater. The combination endows him with an easy, careless grace of speech and movement which is the essence of charm. He is a fine figure of a man, tall, slender, lithe and strongly knit. He's tanned to the tint of *tobac bland* by contact with California climate. Sunkist, as it were. His hair is tawny as a lion's mane. Bleached and gilded by that same sun. It would seem that his eyes, too, have felt the glare. They are pale blue, with a steely glint softened by little laughing lines that nestle in the corners.



Chidnoff

Clad in the soft tweeds of an informal day, or meticulous in the apparel of the evening, he personifies the romantic type.

His Boyhood Brief

HE hadn't a great deal of boyhood. What there was has left memories of a plantation near Christiansburg, Virginia, and school days along the banks of the Roanoke. But opportunity for book-learning could not be expected long to attract a lad with the steel-blue eyes of an adventurer. Not while the study of the world—and the people in it—beckoned so alluringly.

So an illusion is shattered. For our romantic type bobs up in blackface as a song-and-dance man in a troupe of tyros. Ah, those were the days, as he will tell you. But soon came others, which in their turns were the days also. There was vaudeville, called variety then. And King did a turn in variety. Then he responded to the siren-like call, "Hey, Rube!" and found himself treading the sawdust of a carnival lot with the big top as that place called home. Later he wooed the muse of burlycue, and vaulted from "Krausemeyer's Alley" or some similarly hallowed burlesque location, to legitimate stock and a steady job as leading man. So the burnt cork was tucked away in the toe of his dancing shoes. And like a fighter's gloves,

(*Continued on page 88*)

By
DOROTHY MANNERS

SEEING

"LAY-DEES and gentlemen, in this corner we have Johnnie Waters, 190 pounds; versus Louis, the Leopard, scaling 197 pounds, in what's going to be the wildest, woolliest, whoopiest little battle of the ages. Give 'em your attention, lay-dees and gentlemen. This is round one of the main event. Of the main event, round one."

The music stops, the lights go down, the laughter and hubbub softens away to a mere mutter. The spotlight over the ring sputters for a moment and then settles into a steady glow of light. For this is the main event where one little guy is going to get battered up for so much money for being a better, or lesser, little guy than the other fellow. This is the main event, round one—and all Hollywood has hurried through her Friday night dinner to watch.

Who'll bet me five? I'm on the little guy. The kid named Johnnie who looks like I'm-going-to-win-because-me-and-me-old-lady-need-the-money.

If I were a tourist with only a couple of dollars to spend and wanted to see Hollywood, informally, I'd go to the fights. That is, provided I had the couple of dollars. And a sable coat.

There's something elegantly naïve about the gathering of scintillating sisters of the screen, their directors, their producers, their prop boys, their creditors. Everybody goes. All pretense is dropped, all posing. For a moment, even little Tessie, the teaser, forgets to pout—nobody's looking at her anyway. The sable coat is merely for the purpose of an entrance and exit.

Did I say it was naïve? I meant to.

$25,000 Coat; $2 Hat

THERE sits Al Jolson and his little bride who's slouching it in a Russian sable coat rumored to have cost $25,000 not counting the collars and cuffs. With this she wears a beret cap that couldn't have cost over a couple of dollars even if Al wanted to pay more for it. There she sits, shivering slightly. Some reason or other it's always cold at the fights.

Hey! The kid's down. The poor little kid. Get up, kid. I've got five on you.

The smoke, like a murky cloud, hangs low over the crowd. Like a smoke-pot used on sets to soften the harsh lights. Excited hysterical faces glow dimly through the haze, almost like a gauze-shot created by the camera.

Close to the center, in the ring-side seats, sit the elite, the year-around-customers, who reserve their seats for the season; and so sacred is the territory that when the lessee himself cannot be present, the chair remains vacant—mute testimony to night work, a death in the family, an automobile accident or an act of God.

Johnnie's eye's cut. Who'll wipe off Johnnie's eye? Nobody to wipe off Johnnie's eye until the gong rings. Johnnie can't see for the blood.

There's an etiquette about the fights. An etiquette, not in the book of social behavior. But etiquette, nevertheless.

Gentlemen may swear roundly and ladies aren't to blush.

Ladies may hiss and boo. Ladies may scream, high and shrill above the mélée.

Emotion Unpaid For

BACHELORS usually stag it. I've never seen Richard Dix bring a girl. There he is in the third row with a couple of buddies. The light from the ring reveals his passing emotions: excitement, disgust, pity, anger, dispersed as freely as though Paramount weren't paying him to save 'em. Now and then he curses freely under his breath as a game guy goes down for the count.

Bachelors stag it. But married men bring their wives.



At the left, Richard Arlen; below, Marguerite De La Motte; and to her right, Reed Howes and Mrs. Al Jolson

STARS

A Splendid Place, For Fans As Well As Fighters, Is The Hollywood Legion Arena

It's part of the code. Creates an air of camaraderie. Remember the one *Merton* pulled about "my best pal and severest critic"? Take the little woman to the fights. It's pally. Uppercuts, hooks, jabs, vary the jargon of the meat bills and troubles with the servants. There's Tod Browning and his wife, and Bob and Ethel Armstrong. Marguerite De La Motte and John Bowers. Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon. Bebe is dressed for a party after the fights. Even the sable coat can't hide her evening gown. Nor a black hat disguise her marcel. It hints of the Cocoanut Grove after the fights. Nobody's looking. So they hold hands.

What's the idea? You dumb bloke of a referee. Hiss the referee. Get another referee.

Wonder why Marie Prevost doesn't come any more. Haven't seen her since Ward Crane took sick so long ago—and died trying to get well in the desert. Marie always looked cute at the fights. Marie and her cute little sport clothes. Reds and greens and bright yellows.

Jack Dempsey doesn't come much—even when he's in town. Wonder why? You'd think Jack would get a kick out of it. Once in a while he shows up. It's a big night when Dempsey's there. Somebody always stops the proceedings and says, "Ladies and gentlemen, we've got a young fellow in the house with a bright future in the boxing game. Give the little boy a hand." Everybody laughs as Jack scampers into the ring for a bow. Jack shakes imaginary hands. Everybody cheers and laughs. A young fellow with a great future. Dempsey.

Gong!

Lot's of fun to watch the expressions on the nice girls. They duck their heads and refuse to look when somebody's hit. Wonder why it is that the nice girls always seem to sit in the first row where they have to duck under the canvas now and then when a groggy fighter spits out a tooth in that direction. The nice girls shudder and wish they hadn't come. Jobyna Ralston came once with Dick Arlen. Since then Dick has come alone. Joby is one of the nice girls. I've never seen Alice Day there. Or Marceline. They are nice girls, too.

Round Two. Somebody's wiped out Johnnie's eye.

And so it goes on—usually—to eight or ten rounds. Somebody's always licked. Somebody always wins. Sometimes they take 'em out on stretchers—the poor battered Johnnies, or Harrys, or Louis the Leopards. Bets are settled. Somebody's writing out a check for a thousand dollars to somebody else.

The gong rings ominously. What's the matter? The round isn't over. What are they ringing the gong for? What's the idea of stopping the fight?



Above, in the cap, Richard Dix; and around as a clock goes, John Gilbert, Jack Dempsey, Ronald Colman, Neil Hamilton, Bebe Daniels, Ben Lyon, Tod Browning and Al Jolson

Time Out for Sorrow

THE announcer is crawling into the ring for some reason or other. He holds up his hand for silence. Somehow or other, the announcer doesn't look so gay, so good-fellowish. There's a slip of paper in his hand. A telegram. The announcer has a telegram to read. There's sudden deadly quiet.

"Theodore Roberts," he says simply, "has passed away."

That's all. It's hard to believe. It just doesn't sink in for a moment. Theodore Roberts—grand old man—Theodore Roberts won't be at the fights any more.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I'm going to ask you to get to your feet and pray for this beloved man of Hollywood who won't be here with us at the fights any more."

The announcer slaps his hands together. The lights sputter and hiss. The band strikes up a chord.



Mortensen Photos

Skin Tights

Virginia Bradford Prefers Them to the Silken Sort

It must be for the very novelty of the sensation that Virginia Bradford has here chosen to cool her heels. For after her recent performance in "Marked Money," supplementing her earlier success in "Craig's Wife," she's been in greater demand than ever at the studios

Live *and* Re-Live

Acting For Monte Blue Has Meant Merely Re-Enacting Real Experiences

By RUTH BIERY


Fryer

CHRISTMAS morning in an orphan asylum. Five hundred children tumbled down the long flight of stairs which led to the great barren room where Santa Claus had left their remembrances. One tiny bag of candy for everybody; for some few, a few extras.

One six-year-old's hands trembled as he tugged at the string which tied his huge, newspaper-wrapped package. But when he finally reached inside and saw the big, honest-to-goodness street car register, the kind which would ring when you dropped something in it—his hands almost froze, so tenaciously did he cling to the now-dusky metal.

Thirty years later that same boy handed an orphan-asylum girl a Christmas present in a motion picture.

"Could I help but seem realistic?" Monte Blue's eyes were moist as he told me about it. "My brother took that old register from a deserted street car. It brought me more actual happiness than anything you could have given me this last Christmas. And when I handed Betty Bronson, the little orphan girl in 'Brass Knuckles,' a doll for Christmas—I was not acting. I was merely re-living my own big, first orphan Christmas.

"And all of my pictures have been the same proposition. It has never been acting: that is, not acting from the imagination. It has always been re-living some part I actually played in life before chance and D. W. Griffith thrust me into pictures.

Blue Penciling

"I HAVE always been grateful to mother for being big enough to place me in an orphan asylum when my father was killed as an engineer on the railroad. She didn't have the money to train us, but by turning us over to the state she was protecting us from running wild, learning bad habits, and so forth. I learned the printing trade in three years, came to be associate editor of the sixteen-page paper printed by the asylum. When I went out to make my own living, I became a reporter on the 'Indianapolis News.' One of my first pictures for the old Reliance-Majestic was 'The Price of Power.' I was a reporter. All I needed for the part was to repeat what I had done a thousand and one times for my previous, everyday, bread-and-butter duties. Again, there was no acting to it.

"From newspaper reporting to express messenger for the old Adams company. Little did I know then, as I sorted my waybills, laid my packages in different lots for different stations and learned express money values, that years later this very training would enable me to make 'Old Mississippi,' an Indian picture in which I played an express messenger. What need to imagine the part? It was again as though I were earning my daily wages.

"My next life-adventure was in the Pennsylvania coal mines. One day I was blasting the way, with seven others, ahead in the tubes. There was an explosion. We were pinned there for forty-eight hours. We thought there was no chance of help reaching us. The horrors, the hopes, the readjustment of our ideas to face death—

Re-Enacting Horror

"I WAS a mucker in Cecil De Mille's picture, 'Something to Think About.' Theodore Roberts—God bless him—Gloria Swanson and Elliott Dexter played the leads. The outlet door of the underground passage slammed, water poured into the tunnel—I drowned in the picture. To this day, people are kind enough to talk about that scene. How could I help but make good at it? I merely passed through, in my own mind, every moment of those other four days. Again it wasn't acting; it was living. If an actor has actually lived his experiences, then he forgets which side of his profile will screen the better; or whether he is getting more close-ups than his nearest competitor. There were fourteen cameras trained on that scene, doctors and an ambulance standing at attention but

(*Continued on page 92*)

Bare



R. H. Louise Photos

As Displayed Prompts Us To See

No matter how exciting were the beauties—not scenic—of Peru when he was there to gather material for "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," we're willing to wager that the piquant provocation of Lily Damita—the heroine in the picturization of the story—would have made its author, Thornton Wilder, wilder

Footage



By Lily Damita

South America First

A Spanish girl, played with the extra *Ooh! La, La!* that can only be French—that is Lily Damita in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." Do you wonder that Don Alvarado is thanking his stars for enabling him to become one; and for endowing him with a Latin appearance and disposition suitable to being Lily's leading man?

Twelvetrees Is OKE

She Was Good As A Bad Girl But She's Willing To Change

By WALTER RAMSEY



Hesser

JUST a nice little girl from red-hot Broadway, where Mae West sexes it, all the way out to ice-cold Hollywood where the microphone sends chills up and down the spines of the local kiddies.

This cute little blonde trick has just made the long overland trek from the land of lights and gold-diggers, to the spot where men are men and the women are glad of it.

Helen Twelvetrees.

It's a name. Not a scenic drive. And while she's been called everything from Mary Forrest to Ruth Everglades, Twelvetrees is her title and she's sticking to it. After you get used to it, it seems descriptive of Helen. It's got the same sort of fresh verve you find in the girl herself. You'd never guess from her sparkling eyes and her skin-you'd-like-to-touch that she had ever kept late hours on Broadway. There's something awfully cute and Orientally mischievous in her appearance. Even her selection as a Wampas Baby Star hasn't interfered with her sense of humor. Having arrived from much success on Broadway in such plays as "An American Tragedy," she's grateful for equal recognition in Hollywood.

Her Innumerable Betrayals

BEHIND the footlights she has trouped through a variety of widely divergent rôles. She has been betrayed, for the purposes of the plot, as often as her screen sister Lillian Gish, and probably more nights in succession. For a year she portrayed a girl with just enough It to get into trouble and not quite enough to get out.

That was "An American Tragedy."

For the better part of the following year she was a whoopsie mamma in "Broadway." This time she had plenty sufficient It to get into trouble, but enough sense to keep out of it.

These two successes were followed by "Elmer Gantry" and even that one called "Yen" in which she supported our once famous Charlie Ray for three weeks.

The fact that she was a howling success on the stage gave her ready entry to the sound-stages of Hollywood, but the fact that she played naughty ladies for Broadway doesn't mean that she isn't going to be an awfully nice girl for Mr. Fox. Little blondes, like Helen, are always moral on the screen.

They have her playing a little orphan Annie in one of their newer program pictures. I asked her if the whole story took place in the children's home and she said she had no idea whether she gets out or not.

"Movies have gotten me all puzzled and hazy," she said as we chatted over the heads of my large office force, one afternoon. "I never know what I'm doing, or why. One day I climb down a ladder from the second story of the home and five days later I make a scene in the bedroom, getting out the same window. I'm just as curious as anybody to know whether or not I make my escape.

A Sadder and a Dreiser Girl

"IN fact, the difference between the stage plays and pictures is the great difference between New York and Hollywood. Broadway has its stage and Hollywood has its talkies—and which of the twain shall beat? How will the talkies ever make Dreiser's 'An American Tragedy'? I don't know. But even if they should figure out a way, I

(*Continued on page 87*)

A Shade Higher



Freulich

Joseph Schildkraut's art is always that, in relation to virtually all the actors on the screen today—with the one exception perhaps of John Barrymore — when it comes to the depiction of romantic characters of force. As *Gaylord Ravenal,* the gambler in "Show Boat"; and in a later film—as yet not definitely named, but with a Russian setting—he has scored two distinctive achievements



Lon Guard

In "Where East is East," Lon Chaney's latest photoplay, Lupe Velez appears as his daughter. What with the color of the personalities of these two players and the vivid background of the Siamese jungle, the film should be, to say the least, tropicturesque

Sophie *Goes* *Talkie*

The Last Of The Red-Hot Mamas Falls For The Films

By BERT ENNIS



Mitchell

LIKE some friends, a fountain pen is okay until you want to use it. I discovered that during the course of the interview I had with Sophie Tucker in her dressing-room at the Orpheum Theater in Los Angeles. Without warning, I drew my ink-splasher on the famous Sophie right after she had led me into the star dressing-room backstage in the movie city's big-time vaudeville house. The last of the red-hot mamas had just bowed off after knocking 'em dead at a capacity matinee. Knocking 'em dead has become a habit with the magnetic Tucker in vaudeville houses from New York to California, and in the music-halls and night-clubs of dear 'ole Lunnon.

And she hopes to do the same thing in talkies. But that's another story, the story that caused me to draw the check-signer on her in her dressing-room. I had sat chinning with the pleasant old stage doorman of the Orpheum, waiting for Sophie Tucker to finish her matinée performance. Around me sat eight or ten men and women. I had casually speculated on their business backstage, putting them down as friends of various performers, salesmen, and what have you. A booming voice rolled toward us from the general direction of a door opening on the stage. Preceded by her accompanist, Ted Shapiro, Sophie Tucker strode into the green room. Strode is the word. The woman radiates vigor. She is magnetic.

In and Outers

THAT same magnetism which has electrified vaudeville audiences wherever she plays ran through the room like a spark. The mystery of the waiters was solved. They all wanted to see Sophie Tucker. Song-pluggers with new numbers, a stuttering boy with an engaging smile who wanted her to hear him sing, a man who had jewelry to sell, a couple who whispered their request for a loan. Sophie smiled on them all, shook hands vigorously all around and in amazingly quick time had sent them all away happy, including the pair who wanted to make a touch.

She grabbed my hand, led me at a rapid pace through the backstage labyrinth and we were in her dressing-room.

"What can I tell you?" She smiled. Before I could answer she flung out in that booming, melodious voice: "You know, I'm crazy about this first picture of mine. The story looks great and I think it fits me. The company making it has been wonderful. And, baby! what a studio they have! You know, the first time I ever had my foot in one of those places was yesterday, when they made a test. Not of the voice. They've heard my phonograph records; and when it comes right down to it, what is a talking picture but a phonograph record with plenty of amplification behind it? So that part of it is okay. But I can't get over the immensity of that big place out on Sunset Boulevard. They really should furnish automobiles to take you from stage to stage. I've played in the biggest theaters in this country and abroad, including the Hippodrome in New York and the Pavilion in London, but this studio thing has taken my breath away. The space, the lights, the equipment—why, I was like a kid

(*Continued on page 74*)



Albert Davis

Maybe off the stage Buster Keaton was always the little gentleman. But certainly not often on it. The rôle of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, at the left, thus is a rarity in characterization with him. At the right he is shown as he was when a member of The Three Keatons: Myra, Buster — standing —and Joe

Classic's Family Album

The dead pan which is Buster Keaton's trade-mark on the screen is evidently no innovation. As can be seen in the five pictures of him above, there's not enough of a smile for even a microscope to bring out

Our Own News Camera



Dyar

A dog on good instrument—the xylophone. And more than doggone well-played by Clara Bow for the benefit of the radio audience which tunes in for the Motion Picture hour broadcast once a week from a Los Angeles station

Any night on the back porch—his own, too—you'll find Mary Duncan's Sealyham terrier playing watchdog for himself. The star has had a small model of a farmhouse—an exact replica of one used on a set in a recent picture of hers—built to serve as her pet's kennel



Thomas

Off the screen as well as on, you must chalk up to the credit of Robert Armstrong an unusual number of hits. As a member of the Hollywood baseball team, his name has stood out as impressively in the box-score as in the box-office records



Thomas

Three of a kind: two queens on the Poker-Dart board and another—her name Dorothy Appleby—at the right. With one like her around a pack of cards, do you wonder the deuces are wild? Or that even the spades and clubs break out in flushes?



Thomas

Who is the Dorothy Ward boss? She has a locket containing both a watch and a photograph. But whose picture it is Dorothy won't tell. Whoever he is, there's this that can be remarked about him: he's certainly getting plenty of time

CINEMA SHOTS FROM COAST TO C



It's fitting and proper for a movie star to give free rein to her emotions. But not to her aquaplane. Here's Alice White demonstrating the reason why, off the coast of Santa Monica



Trinidad's little girl, that's who Marilyn Morgan—at the right—is. She's from the West Indies, she's never been inside a picture studio. And yet she's slated for stardom. But you can easily see why

If Kay Bryant—below—goes to it dressed as she is here, there's not much difficulty in understanding why they called the picture she's playing in with Clara Bow, "The Wild Party"



Richee

A year ago Cathrine Hoffman interviewed Hugh Allan on love. And recently he interviewed her on the same subject, this time not for magazine but for matrimonial purposes. She summed up the whole question in a word: "Yes"



P. & A.

The victor vanquished: Richard Arlen—above—may have knocked out Mary Brian at boxing. But one, although dazed, glance from her eyes has completely slain him. When Mary socks 'em that way, they stay socked. They like to

Wm. E. Thomas

Aping Abe: Sally Blane—below—gives an impression of how Lincoln would have spent the long winter evenings of his youth, if he had been a girl. Doubtless studying movie acting by mail



Bachrach

COAST AND BACK TO COAST AGAIN

To keep your It, you've got to keep fit. Such is the belief of Dorothy Janis—below. She exercises daily and strenuously in a little gym in her own home



Bull



Bull

Bullock

Two stars who'll listen to each other are Norma Talmadge—above—and Laura Hope Crews, one of America's most finished stage actresses. Norma has asked Miss Crews to coach her for her first talking part

Tip-toeing toward fame: Nina May—at the left—was a dancer in the negro revue, "Blackbirds of 1928," until King Vidor drafted her to do her stuff in his all-colored picture, "Hallelujah"

Though neither is Mike and neither is Ike, the fact remains, they look alike: Gilbert Roland—on the left—and Ramon Novarro, in the bathing suit



Can it be that Elizabeth Collins—below—has a passion for animals? For here she is discovered, right in her own home, raising two dogs and a pair of calves



Autrey



Pretty near the end of both the bridle and bridal paths are Nick Stuart and Sue Carol—above. It's a matter of only a short time now before they get hitched

But Is *It* Art?

The Most Browbeaten Word In The Hollywood Dictionary

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

"I AM an artist," groans the poor movie star, plunging her fork into a steaming dish of vitamins and crab-apples during the lunch recess; "God, what one must suffer for one's art!" The meal eaten, she staggers back to the set and spends the afternoon having her knees photographed in close-up.

"If there is an epidemic of fallen arches among Hollywood cowboys," remarks a publicist at one of the largest studios, "it can be blamed on art. Custom demands that modern cowboys shall wear high-heeled boots. They all do. Art demands that they wear moccasins."

What has this poor little word ART done to come in for such rough treatment at the hands of the movie industry?

It started out on its pathetic history with the simple significance, "the application of means to an end." Making coffins, carpets, or cookies was art. When somebody discovered that by the application of pigments to a canvas one could make life-like representations of men and things, the word took to itself this special significance.

The trouble began when the Botticellis and the Titians began using their pigments in such a way that one person in every thousand who saw the result frothed at the mouth with æsthetic delight, while the other nine hundred and ninety-nine opined that there was nothing in it for them but a bunch of obese females floating in the air without visible means of support.

Cloak and Suitable

OTHER and more commercial-minded gentlemen saw their chance and began painting wild and impossible cerise sunsets silhouetting a couple necking on a park bench. The nine hundred and ninety-nine flocked to see their work and declared emphatically for it. Botticelli became art. Art became anathema.

With the dawn of movies, art was a word with obvious advantages for the disappointed cloak-and-suit men who launched the new industry. Anything you didn't understand was art. The intelligence of the cloak-and-suit men being what it was, the word went for practically everything. The happy ending seemed popular, so unhappy ones were art. Close-ups were art until Griffith proved that the public liked them. Middle-aged heroes and heroines were art until Jannings became popular. Lack of love interest was art until "Beau Geste." A shiny nose was art until Jack Gilbert sold it to the public in "The Merry Widow." Even spitting was art before "The Big Parade." Unhappy endings became good business, so they were art no longer. Art was anything and everything that wasn't business.

"Lay off this art stuff" has been the tender watchword of the motion pictures. It didn't mean lay off the beauties of Titian, the majesty of Wagner, the intelligent simplicity of Picasso, the grandeur of Milton. It meant lay off shiny noses and spitting.

But shiny noses, spitting and so many other highbrow things have now become so popular that the moguls of Hollywood have had to readjust their viewpoint on art. Listen to the glorious words





Illustrations
By
Eldon Kelley

of Otto Kahn at a film salesmen's convention in Washington:

The Pro and Kahn of Art

"IN boosting art to you, gentlemen of the sales force, I am doing so not merely from the point of view I have indicated, but equally so from the point of view of practical advantage. Art pays. Regard for æsthetic considerations has come to be an element of 'best policy'. . . . Art means far more to the people than is generally realized by those who are but superficially acquainted with the lives and sentiments of the broad masses. . . . There are many millions of plain people whose souls are hungry, whose ears are open to the call of art, whose eyes light up at her approach, whose voices welcome her with enthusiastic gladness. Art is not the plaything of opulence. Neither is it highbrow stuff. It is robust, red-blooded, deep-rooted and democratic. Art is on the march in America—vigorously so. . . . The scoffer at art is gone out of fashion."

Now what, think you, does this mean?

It means merely that Hollywood has decided it is no longer in its infancy and that art is a nice grown-up sort of word to bandy about. What better way of proving how grand and glorious the movies are than to announce that they actually *are* art? We all know that people go to see them. Therefore, Q.E.D., art pays. The discovery is immensely flattering to the public and at once absolves them from all the tiresome necessity of pretending they enjoy Shakespeare and Michelangelo. It suddenly dawns on them that the movies, which they have always pretended to scoff at, are really art all the time. The fans are art-lovers. Long, loud huzzahs for art!

The director of a chain of film theaters, in an effort to prove that the public likes art, said:

A Passion for Art Objects

"THE subject interests me personally because of the growing appreciation I feel on the part of the people as reflected in their increasing interest in the better things done in the theaters of our corporation. It would interest you greatly to know the greater attention being paid to the art objects and the paintings around our theaters, the ever-increasing interest in music, and the tendency of the producers of motion pictures to present subjects with psychological values as contrasted to the great run of silly obvious plays prevailing heretofore."

Anyone who has visited a metropolitan movie theater and patrolled its corridors will be delighted to hear its ornaments described as works of art. It is also a source of delight to all of us that when we listen to Sid Schmolz at the organ accompanying two-colored lantern slides on the screen, we are listening to art. It makes it totally unnecessary for us to go and be bored through two hours of Wagner at Carnegie Hall to make our friends think we are highbrow. By all means let us get our art through the organ pipes in future. Art is such fun, as Professor Erskine might say.

In Hollywood, art is no longer what it has been—a word practically outlawed except as an abbreviation of Arthur. Art pays. The least little thing out of the ordinary in a picture is now art. A director has only to put a potted palm in front of his camera to be labeled a great artist. Shots made with the camera anywhere but at normal eye-level are art work. Subtitles written on silhouette backgrounds are art. Chaneyesque make-up is art. Any sort of trick dissolve is art. Multiple printing on a single positive is art. A fairly good actor or actress is declared to be very artistic. Even still pictures given out to magazines by the studios are called art. In fact, everyone is thoroughly satisfied that Hollywood is an art center. Everyone, that is, except the imported writers, who, poor eggs, continue to leave Hollywood after a few weeks stay declaring that if the movies are art, then so are their respective Aunt Fannies.

Art is getting so popular that one has only to open a theater as an art theater to attract throngs of people to see Swedish and French movies which can be rented for seventy-five cents a week. Hollywood has its Filmarte theater, which is just the old La Mirada (a neighborhood house) with crooked instead of straight pink stripes over the awning, and hideously old-fashioned foreign pictures in place of the former modern American ones. New York has several such places, where as high as ninety-nine cents is charged to see a picture that could not cost the theater much more for its week's rental.

It is beginning to be an axiom of artisticness to bring to the fore anything that has been conceived by somebody no one ever heard of. The more obscure the author and the more difficult to pronounce his name, the higher is the product æsthetically.

Let's all get together and be just too frightfully artistic. Art pays. So does bootlegging.



Ray Jones

A Warm Woman

Take it as you will, Evelyn Brent qualifies for the title. And when it comes to an understanding of how to look attractive, she need not, as she does here, hold a volume in her hand to establish the fact that she knows her book

for Richard, *for* Poorer

The New Mrs. Barthelmess Is A Meet Helpmeet For Dick

By BEATRICE WILSON



HAVING luncheon with Richard Barthelmess and his wife on their recent trip to New York was like watching a ten-ring circus. Their suite at the Hotel Ambassador resembled the Grand Central Station in the five o'clock rush. Telephones rang madly, messenger boys, valets, chauffeurs, maids, bellboys and fan magazine interviewers—such modesty!—seethed around the pivot of interest and nearly drove him frantic.

Fortunately, old friends could be informally received. I had luncheon in the bedroom with Mrs. Barthelmess, who in all this confusion aroused my admiration by her calmness, her understanding and her cool handling of one annoying interruption after another. And what with Dick running in and out of the room every five minutes; what with Bill Powell handing me the salt and pepper, and what with thus having an opportunity to avoid the usual blatant business of interviewing, I considered myself quite lucky.

Dick hasn't changed a bit. The same good-looking, talented Richard Barthelmess that I have known for ten years or more, greeted me when I arrived. He introduced his wife and excused himself to see some half-dozen other writers who were in the drawing-room.

Not a Movie Type

THE new Mrs. Barthelmess—they have only been married about ten months—is a very charming young woman. Not at all movie-ish, she appears to be the proper person to have such a temperament in charge as that belonging to Dick. She is a remarkably well-poised being. Practical, earthy, cheerful, and slightly aloof. Whereas young Richard is just the opposite in character. He has always been grave in speech and thought. He is, I presume, as extravagant as other famous motion picture stars drawing fabulous salaries.

During luncheon, the story of their meeting and courtship was told. They met on a boat bound for Europe over two years ago. Richard was going abroad for a rest. They liked each other and played around together during the trip.

However, it was not a case of love at first sight. They forgot all about each other until Mrs. Barthelmess—she was Jessica Sargent then—went out to California last year. Shortly afterwards, they were married.

She has a sense of humor. Whenever Dick came into the room, which was quite often, they kidded each other just as two men would. You could see a spirit of comradeship that is quite unusual in a couple of newlyweds.

"What do you think of your city, where despite the fact that I know so many people, I have to send out to the Coast and invite a play-fellow to visit me?" asked Dick.

"What do you mean?"

Havana, Ho!

"BILL, here. He just arrived this morning from California to make us a visit," replied Dick. "This is my first vacation in two years, and Jessica and I are going to play for another month before I have to go back to work. We are leaving for Palm Beach Sunday, just as soon as 'Weary River' opens, and then Bill and I are going to take Jessica over to Cuba. She's never seen Havana, and we are quite anxious to show her the place and have her meet the most interesting person there."

Here he winked at me behind her back.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Oh, someone told her that when I was down in Havana several years ago, making 'The Bright Shawl,' I spent most of my time at Marion How's. Bill was there, too; and Jessica's heard so much about us and Marion How that she can't wait to see her."

"That's all they talk about," declared Mrs. Barthelmess with a smile. "If I didn't know them both so well, I'd be green with jealousy. Anyway, I want to meet this famous person, and judge for myself whether there is any real reason for so much excitement."

Bill and Dick grinned at each other like a couple of kids instead of two hard-boiled, sophisticated movie stars. By the time this article appears, Dick's wife will have found out all about the celebrated Marion How, which in reality is the famous Havana bathing beach existing under the name of Marianao, pronounced in English Marion How. What she'll do to those two when she finds out the joke

(*Continued on page 76*)

Laurence Reid Reviews the New Photoplays

The Celluloid







Above: Bessie Love, Charles King and Anita Page in "The Broadway Melody"; at the right: John Loder and Ruth Chatterton in "The Doctor's Secret"; and below: Frank Reicher, Russell Gleason and June Nash in "Strange Cargo"

"THE Broadway Melody" is one that you want to be sure to try on your piano. For its ability to entertain, and throughout its length, this talkie not only is several laps ahead of the average photoplay, but well in advance of the average stage comedy, with or without music.

Essentially there is nothing distinctive about the story. It concerns the members of a small-time sister-team who come to New York to break into the big revues. And who both are in love with the same man, a song-writer and song-and-dance performer. The plainer and the elder of the two girls is engaged to him at the beginning of the picture. And the younger and more spectacular, rather than break up her sister's romance, decides to accede to the suggestions of a man-about-town whose favorite occupation is doing no good by our Nell or anyone else.

Such is the situation from out of which the characters must make their happiness. And if it is not of the richest fabric in the world, it is so splendidly carried by both the principal and lesser players that no one will ever notice the fact. Bessie Love's impersonation of one of the girls is so excellent that we are inclined to prophesy that when better work of that sort is done, Bessie will be the one to do it. And Anita Page, while less deft and versatile, performs in a manner which justifies the choice of those who have given her her opportunities. Although it is a pity that all her weight is not histrionic. Charles King, new to the screen, sings and acts with all the pleasingness that has made him a headliner in Broadway musical shows for a decade or more. And Kenneth Thompson, as the rich fella with designs and desires, provides a characterization so convincing as to make one wonder if he's like that off the screen. But this could keep up indefinitely. There's little but praise and a lot of it to be accorded "The Broadway Melody." You'll more than like it.

Java with Cream

THEY haven't made Greta Garbo over as a temptress of the Nile, but they have taken her to the far East (to Java) where under the spell of an erotic moon, bizarre backgrounds—and the magic of Nils Asther's honeyed love offerings she nearly forgets her marital vows. Thus you have the Swedish lady in her newest essay, "Wild Orchids." John Colton wrote it. He also wrote "Rain." Naturally, he has injected a bit of the latter and some of Somerset Maugham's Eastern extract to flavor it.

The piece is a familiar yarn—that of the trustful, but neglectful husband who, with business to attend to in Java, takes the spouse along for company. So she responds to the Oriental monkey-shines of a Javanese prince whose palace makes the Grand Central Station look like a 'dobe hut. It is treated to plenty of atmosphere and is well constructed in building its denouement—which has the wife returning to her senses after a near-tragedy has almost written its doom. And so one can call it a conven-

Critic

THIS MONTH

THE BROADWAY MELODY — WILD ORCHIDS
STRANGE CARGO — THE DOCTOR'S SECRET
NED McCOBB'S DAUGHTER — THE GHOST TALKS

tional triangle, made interesting through Garbo's portrayal, Lewis Stone's lifelike performance as the husband, and Asther's as the playfellow.

If You're Not Hungry

SOMEWHAT in the artichoke class is "The Doctor's Secret." If you don't happen to be in the mood for anything heavier, you'll like it. But if you're looking for good old corned beef and cabbage dramatic fare, you're likely to go home and poke about for something in the ice-box.

It's one of those rather sprightly drawing-room comedies, with plenty of drawing-room in the dialogue. The original author is J. M. Barrie; and although that, as pictures are made today, needn't necessarily have anything to do with the finished article, it does in this case happen to. Much of the lightness of touch and negligible worth of content marking Barrie's novels and plays is reflected in the photoplay from his story.

The secret in question and in the possession of the doctor is that of the intention of the wife of a bestial sort of husband to elope with another man. She is prevented by the reasonably valid obstacle of her lover's death. And when this happens, she finds herself in the predicament of being faithless without anyone to be faithless with. The question in her mind and the element which makes for the interest in the outcome of the tale is whether or not the doctor will tell on her.

The film play is well acted, with Ruth Chatterton, H. B. Warner and John Loder in the cast. In all, "The Doctor's Secret" is above the average, likely to be liked if you don't expect too much of it in meatiness.





Above: Irene Rich and Robert Armstrong in "Ned McCobb's Daughter"; at the left: Helen Twelvetrees and Charles Eaton in "The Ghost Talks"; and below: Lewis Stone, Greta Garbo and Nils Asther in "Wild Orchids"

Substantive Chowder

AFTER all, a woman has got to raise her children somehow. And if her husband is not only undependable and worthless, but downright scoundrelly, maybe she's justified in joining her brother-in-law in his illegal but lucrative calling of bootlegging.

At any rate, this is the central idea in "Ned McCobb's Daughter," the said descendant being the last of a line of Maine deep-sea fishermen. She conducts a shore-dinner emporium on the coast, but her nature is of the ruggedness of her forebears. She has a family and at all costs she intends to see that the offsprings get a chance in life. Hence her receptiveness to a way out, even though the egress carry her through the back-window of lawlessness.

The picture is founded upon a New York stage play of a season ago. It was a hit in its original form; and in its translation to celluloid, although it has been adapted to this medium, it retains virtually all of its quality. It is good, straight drama, interesting and vital and human. With Irene Rich in the title rôle, George Barraud as her husband and Robert Armstrong in the character of his brother, the story takes on a genuine air of reality. It is worth seeing. If not great, it is engrossing.

(Continued on page 94)



That's how Anita Page figures it. If she was careless enough to overturn her drink the first time and, the second, let most of it spill, she was quick enough to get out and get under the overflow. As to what's in the glass, you can see from Anita's gesture that she doesn't believe in telling cocktails out of school

Better Late Than Never

R. H. Louise Photos

From Pickles to Pictures

At Eton, John Loder Was Usually In One; In Germany He Made His Own

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE



Richee Photos

JOHN LODER'S signal lack of the good old British spirit was first in evidence when, at the age of six, he came rushing from the nursery to greet his father who was returning from the Boer War, and fell down the last six stairs, landing on the seat of his pants and setting up a fearful caterwaul, which was not at all the thing for the son and heir of Major-General Sir William Lowe, K.C.B.

We may pick him up again as a lad at Eton College, wearing short jackets and wide starched collars. The reports on his progress that came in for Sir William's perusal showed that little John's better self and the ideals that made England what it is today were as far as ever from coming to the surface. "Does just enough work to escape punishment," read the reports, term after term. In spite of his general disinclination to make headway except as what he now calls "one of those boys newcomers to the school were warned against," he consistently won prizes in the studies of history and of the scriptures.

In explanation of his outrageous brightness concerning the personalities of Holy Writ, he says: "Somehow I always used to know what all these old birds used to do."

A Pal of Princes

JOHN'S other claim to fame during his Eton days was the fact that during them he made the acquaintance of the Prince of Wales. Henry, Wales's kid brother, was in the same school house as John. When Wales dashed over on Sundays from Oxford University in a sporty roadster, to show Henry what a smart and sophisticated guy he had for a brother, John would often meet the heir to the throne and discuss with him the fascinating facts of life—getting the advantage of Wales's superior knowledge gained from the viewpoint of Oxford and comparative freedom. In fact, Wales probably taught John Loder a thing or two. Not to mention the things John probably taught Wales.

From Eton John went to Sandhurst Military College to learn to follow in his father's footsteps as a pillar of the British Army. Then the war broke out. John swindled his age, calling himself eighteen when he was only just seventeen, and went off to the Gallipoli campaign—the youngest commissioned officer at the front. It was all war, in various districts, for the next four years. He served in Egypt as A.D.C. to the commander of the British forces there; in Dublin during the Irish revolution; and in France. Then he was taken prisoner and remained in Germany until the end of the war. Even then he didn't go home. He stayed on in Berlin repatriating prisoners and doing intelligence work.

In 1924 he met a German girl at a party and married her. Just afterward he left his army connections, and for no particular reason he opened a pickle factory in Potsdam.

Germane to Germans

"THAT," he says, "was the first time in my life I had got out of the military atmosphere. You see, even before I went to Eton—as far back as I remember—life for me was just one garrison town after another; father coming home to lunch in uniform, and all that—you know, horses and so on.

"I'd already been in Germany seven years. Now I was starting my non-military life by going into business there. The result is that I'm not so frightfully British now as I used to be. My wife is German; and I feel part of me belongs there, don't you see?

"In Hollywood, where there is an English colony and a German colony, I sort of waver between the two. But I spend most of my time with my old friends from Berlin: Emil Jannings, Conrad Veidt, and the rest of 'em.

"My partner, a Scottish officer, and I started in our pickle enterprise by personally heaving cauliflowers about and that sort of thing. Then we began to do big business, as we were the only people making pickles for pickle-hungry Germans at that time. Things went wonderfully

(*Continued on page 75*)



More

Two Additional And Stimulating Newcomers From Below The Rio Grande Are Lia Tora And Maria Alba



Excitement!

No wonder, with girls like these in the lands to the south of us, that it required a battleship to get Mr. Hoover home. They're two unmistakable incentives to win the presidency and see the world. Lia Tora is shown directly above; and with the tambourine and on the extreme left on the opposite page. Maria Alba is in the other three pictures

Hesser Photos

Houdini HAMILTON

Neil's Parlor Tricks Would Be Worth The Price of Admission If There Was Any

By WALTER RAMSEY



Dyar

In his home, and particularly in entertaining his guests there, Neil Hamilton has, no less than on the screen, a magic personality. Here he is about to shed a pair of handcuffs



Richee

WE shall call him Houdini Hamilton because that is partly his name. The last part. The other stands for his own particular brand of black magic, parlor tricks, mysterious voices from mysterious places and so forth, with which Neil Hamilton baffles his guests and keeps Hollywood guessing as to how he does it.

Why he does it is very simple. He gets a kick out of his bag of tricks. Even more fun than working in a talkie picture is to watch the expressions of incredulity that dawn after the talking vase has answered a whispered question, or the woman in the coffin has been successfully stabbed right in full view of everybody.

Neil's comfortable apartment in Hollywood, where he and his young wife have their home, is a perfect magician's hall of good parlor and vaudeville tricks. Some of these stunts, which he performs so gleefully—much in the manner of a boy who has something up his sleeve—have cost him hundreds of dollars out of his salary. And he is the first to admit that they are tricks.

"I don't pretend to be a fortune-teller or a psychic or any of that bunk," Neil chuckled after I'd cornered him one day at his home. "These stunts of mine are just frankly that—stunts. But they are good ones and I'm not going to ruin your fun and mine by exposing them.

The Oath of Secrecy

"IN the first place, it would be sort of a dirty trick to play on the vaudeville magicians who make their livelihood that way. Besides, an actor can never tell what is going to happen from one day to another in Hollywood and I might want to branch out in vaudeville with them myself some day. No need in biting the hand that may feed you, huh? And then, all good magicians take an oath not to give away their secrets."

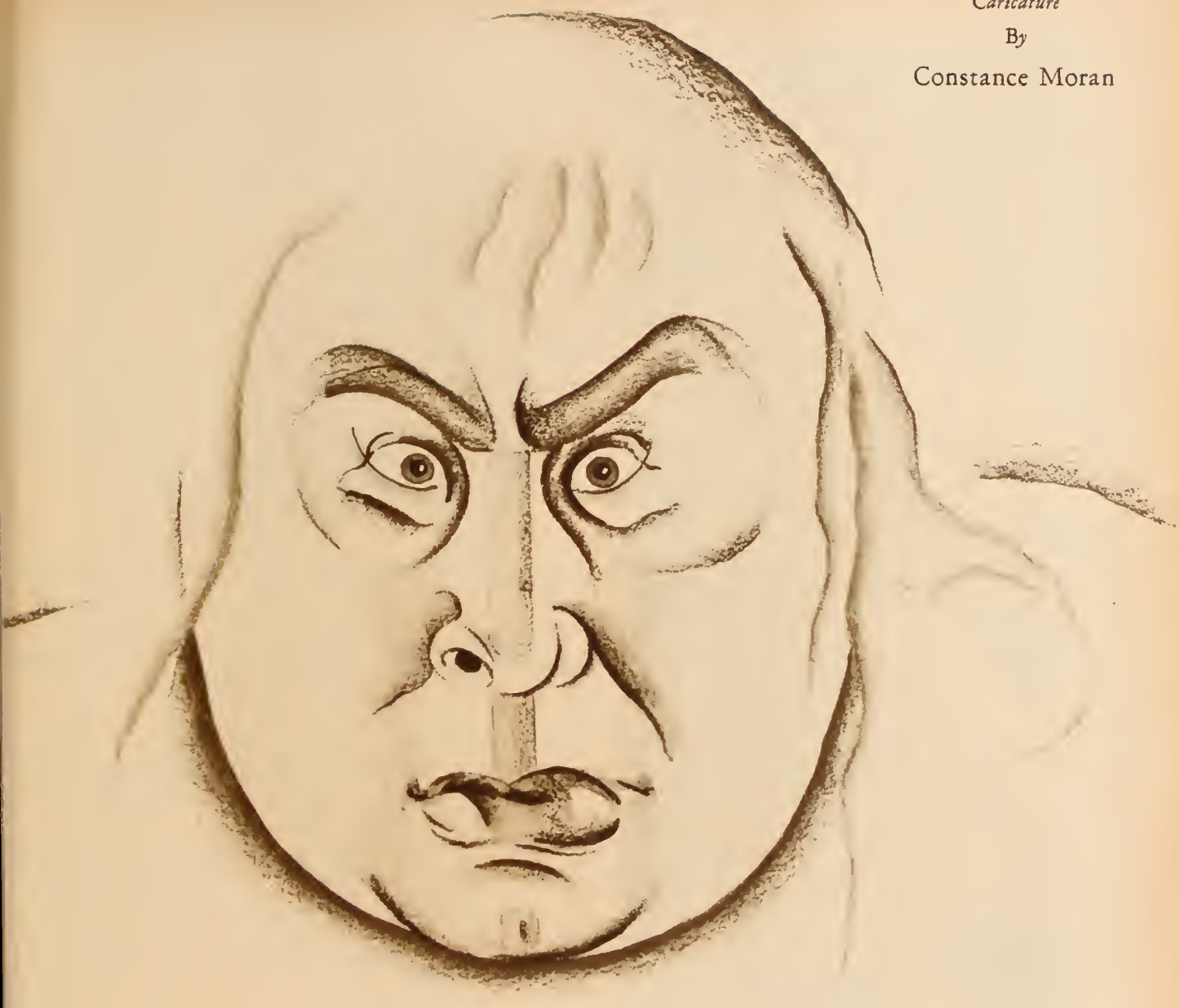
Off the screen Neil is pretty much like he is on it. Peppy and enthusiastic, just like the chap he is in Bebe Daniels' and Esther Ralston's comedies. He's the wholesome type of good-looking chap who would be the last to be associated with mysterious footfalls and squeaky ghosts—but they're his meat, brother. The tricks he pulled on a few of us were as good as anything I've seen at the Orpheum for twice the money.

Now, folks, if you like, I will show you how Neil puts on his little show. Everybody take a chair around the edge of the living-room. Quiet, please.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we have here for the first illusion of the evening the spirit vase. There's a little

(*Continued on page 96*)

Caricature
By
Constance Moran



Pronounce or *Renounce?*

Emil Jannings has come to the conclusion that he must do the one in regard to the English language, or the other in regard to his high place upon the American screen. The picture is an impression of his emotions upon encountering the assignment to say, easily and without pause, "Six thick thistle sticks"





Cannons

For Ethlyne, everything seems to be Clair sailing. Fresh from her election as a 1929 Baby Star, she forthwith was cast in the name part of a serial entitled "Queen of the Northwoods"

Queen Kelly wears a crown of straw: Gloria Swanson, as the heroine of this newest of her pictures, dresses more like a milliner's apprentice in it than like a monarch

Looking Them Hollywood

Close-Ups From The West Coast

WHY the absent treatment lately among Hollywood romancers?

Gentlemen with steady lady friends are stagging it to parties lest people make who-knows-what out of it.

At the recent affair thrown by Claire Windsor—which was one of our bigger and better hey-heys—who should show up in stag formation but Edwin Carewe, Buddy Rogers, Lloyd Pantages and a couple of others.

As these gentlemen usually accompany Dolores Del Rio, Mary Brian—or Claire Windsor—and Carol Lombard, respectively, one might gently wonder what the ladies were doing that evening. Claire was there, naturally, but she was escorted by someone other than Buddy. Edwin Carewe very decorously devoted himself to his daughter, Rita; and Lloyd Pantages spent most of his time with another stag in the smoking-room. Surely the most gossipy could not carry back word of any mild trifling—but what for, what for?

It seems to us that a presumably studied avoidance of any situation would only render it the more pointed.

Rain in Vain

"THE Broadway Melody" is a hit—and how! Bessie Love is the girl of the hour, and even a drenching rain on the night of the premiere couldn't dampen the enthusiasm of her friends. Nor did it slow up, or discourage, the ever-present sidewalk crowd which gathered about six-thirty and stood three or four hours in a steady downpour to watch the gals come in.

Marion Davies looked prettier than she has ever looked before, in an imported white gown. Marion has lately been one of the most stunningly gowned women in Hollywood—if not the most. No more careless sport outfits for her. At a Montmartre luncheon she appeared in all gray that was Oh-Boy Parisienne and quite took the edge off our foremost clothes-racks.

Ritzing the Radio

TO get back to the premiere, Billie Dove looked glorious in red. Billie seems to have gone in for an all-red wardrobe. She has outfits for sports, afternoon and evening in that color.

Norma Shearer was in pale green and got her pumps wet stepping from her car to the curb.



Freulich

There'll be a broken heart for every showing of "Broadway," with so enchanting a leading woman in the play as Merna Kennedy. She is one of the many discoveries of Charlie Chaplin that argue for the infallibility of his insight in divining ability

"The Woman in White" in garments of a more sombre shade: Blanche Sweet, who has just come back from England and playing the title part of this story by Wilkie Collins

Over Out Way

By DOROTHY MANNERS



Keyes

Incidentally, the players were a little ritzy to the radio man that night, many of them waving him aside and shaking their heads at his invitation to say "Hello" to the folks.

Maybe it was the bum weather.

A Word to Nancy

NANCY CARROLL has never been accused of being the most popular girl in Hollywood. Ever since the cute little red-head set her foot into a studio, she has been considered temperamental and a bit difficult. But not since Norma Talmadge in her palmiest day has a girl's work captured the hearts of her fellow players as Nancy's. She was there with buttons on in "The Shopworn Angel," to hear Hollywood tell it.

Now if Nancy would just remember to speak to the gateman as she came to work, she'd be a wow with the home folks.

Cooper Up, Gary

IT'S all right with me if Gary Cooper has an eagle for a pet, But does he have to let it ride around with him in the back seat of his limousine?

Thrifty, Thrifty

THE Broadway stars are not going Hollywood. The little talkers from the East, who are not used to salaries of more than a couple of hundred weekly, are taking it easy. No Beverly Hills layouts for them.

Helen Twelvetrees is living quietly in a Hollywood bungalow with only two rooms completely furnished.

Dorothy Burgess has rented a small house in a bungalow court and is getting along without benefit of French maids or any maids at all. There are others living equally out of debt. You don't see them much at the Montmartre. Or the Mayfair. They shop elsewhere than Bess Shlank's where one may pick up nice little things for three or four hundred dollars.

They may set a good example to the movie girls—but I doubt it.

The Baby Stars' Papa

TOM MIX and Gwen Lee, the MGM baby vamp, are among those people who are going together. Since

(*Continued on page 79*)



Autrey

High and Low

Would anyone have to search to find another girl as charming as Sally Phipps is ordinarily. And as she is especially in "Joy Street." Which makes it fitting that she should affect a skirt of the one sort and a waist of the other

He's THROUGH with Women

One Throwdown Was Enough For Big Boy Williams

By
HERBERT CRUIKSHANK



Big Boy, as he is today—above—and before he was one—at the left. He looks to have been more serious before the ladies disillusioned him than after

THIS is the story of a man who doesn't give a whoop. For whom life has lost its kick. To whom success and failure are as one. Deprived of joy. Bereft of sorrow. A man disillusioned. Who never again can be disappointed. Who has lost the capacity for pain. A man robbed of his soul. By a woman. This is the story of a man who doesn't give a whoop.

Back in 1900, down in the Texas cow country, thousands of cattle roamed the range. And every longhorn bore the G-Bar brand. They were the property of old man Williams, whose grass was bounded by miles of fence. It sprawled over several counties of the great state. And zig-zagged down through New Mexico. The old man himself hailed from Mississippi. Trailed across as a kid with his parents. In a covered wagon. But his son was born under the Lone Star. They called him Guinn. A family name rich in the fragrance of Scotland's hieland heather. From the beginning everyone called him Big Boy.

At five the lad was milking cows. And riding horses. At ten he trotted off to distant cattle marts. With blank signed checks in his pocket. To purchase hundreds of head of stock for his dad. By fifteen he could pour leather into any bad-eyed bronc that every bucked. And could speak Latin. He went to this school and that. His name is enrolled on the registry of a half dozen fresh-water colleges. He never went to one place long. But he learned something at each of them. He was too restless to stay put. His eyes were always turned westward.

"How far is it till there are no fences?" he'd ask the riders.

Once he saddled up and rode a thousand miles straight toward the setting sun. They located him six months later working for fifteen a month and grub. His father brought him home.

"If it hadn't been for the war," he says, "I would never have got out of Texas."

Pa Says No

BUT the war came. And after two months' training it was Lieutenant Williams, if you please. And Guinn had made the acquaintance of a telephone for the first time. He's still sore because he didn't get across. Perhaps that's why he was fed up with the Army after the Armistice. The old man, a powerful figure in the community, had an appointment to West Point waiting for him. But Guinn turned it down. He wanted to stay in the cow business. "Caow," Guinn calls it. This wish was vetoed. Land was rapidly becoming too valuable to be used merely as cattle fodder. There was no future. A superb athlete, the youngster signed a contract to play ball with the Chicago Nationals. This failed to meet with family approval. There was an impasse between father and son.

"I read in the magazines about all the jack William S. Hart and those fellows were making," he says. "And I knew I could ride." That's how Big Boy Williams came to Hollywood. And heard "Hell" said in a lady's presence

(*Continued on page 78*)



It isn't pride that has driven Lucien Littlefield to be an entire team in himself, ranging from center field to behind the bat in his efforts. It's just that he plays so exceptionally badly that he can't find anyone in his class except himself

The Futility Man

Lucien Littlefield Can Play Any Position In Baseball. And Make Any Error

Grinding Out GRINS

Bobby Vernon Cannot See Himself As An Artist

By DOROTHY LUBOU



BOBBY VERNON is quite unique even in Hollywood. Ten years with the same film company and no kick about his stories or salary.

Ten years married to the same girl and working on a comedy lot with bathing beauties.

Ten years grinding out two-reel comedies of the kick-in-the-pants, slip-on-banana peel humor and no Chaplinesque Hamlet ambitions.

He is satisfied to go on indefinitely, collecting his generous salary every week, driving his handsome roadster about town and week-ending on his yacht with his pretty wife and blonde daughter. A successful man. A little man who takes seriously the business of making the world laugh. He is selling so many laughs every week. They have to be up to standard. And audiences are funny, he'll tell you.

"It's a peculiar thing about comedy. A gag that'll give one audience a laugh will fall flat in a theater two blocks away. Can't explain it. Everybody'll cry at the same tear-jerker. A sob scene will be just as effective in England, France or New York as in Dubuque, but comedy is something else again."

Has he any say as to his stories and direction?



Bobby Vernon's young in years. But in experience—well, he played in screen comedies when Gloria Swanson was Mack Sennett's leading woman

Knowing Weather to Sleep

"OH, yes, I sit in on the story conferences and help direct. We turn out a picture in ten or twelve days. When Gloria Swanson and I were working for Sennett, it would take sometimes two or three months to make a two-reeler. We'd rehearse for a week or so before we'd crank a camera. But the weather had something to do with it, too. You see, photography in those days wasn't what it is now and most of our scenes were exteriors. Cheaper, you know. Didn't have to build sets. If we had a call for the next day and we woke up to find it cloudy or raining, we'd just go back to bed again. And it sure can rain out here during the wet season."

Bobby wasn't always the quiet, well-pressed man that he is now. In his tender youth, when he was a baby-faced eighteen, earning five dollars a day when he worked, he liked his fun. The girls thought him cute and mamma had her hands full keeping the Hollywood sirens away from her son. And it didn't matter if his one suit was indeed shabby, just so he could afford a big, prosperous-looking cigar.

Though most actors will go hungry and let the room-rent slide to keep the crease in their trousers looking just so, and let mother take in a day's washing if necessary to keep them going, Bobby would buy mamma a new bonnet or a handsome shawl at a time when the seat of his pants

(*Continued on page 82*)

How To See Hollywood

(*Continued from page 31*)

tourists who leave their section to secure the autographs of their favorite stars. I was lunching with Dolores Costello on Wednesday, recently, when she signed forty-eight album books. I do not claim that the stars enjoy this practice, but it has become a regular Hollywood custom and is accepted in the spirit of all celebrity-customs.

Wednesday night is also featured by the Montmartre. But aside from the star-hostess and her party, the evenings are not to be compared for popularity with the luncheon period.

Fatty Arbuckle established the Plantation in August. Because he is one of the gang, the picture people flock *en masse* to his cabaret on Washington Boulevard, Culver City, a half-mile west of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. He introduces all visiting celebrities to his other patrons.

Where Stars Aren't Stars

ON the contrary, the Pom Pom, 8533 Santa Monica Boulevard, takes no public cognizance of the renowned folk who enter its portals. No introductions are made; no spotlights turned on the visitors. It has a revue which features the most scantily clad dancing girls west of Chicago and which claims headline space in the Los Angeles papers when a new entertainment is offered. Almost any evening you will find from eight to twenty stars slipping quietly to tables reserved for them, happy in the knowledge that here, at least, they are just plain every-day people.

The Russian-American Club, 4425 Harold Way, attracts not only every Russian actor in town, but a large percentage of the others. Saturday is the big night here and the program combines the classical and the popular. *A la* Chauve Souris caviar and borscht, the best in Russian dishes, are served nightly. Baclanova and her fiancé, Soussanin, Michal Vavich, and other famed Russians eat here practically every evening.

Henry's, after midnight, is as popular as Reuben's after the shows in New York City. Although you will find well-known people at Henry's for luncheons and dinners, midnight is the hour which the notables are never too tired to miss.

A few blocks west of Henry's there is an unostentatious French-Italian restaurant called Musso-Frank's which is popular because of its steaks and fish. Charlie Chaplin and Harold Lloyd, two of Hollywood's real connoisseurs on the art of eating, dine there frequently. Many a contract has been signed over the simple, white-cloth tables; many a script discussed in the making.

High-Priced Helene's

MADAME HELENE operates a lunch room near the Fox studios; and another immediately opposite the large entrance gate of Famous Players-Lasky. All of the studios have restaurants hovering about their portals, but Madame Helene's is more famous than the average because of its rich food and high prices. I know ambitious extras who go without other meals for twenty-four hours just to afford one luncheon at Madame's in the hope that a director may take notice and give them a better opportunity.

No city is complete without its chicken dinners served in southern style. The Tropical Inn, 5741 Washington Boulevard, furnishes the atmosphere as well as the chicken, hot biscuits and honey, for the picture people.

Naturally, you will wish to visit a studio while in this city. We suggest that you try to secure a letter of introduction from some influential exhibitor in your home city to some studio. We cannot guarantee that this will pass you through the heavily protected gates, but it may be of assistance. If you chance to secure an entrance to the Fox Film Studio, be certain to ask them to show you the Munchers' Club. It is where the Fox directors and stars gather to discuss their mutual problems over the luncheon tables; and it is unique because money is not accepted as payment. Only members of the club are granted eating privileges and they pay for their meals through books of five-dollar and ten-dollar denominations purchased at club meetings. It is the only luncheon room of its kind in Hollywood and maintains a professional atmosphere different from other studio restaurants.



It looks more like a movie setting than a movie playhouse. But it's Grauman's Chinese Theater, one of the most spectacular show-places along Hollywood Boulevard

Every Salesman a Guide

IF you are unable to go through a studio by means of letters of introduction, I should suggest that you show interest in real estate in Studio City, the new home of Mack Sennett Productions. The salesman will be happy to guide you through this plant as part of their regular propaganda.

The Universal corporation has an arrangement with the Gray Line Bus Company whereby passengers go through the studio as part of the regular Mountain-Movie-Mission sight-seeing tour. Although the contract does not include stop-overs at the various sets, the rules are elastic and usually from one to five pictures are seen in the making. In addition to the Gray Line there are the Blue Line and the Parlor-Car buses. They all carry you down Hollywood Boulevard, past Greer's, Bess Schlank's and Magnin's—shops where the feminine contingency of the movies buy the gowns which make them more famous—circle around the hotels and restaurants already mentioned and slow down before the homes of Mary Pickford, Betty Compson, Tom Mix, Harold Lloyd, Ernest Torrence, Bill Hart, Mrs. Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson, Norma Talmadge, Buster Keaton, and half a hundred others.

Try to remain in Hollywood until there is a Grauman's Chinese or Carthay Circle Theater opening, then you will see them all. Radio announcers will introduce them one by one as they roll up to the entrance behind their liveried chauffeurs. The public lines the sidewalks for blocks. You will see no more glittering first-night audience anywhere in the world—not even the opening of the Metropolitan Opera in New York.

The Biltmore Gallery

THE Mayfair Club is the four-hundred organization of moviedom. Once a month it holds a dinner ball at the Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles. Although the tickets are for members only and no guest is allowed twice in succession, the public, by standing at the gallery entrance of the Biltmore, can watch the *élite* of the industry arrive and depart without the confusion which attends theater openings.

And don't forget to visit Valentino's grave in the Hollywood Cemetery. From twenty-five to one hundred and fifty people pay homage to it daily, while holidays bring an average of five hundred. A well-informed caretaker will tell you the high spots of Valentino's life. June Mathis is buried in the next crypt and Barbara La Marr rests only a few feet away.

If you play golf and are a member of a country club connected with the United States Golf Association, don't forget your membership card. It entitles you, by paying a greens fee, to play at Lakeside, Rancho, Hollywood, Riviera and other well-known Los Angeles courses where you are certain to run into motion picture foursomes. The Lakeside Club, with a membership of four hundred, has more than half of its number from the film people. Douglas Fairbanks, Charles Farrell, William K. Howard, Edmund Lowe, and many another may be found on the Lakeside links on Sundays and holidays.

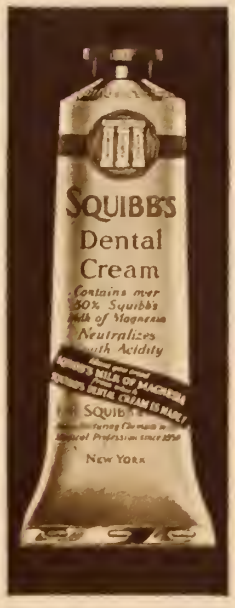
The Populous Desert

IF, by chance, you should come to the Coast for the holidays, try to spend New Year's at Palm Springs on the desert. Aside from the health advantages you will have great sport watching the film colony welcome in the New Year. With bags all packed, they attend the Mayfair New Year's Eve party, leave shortly after midnight, ride for four hours and arrive on the desert in time to greet the new dawn.

Hollywood has two motion picture museums. One is at the University of Southern California and deals with the history of motion picture production. The first camera, the first light, the first prop, and the like. The other is owned and operated by Harry Crocker, actor and counsellor for Charlie Chaplin. It is situated on Sunset Boulevard directly opposite the Warner Brothers Studio. This collection gives more intimate glimpses of the stars and the pictures in which they have been featured. The gowns which Mary Pickford wore in her greatest successes; the little cabin used in the miniature shots in "The Gold Rush"; a wagon from "The Covered Wagon", etc. The collection is well worth seeing.

DOES YOUR MIRROR LIE?







When you smile into the mirror and it returns that smile, happily, flashing with the gleaming white of pearly teeth and the delicate pink of firm, healthy gums . . . is it telling you the truth?

For as often it hides the treacherous attack of acids at The Danger Line—lulls you into security when tooth decay and gum irritations may be beginning to set in, when beauty and health itself may be threatened.

Don't trust to appearances. Protect yourself. See a dentist regularly and use a dentifrice which can safeguard you from acids at The Danger Line. Squibb's Dental Cream will do this, because it contains more than 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia.

Each time you use Squibb's Dental Cream tiny particles of the Milk of Magnesia are forced into all the tiny pits and crevices on your teeth where a tooth-brush cannot reach. There, these particles not only neutralize the acids present at The Danger Line, but they remain for a long time neutralizing the new acids as they form.

Squibb's Dental Cream has every quality that belongs in a good dentifrice. It contains no grit, no harsh abrasive, no soaps. It relieves sensitive teeth and keeps the gums healthy. It leaves the teeth delightfully white and clean. You will like its pleasant flavor.

Safeguard your teeth and gums, the beauty of your smile, the precious gift of health! Squibb's is only 40c—on sale at all druggists. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858.*

The Priceless Ingredient of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker.

Listen in every Friday evening from 7:15 to 7:30 Eastern Standard Time over Stations WJZ, WBZ, WHZA, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, KWK, WREN, WTMJ, KOA, KSTP, WLW, for the Priceless Ingredient Message on the preservation of health by eminent authorities through broadcasting facilities provided by E. R. Squibb & Sons.

, , ,

Squibb's Milk of Magnesia, *from which Squibb's Dental Cream is made, is a pure, effective product that is free from the usual earthy taste of other products. Its unsurpassed antacid qualities and mild laxative action make it truly valuable in helping to promote proper alimentation.*

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

Copyright 1929 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

The 1929 WAMPAS BABY STARS, too, all use LUX TOILET SOAP for smooth skin



LORETTA YOUNG, charming First National star, says: "Smooth as a rose-petal. That is the way my skin feels after using Lux Toilet Soap. It is just like the finest French soaps!"



Fascinating HELEN FOSTER, of Mrs. Wallace Reid Productions, has charming skin. She says: "I always use Lux Toilet Soap. It gives my skin the lovely smoothness known as 'studio skin.'"

39 Leading Hollywood Directors say:

"Lovely Smooth Skin is Girl's Greatest Asset"

MONA RICO, United Artists' beautiful and talented star, says: "I must keep my skin exquisitely smooth to face the close-up. I always use Lux Toilet Soap. It's so wonderful for 'studio skin.'"



BLONDES, RED-HEADS, BRUNETTES—but all the 13 Wampas baby stars have one outstanding appeal—the rare loveliness of exquisite smooth skin.

These thirteen charming girls have given their skin the same care that all of the 1928 Wampas Baby Stars have given theirs. They use Lux Toilet Soap both at home and in their studio dressing rooms.

Even the searching glare of the huge incandescent close-up lights reveals not a single defect in their lovely skin.

Of the 451 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 442 depend on Lux Toilet Soap to keep their skin exquisitely smooth. And all the great Hollywood film studios have made it the official soap in their dressing rooms.

Remember: 9 out of 10 screen stars use this white, daintily fragrant soap.

You will be charmed with it, too! Order several cakes—today.



CARYL LINCOLN, beloved screen star with Fox Films, is enthusiastic about Lux Toilet Soap. She uses it both in her own lovely bathroom and in her dressing room on location. She says: "I wouldn't be without delightful Lux Toilet Soap. It keeps my skin as smooth as the finest French soaps used to."



ETHLYNE CLAIR is a charming screen star who is famous for her beauty. She says: "I never have to worry about a smooth, velvety skin —'studio skin'— now that I use Lux Toilet Soap."



JOSEPHINE DUNN, lovely Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer star, has the exquisite skin of the perfect blonde. She says: "A soft, smooth skin is a star's most prized possession. I use Lux Toilet Soap to keep my skin perfectly smooth and soft."



When you see DORIS DAWSON, First National's delightful star, in a close-up, notice how fine and smooth Lux Toilet Soap keeps her skin. She says: "It leaves my skin so wonderfully smooth."



ANITA PAGE, famous young Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, says. "I always use Lux Toilet Soap. It keeps my skin so wonderfully smooth."



SALLY BLANE, R. K. O.'s lovely star, has such appealingly beautiful skin and gives it such intelligent care. She says: "Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful for the beautifully smooth skin that is so important to a screen star."



JEAN ARTHUR, Paramount's charming star, says: "Lux Toilet Soap is indispensable to me. It keeps my skin so wonderfully fine and smooth."

Nine out of Ten Screen Stars Use LUX Toilet Soap



DORIS HILL, attractive Paramount star, guards her skin carefully. She says: "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin so beautifully smooth that I cannot see any difference between this delightful soap and the finest French soaps."

BETTY BOYD, beautiful young star with Educational Films, says: "Lux Toilet Soap is a joy! My skin is so smooth after using it!"





HELEN TWELVETREES, lovely Fox star, says: "Lux Toilet Soap is exactly like those lovely soaps one finds in Paris. I love it!"

Luxury Such as You Have Found Only in French Soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake . . . now 10¢

What College Men Think Of The Movies

(*Continued from pages 16 and 17*)

***What* MARK BORODOFSKY *Thinks* . . .** "Why," they ask, "can't the movie men leave college alone or else give a realistic portrayal of the life as it really is and leave out all of this rah-rah stuff?" They, meaning the movie magnates, are not fooling anyone, not even themselves. They know, or they should know, that college life is not the least bit as they portray it. They are pleasing, as they will tell you, the common people. But college youth, especially at Vanderbilt, wishes to know the reason why college youth must be maltreated for the enjoyment of the populace.

They do not object to comic pictures of the university life, when such are billed as comic. But they do not relish the production of mushy love scenes and scarlet romances upon the campus.

They also realize that pictures, of necessity, must somewhat overdo and overemphasize certain features not only of college life but of all vicissitudes. They are willing to have collegiate pictures emphasize or even overemphasize. But they do ask that the movie men "give them a break."

The writer, in his work, has frequent occasion to discuss with the members of his staff the various college topics of interest. It so happened that in one of the meetings we mentioned the problem of collegiate movies. Immediately a roar went up. "Why do they pick on us?" one youth ventured. And that's the feeling of all of them. They'd much rather that the scenario writers picked other subjects and they believe that they are far more enlightening than anything which might be gotten out of a story woven about a campus.

Bringing Down the House

THE ill-favor which has become imbedded in college youth for collegiate pictures is well illustrated in several comparatively recent incidents which occurred, not on our own campus, but in several Eastern universities. "Brown of Harvard" soon after its release was shown at one of the motion picture houses near the campus. Naturally, the students, with their natural love for movies, were interested in a portrayal of life on their own campus. After sitting through the show, they proceeded to wreck the movie house. It was disastrous for the theater owner.

Taking this as precedent, a theatrical man in another Eastern college town "failed" to book a certain picture taken on the campus of that college. He showed good judgment.

And this just goes to illustrate our point: that collegiate pictures fail because they are overdone. If the producers and directors would take a hot tip and if they do have to release a college picture, release one in which the whoop-it-up stuff is deleted, we believe with thousands of other college youths that they would go over much better than they have heretofore.

Theater managers in Nashville tell our movie critic each week in their conferences with him that they believe that the college youth gets more wholesome enjoyment out of a real drama than those full of sickening passion and love. The college pictures, as they are produced now, are not a huge drawing card, in their general opinion, and they claim that their box-office receipts show it. College students do patronize the movies in large wholesome numbers and

(*Continued on page 95*)



Two scenes and two seasons at American Universities: above, the Harvard crew at spring practice on the Charles River, at Cambridge; and below, the Michigan campus with the General Library, at left, in winter



***What* KENNETH G. PATRICK *Thinks* . . .** connection with advertising. It is difficult to see why trained executives in the business have continued to commit the great economic mistake of over-advertising, when the results of the policy are continually thrown in their faces. Every feature picture—whether it be good or bad, the scale makes no difference—is boosted to the skies with flamboyant posters and extravagant newspaper layouts. In advance advertising in the theaters each picture is described as the most superlative of its kind ever produced. This adjective-waving has continued at so great a pace that it now excites only ridicule, especially among students. They take no more notice of these advertisements than if they never were shown, and even go further in discounting the picture somewhat before they have so much as glimpsed it. Whatever effort the director, cameraman, and star have put into the work is handicaped from the start.

These facts should mean something to motion picture producers and managers: legitimate theaters get away with much less advertising for their attractions; the American public sees motion pictures much oftener than it sees stage shows; therefore, proportionately greater care should be exercised in not repeating stunts and flying the same advertising flags before the public eye.

The market for moving pictures in college towns should always prevail because of natural conditions. This is especially

(*Continued on page 93*)

***What* RICHARD A. STOUT *Thinks* . . .** cinematic kiss sublimates no academic inhibitions. The prolonged wrestling indulged in by the lovers of the silver screen has no attraction as a spectacle. Even the technically perfect osculation of a Garbo and a Gilbert palls if it impinges on the credulity. All of which indicates that the Harvard man is distinctly uninterested in the screen as a medium for the presentation of sex.

It is unfortunately almost axiomatic that the hokum which pleases the fan public most is the bitter pill for the college appetite. "So many men, so many minds"; but it is not clear how anyone can enjoy the customary tabloid portrayal of society in most motion pictures. The emphasis upon the sensational, the superficial, and the Sybaritical produces a paramount brand of bunk which finds no affinity in the rationally trained college mind. The pagan riot and the Bacchanalian revel with modern accessories seem to be the model for the so-called society opus. A moral standard for synthetic films of this weak and watery character would be appreciated by a few puzzled college men, although for the most part it is the utter disregard of truth which disgusts, and the absence of all new ideas.

Fans' Mental Age

AT this point, it is pertinent to point out that most Harvard men clearly understand the restrictions imposed upon producers, directors, and the motion picture theater managers. Their efforts are aimed at meeting the popular demand. The motion picture public gets what it wants. If its intellectual average is only that of a fifteen- or sixteen-year-old person, it is satisfied with a picture aimed at meeting its power of comprehension. Realizing that they constitute an insignificant percentage of motion picture patrons, college men accept the current pictures as they come. It would be untrue to say that they feel strongly one way or the other.

The college man is generally skeptical, however, and questions the film hypothesis that ninety per cent of the beautiful women portrayed on the screen are virtuous. If the public likes them thus, they must have them "chaste as the icicle" at the expense of the truth. The fallacy that Eve is in most instances good, while Adam is always in the wrong, is even more objectionable. The movie director is like the authoress, George Sand, in arranging the situation so that when a lady wishes to change her lover, God is always there to facilitate the transfer. College students would relish less dissimulation and more reality.

The talkies, the great majority of subtitles and, most emphatically, the pre-views of films under "Coming Attractions" are hard to swallow. As for the first, most college groups, especially collegiate groups, consider themselves entities somewhat removed from the general public. The talkies are admitted to be quite an educational move for the dyed-in-the-wool movie fan and the small-town audience, but nine out of ten college men will prefer the stage play to the talkie, which is thought to be somewhat flat.

Any undergraduate would probably admit that the average subtitle is on a

(*Continued on page 91*)

New facts about CLEANING TEETH



DO YOU KNOW . . . .

that there are thousands of tiny crevices in healthy, normal teeth and gums?

that no toothbrush can get down into these microscopic places?

that food particles and mucin deposits lodge in these crevices and may start decay?

that the real test of a toothpaste is its ability to cleanse these crevices?

A REMARKABLE scientific discovery has recently brought to light some new facts about cleaning the teeth.

A scientist carefully measured the power of toothpastes to penetrate the tiny crevices in teeth and gums where food particles lodge and where decay begins.

He found that some dentifrices merely scrub the outer surface of the teeth. Others go partly down into the larger crevices. *Then he discovered that Colgate's has a higher penetrating power than any of the leading dentifrices on the market today.*

This is the secret of Colgate's remarkable ability to clean—it gets down deep into the hard-to-clean places where the toothbrush cannot reach.

How Colgate's Cleans Where The Toothbrush Cannot Reach



Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate down where causes of decay may lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.



Colgate's superior penetrating power is due to the fact that it contains the world's greatest cleansing agent. When brushed, this cleansing agent bursts into a sparkling, snow-white foam that sweeps over teeth and gums. This foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension") which enables it to go deep down into the tiny tooth crevices where decay starts. There, it dislodges clinging food particles and mucin, washing away these impurities in a detergent wave.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk-powder—a polishing material used by dentists—which polishes the enamel safely, brilliantly. Thus Colgate's cleans and beautifies; purifies and refreshes the entire mouth restoring natural loveliness of teeth and gums.

and only 25¢

The famous 25c tube of Colgate's contains more toothpaste than any other leading brand priced at a quarter. This is because Colgate's is the largest selling dentifrice in the world.

Try Colgate's *one week* FREE

COLGATE, Dept. B- 2530, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Please send a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____



How to have Lovely, Lustrous Hair—*always!*

Does your hair ever seem dull to you—drab, lifeless? Have you not wished for something that would keep it looking prettier—richer in tone?

The secret lies in proper shampooing! Not just soap-and-water "washings", but regular use of a shampoo that really *beautifies*—one that was created especially to improve dull hair and add that little something extra so often lacking.

If you really wish to make your hair bewitchingly lovely—just one Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way! No other shampoo, anywhere, like it! Does more than merely *cleanse*. It gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—*a wee little bit*—not much—hardly perceptible. But what a difference it makes in one's appearance; that exquisite softness of tone that everyone admires! Millions use regularly! You'll like it! There's a youth-imparting touch—a beauty specialist's secret in its formula. At your dealers', 25c, or send for free sample.

J. W. KOBI CO.
632 Rainier Ave., Dept. E, Seattle, Wash.
Please send a free sample.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Color of my hair _____

Many Weddings in Sight



When some girls are already thinking of the wedding ring their health fails, they become nervous, high-strung, irritable, and through this loss of control many a young woman loses her future happiness. As a tonic at this time, and in motherhood or in middle life, there is nothing to equal **Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.**

If you are troubled, write Dr. Pierce's Clinic, in Buffalo, N. Y., and receive good confidential medical advice by return mail, free of all expense.

Big Money

with a Buescher



First-class Saxophonists make big money and the work is easy and pleasant. You might become a great record-maker like Clyde Doerr, whose picture is shown with his Buescher. $100 to $500 a week is not unusual for good musicians to earn. Even if you don't care to become a professional, you can have a lot of fun and earn extra money with a Buescher Saxophone.

6 Days' Trial on any Buescher Saxophone, Cornet, Trumpet, Trombone or other instrument. Mention instrument in which you are interested for free literature. (494)

Buescher Band Instrument Co.
2690 Buescher Block, Elkhart, Ind.



They're never satisfied, people aren't. How many girls there are who'd give anything to be thought as beautiful as Corinne Griffith. But Corinne always considered her looks a handicap

Confessions of the Stars

(*Continued from page 19*)

visions of my triumphal return to my parents, their astonishment at discovering that they had had a genius in their midst all these years and had never known it.

"They would, of course, hang it in the place of honor in the dining-room or living-room. Friends and neighbors would come in and my family would point with shining pride to this masterpiece. I would be important. I took the thing home, heart thudding, hands and feet like ice. My hour had come. I presented the canvas, trying not to look too elated with myself and—they hung it on a back wall in a back room. They spiked it with a nail so that the edges curled and it flopped over. No one paid any attention to it. No one was asked to come in and view it. They said, 'Well, well; that's very nice.'

"'Very nice': it was my life-work to me. To the grown-ups it was simply another childish daub to be got as much out of the way as possible.

"These are the tragedies that break so many childish hearts and scar them for life. These are the things that loving parents do to their own children and never know that they have done them.

"Later on, my old teacher in New Orleans sold the painting for me for fifty dollars. But it was too late. I never touched paint or canvas again.

Thirteen—and Engaged

"WHEN I was thirteen I had my first love affair. I fell in love.

"The boy was twenty-one. He made love to me, kissed me, acted as all lovers do. He asked me to marry him when I should be fifteen. I accepted the proposal. And wondered how I should manage to live through the two long years between. My mother tabooed the idea. My father and the boy's family thought it was fine. Thirteen.

"I went back to school after the proposal. I felt sacred and set apart. I had discovered Galahad, the pure and spotless knight. The world was a shining place, beautiful to live in. The high hour of every day was dedicated to him. The hour in which I wrote, pouring out page after page of the green rapture in my young heart.

"The facts of life were as veiled to me as they are to a year-old babe. No one had ever told me anything. I didn't know what life was all about. But I knew what love was all about. You can, at thirteen.

"My mother discovered that this very human young god was running about with undesirable women. She told him that he would have to tell me what he was doing. He would have to find some delicate way of letting me know that he was not the perfection I thought he was. He did write me. He didn't tell me the truth in so many words, of course. He couldn't. But he did pour forth an incoherent tale of a motor ride with an older woman, an accident, kisses in the dark, not knowing how it had all happened, and so on. It didn't make

(*Continued on page 86*)

Thirty Famous Unknowns

(*Continued from page 29*)

"Elmer Gantry" on Broadway. "How like Lillian Gish!" you will exclaim when you first see her on the screen. Already Helen has a Hollywood bungalow, a snappy sports roadster and has made one talking picture, "The Ghost Talks," for Fox.

Charles Eaton, eighteen-year-old juvenile who shares honors with Helen in this picture, has been on the speaking stage for fourteen of these years. His greatest hit was in "Skidding," a recent Broadway play. Charles is the seventh of a family of brothers and sisters to go on the stage. Mary Eaton is a "Follies" star and Evelyn, another sister, has three children working in the movies.

Marguerite Churchill, another new Fox player, was New York's youngest leading lady for the seasons of 1927 and 1928. She is still in her teens. Like Charles Eaton, she was educated in the Professional Children's School and graduated onto the Broadway stage, where she made a real hit last year in "The Wild Man of Borneo." Winfield Sheehan saw this small, auburn-haired, dark-eyed actress and promptly annexed her for the talkies. So far she has made one two-reeler, "The Diplomats," with Clark and McCullough.

Raymond Hackett, who will play the brother in the film version of "The Trial of Mary Dugan" for Metro, has a long stage record behind him—"Cradle Snatchers," "Nightstick" and the stage play, "The Trial of Mary Dugan." He has been on the screen before, as Gloria's brother in "The Loves of Sunya." Raymond has traveled on three continents and likes a movie actor's life because he can swim in mid-winter and hike over the Hollywood foothills with his dogs. He wishes it distinctly understood that he is not the son, brother, nephew, grandson or cousin of James K. Hackett, or any relation at all.

A Parisian Importation

PARAMOUNT has the distinction of having imported Maurice Chevalier, the idol of the Paris music-hall stage, to Hollywood. He will display his talents of singing and dancing in "Innocents in Paris." After a childhood of poverty as bitter as Chaplin's, and service in the Great War where he was severely wounded, Chevalier became the dancing partner of the famous Mistinguette and won all Paris with his debonair smile and his straw hat set jauntily on one side. He adores Hollywood, where he already had many friends: Doug and Mary, Adolphe Menjou and other movie stars whom he met abroad.

"The greatest make-up artist on the American stage" they call Paul Muni, the new Fox character actor. At eleven he went on the stage in an emergency made up as an old, old man, and so perfectly that he played aged men for years after that. In theater guilds, stock companies and art theaters he learned his profession until he burst as a veritable sensation upon Broadway in "We Americans." With "Four Walls" he became a headliner. Now he has come to the talkies to give Lon Chaney a run for his money. Muni is still in his twenties, quiet, modest—and married.

In the "Missing Man" on the Pathe lot you will see Lee Patrick, dark, vivid and dashing, a stranger to movie fans but well known on Broadway; and Josephine Brown, who describes herself as "an English actress born in Chicago." She has had seventeen years on the London and American stage with Gillette, Barrymore and George Fawcett. It was the latter who met her on

(*Continued on page 85*)

"I warn every woman I employ"

Says the woman Personnel Manager in a large office about this phase of modern feminine hygiene



One unconscious offense which is no longer necessary. This remarkable sanitary pad deodorizes* completely and is superior in comfort features as well as ease of disposability.

IN the world of business, in society, women often find themselves embarrassed at certain times. Sometimes they offend without knowing why. When they learn, miserable self-consciousness follows. Make-shift efforts to counteract the difficulty seldom succeed. Now a discovery made in Kotex Laboratories ends all these fears and worries. Science has discovered a way to counteract a serious offense.

Kotex now deodorizes completely*

Kotex has brought a new idea of feminine hygiene to women all over the world. In the past ten years they have learned new comfort, new ease-of-mind through this sanitary protection. Now, after years of work, a process has been perfected that completely ends all odors. The one remaining hygienic problem in connection with sanitary pads is solved.

Shaped to fit, too

Because corners of the pad are rounded and tapered it may be worn without evidence under the most clinging gown. There is none of that conspicuous bulkiness so often associated with old-fashioned methods. Kotex is easy to adjust to suit your individual needs. Cellucotton absorbent wadding takes up 16 times its weight in moisture 5 times more absorbent than cotton itself. It is easily disposed of, no laundering is necessary. A new process makes it softer than ever before.

Buy a box today—45c for a box of twelve. On sale at all drug, dry goods and department stores; also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms, by West Disinfecting Co.

*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by a patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587, granted May 22, 1928.)

Use Super-size Kotex

Formerly 90c—Now 65c

Super-size Kotex offers the many advantages of the Kotex you always use *plus the greater protection* which comes with extra layers of Cellucotton absorbent wadding. Disposable in the same way. Doctors and nurses consider it quite indispensable the first day or two, when extra protection is essential. At the new low price, you can easily afford to buy Super-size Kotex. Buy one box of Super-size to every three boxes of regular size Kotex. Its added layers of filler mean added comfort.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes



when eyes burn

Does exposure to sun, wind and dust make your eyes bloodshot and cause a burning sensation? Then you should use *Murine!* A few drops of this harmless lotion speedily ends the burning feeling and soon clears up the bloodshot condition.

Always apply *Murine* after motoring or outdoor sports to soothe and beautify your eyes. 60c everywhere.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Here Comes The BRIDE!



The organ slowly played, the church bells chimed. Hundreds of admiring eyes watched her walk down the aisle, to join the man she loved. A few moments, a few words and her happiness would be complete. Many wondered why she was the bride, when there were others more beautiful and talented. But her secret was simple. She had read a new book which shows any girl how she can attract the man she wants. It's all very simple and easy when you know how. Write your name and address on the margin and mail to us with ten cents and an interesting booklet telling you all about the new book "Fascinating Womanhood" will be sent postpaid.

THE PSYCHOLOGY PRESS

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PROPER shampooing—that's the whole secret! Blondex, the special shampoo for blondes only, keeps the hair beautifully light and lustrous—brings back true golden sheen and sparkle to dull, faded hair. Safe—no dyes or harsh chemicals—fine for scalp. Used by a million blondes. At all leading drug and dept. stores.



Monroe

Sophie Tucker, the famous vaudevillian, who has been signed by Warner Brothers to do three talking specials

Sophie Goes Talkie

(Continued from page 43)

on his first visit to Luna Park at Coney Island.

The Pan Perturbs Her

"BUT, you know, I'm worried about the pan!" For those not thoroughly conversant with the terse vernacular of vaudeville, be it understood that Miss Tucker referred to her face. "They made a test of me yesterday, and I've been wondering how I'll look on the screen."

Right here, the fountain pen went dry. I tried to put on paper the worriment vaudeville's biggest head-liner was experiencing over her pan and the result was a lot of marks that resembled a Chinese laundry ticket. I shook it and without effort it made a perfect but rather unusual futuristic design on the top of Miss Tucker's dressing-table. Triumphantly I tried it again, and it was as dry as an after-dinner speaker. Probably intrigued by the Strangler Lewis methods I had by now resorted to in an effort to make it write, the last of the red-hot mamas reached into a convenient dressing-table drawer and offered me a pencil. I reached for it like a man in a cafeteria grabbing the last dish of bread pudding. Clutching it fondly, I started to write as Miss Tucker talked—and the point broke! That settled it. We both laughed and the interview proceeded without benefit of note-taking.

I examined Sophie's pan minutely and ventured the opinion that her large brown eyes, expressive mouth and lineless features would prove acceptable to the lenses. "A story broke while I was in Chicago," she said, "that I had had my face lifted to work in pictures." Lifting her hair from the ears and forehead, she beckoned me to come closer. "You don't see any scars, do you, and they can't do it without leaving some marks hidden by the hair. I haven't had any lifting done and I don't intend to.

She's Playing Sophie

"WHEN I signed this contract, I was playing in Glasgow, Scotland. I told them I wanted to play myself on the screen. I have no ambition to pull a Clara Bow or a Corinne Griffith. Vaudeville audiences have been paying their money for a good many years to hear Sophie Tucker sing and act natural, and that's why my first picture, called 'Honky-Tonk,' is going to place me in an environment which will give me a chance to be myself—in the rôle of a café entertainer.

"I broke into show-business as a cabaret performer, in the days when night-clubs were operating as cafés. I know the life, the characters, the color that went to make cabarets the most interesting places in town."

Here Miss Tucker smiled reminiscently. "Do you remember a place called The German Village, in New York, a cabaret where some of our best known present-day vaudeville stars got their start?" I did, and mentioned some of the entertainers who held forth there. She smiled happily. "Now I know this is going to be a pleasant interview. I started in The German Village. I had come down from Hartford, Connecticut, my home town, to New York, with a fair singing voice, no money and plenty of confidence. This was in the days when Amateur Night was popular with the public. They gave me a chance to go on at one of these Amateur Nights in a little theater in Harlem. I got there at eight-

(Continued on page 94)

From Pickles to Pictures

(*Continued from page 55*)

for a time but when the new goldmark was introduced we had to sell out.

"Shortly after the demise of the pickle factory I ran across Jimmie Spearman, who was Cecil De Mille's European representative, and he suggested that I might have a go at movies. I didn't know a thing about movies but I was ready to try anything. Karl Freund, the chap who photographed 'Variety,' made a film-test of me. In December of '26 I got my first job, a bit in 'Madame Wants No Children,' in which I had to appear as Maria Corda's dancing partner in one scene.

A Little Diskorda

"IT was a terrifying ordeal. Neither in the pickle business nor in the army had I ever felt so nervous. Maria had been spending the half-hour before my scene was shot picking on her husband, Alexander Korda, who was directing. She had apparently scratched his face up a bit and generally mauled him. I wondered: 'Do all film actresses behave like this?' Then I went into the scene, and hadn't danced once round the room with the temperamental star before in my nervousness I trod heavily on her foot. A frightful moment—yes, I should say so. But by a miracle Maria was perfectly charming about it.

"Well, I got along like a house on fire in the movies. I had ten good featured parts and leads between my debut and March of 1928, when I was signed for an English picture and went over to make my first appearance in my native country. In the middle of the picture Jesse Lasky walked into my life. He gave me a Hollywood contract in an unguarded moment, and hence my presence here. So that's that.

"What did my father and mother and family think of my going into the movies?

"Well, I was worried about that and when I first became an actor I didn't say a word to them. I pretended I was still turning out pickles like a respectable chap. Then, after I had been over a year in films, I got a letter from my mother.

"'Dear John,' she said; 'your father has just come back from a cinema here in Bournemouth and says he could have sworn it was his son he saw in one of the films. I told him it was nonsense, but he said I ought to write to you about it. Surely he must have been mistaken?'

"Well, that sort of gave the show away, didn't it? I wrote back and told them father hadn't been mistaken—that I was now an embryo movie star, and was doing well at it. When father knew I was getting along well in these queer film thingummies, he took me to his heart, forgave all and immediately became a rabid film fan. Now he doesn't miss a new film or movie magazine.

The Family Forgives

"I WAS certainly glad he took it that way. I had been afraid of what he might think if I had been a complete frost and gone on playing extra parts and bits. If he had thought that first film he saw, 'Madame Wants No Children,' was typical of the sort of thing I was going to do for a living for the rest of my life, he would have looked back gloomily over the expensive years of education he had given me and wondered just what good it had all been. That report from Eton, 'Does just enough work to escape punishment' would have haunted him for the remainder of his days.

"But thanks to Mr. Lasky, who stamped me with his approval, my family seems to be inordinately proud of its movie member."



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CARA NOME—"dearest name" —the most alluring name in toiletries! Cara Nome perfume, Cara Nome face powder, Cara Nome talc—each breathing the sweet redolence of early blossom time. The perfume—so subtle, seductive. The powder—so fine and delicate, yet so lasting. The talc—so smooth, freshening, fragrant. All charmingly packaged as befits these exquisite creations. Cara Nome toiletries may be obtained only at Rexall Stores. Save with safety at your

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PROVOCATIVE red heels in a swirl of silken skirts . . . lace mantilla enhancing the charm of coral lips and starlit eyes . . . and then . . . the king's own compliments!

This was the triumph of our own American danseuse, Doris Niles, commanded to dance before King Alfonso of Spain!

Such conquests do not depend upon skill or grace alone. Miss Niles makes no secret of her reliance upon Tangee to perfect the charm of her personal make-up. Says she: "Never was I more grateful for Tangee's perfect help than in the land of castanets and mantillas, where standards of feminine beauty are so high."

Demand Tangee today! One lipstick and rouge for all complexions. On sale everywhere. Tangee Lipstick $1. Tangee Rouge Compact 75¢. Tangee Creme Rouge $1. Also Tangee Face Powder, clinging, fragrant, $1. Tangee Night Cream $1. Tangee Day Cream $1. Twenty-five cents more in Canada.



Beauty . . . for 20 Cents!

Twenty cents brings you the miniature Tangee Beauty Set—all six items and the "Art of Make-Up." Address Dept. M. P. C. 5, The George W. Luft Co., Inc., 417 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

Name.....

Address.....



Mr. and Mrs. Dick Barthelmess and their dog in front of the Hotel Ambassador where they stopped while in New York

for Richard, for Poorer

(*Continued from page 51*)

that's been carried on for so long, is nobody's business—as they say in the vernacular.

She told me that, out on the Coast, the three of them were inseparable. I knew that Bill Powell and Dick Barthelmess were the Damon and Pythias of the movie world, and that this friendship had existed for a good many years. I also knew that Dick seldom made a new friend, but clung to those he had with a loyalty that in this day and age is beyond belief.

The Call of Hoboken

THEY were planning on the programme for the evening. Since my arrival, there had been a number of invitations, for the theater, after the theater, dinner parties, dances, night-club ventures and so on. Every kind of invitation, including a trip to Hoboken to the Christopher Morley playhouse. This was received with the most enthusiasm.

But families had to be considered. Duty had to be worked in somehow, for the popularity of Richard and his wife, who was born and reared in New York, and had many social friends waiting to entertain them, really made the onlooker dizzy.

The maid answered the phone when she wasn't busy with a hundred other duties. Dick disguised his voice so many times in answering that he got his nationalities confused and spoke with a mixed French-Irish-Italian-Spanish accent that sounded like nothing ever heard on land or sea.

It was great fun. I tried to find out something about his plans. In the medley that was going on—everything happened except a pillow-fight, and the only reason that didn't take place was because somehow the pillows had disappeared—I managed to learn that he had signed a new contract with First National Pictures, that he wasn't particularly enthusiastic about the talkies but considered them an inevitable evil which with time and prayer might develop into something worth while; that above all he was happy—happy with his wife, his home and his work, and inasmuch as he was on a holiday, he didn't even want to hear the word work mentioned.

Don't Mention Work

"I MAKE four pictures a year. No other star can beat that record. I haven't had a day's rest in over two years, and until the first of March, when I have to start grinding again, I'm blessed if I allow anybody I know to speak the word movies to me."

Here he disappeared again to appease the press representatives waiting in the other room. I discovered that Mrs. Barthelmess had never been connected with the movies in any way. Until she met Dick, she knew little if anything about them. Somehow it is difficult to imagine her intimate with the Hollywood crowd. But her sense of humor, which seems to be a well-developed one, would master any kind of a situation.

She has light brown hair; keen brown eyes, and pretty features. She is as slim as a boy and slightly above the average in height. She is decidedly chic in appearance, and a lovely all-white silk Japanese dressing-gown that she wore, together with a pair of orange silk mules, made a costume that was unusual and stunning.

Long-Distance Lovers

(*Continued from page 25*)

how—in spite of the fact that she had never heard of him until he turned up with his amazing proposition.

A Fare Proposal

THERE was the chap who telegraphed Mary Brian, with some condescension, to the effect that if she would wire him the money for his ticket he would come out at once to marry her. Since he asked for only enough money for a one-way fare, one gathered that he expected to stay right here after the marriage so that Mary could go on with her profitable career.

There was the young man who put in a long-distance call for Clara Bow from some Eastern city. When he finally reached her, he told her that he was ready to send her the money to come East to marry him. But his courage had failed him just a trifle and before sending the requisite cash, he thought he had better ask whether she was a good cook. Clara never did get his name.

Then there was a member of the press who fell in love with Lois Moran when he interviewed her one time. He sent her elaborate presents for months—which she returned without comment. Finally he wrote her a letter of farewell, hinting that he was about to die by his own hand, for love of her, and informing her that he was leaving her ten thousand dollars' insurance

This noble impulse, however, fizzled. A month or so later she received a meek request for "a photograph, anyhow." That was easy.

The men are not exempt from these things by any means. A rather touching letter once came to a picture company from a French mother, offering her daughter's hand in marriage, in the Continental fashion, to Gary Cooper. She had seen Gary in "Lilac Time" and thought he would make a perfect husband for her child.

She explained that they were not a wealthy family but that they would be able to offer a suitable *dot* and that, moreover, they possessed an enticing amount of good old family silver. This she listed.

Shanks a Lot

HER daughter, she said, was a well-bred, modest, well-brought up girl and added, as the final inducement, that she had beautiful long legs.

Speaking of men and proposals, George K. Arthur had the most amusing one I have heard of in a long time. Following "All At Sea," a picture in which he impersonated a girl, he heard from an Iowa farmer to the effect that you couldn't fool him. That wasn't George K. Arthur in women's clothes. That was a real woman—and a darn good-looking woman, too. So smitten was George's rural friend with George's performance as a lady, that he offered to come out and marry the girl who, he was sure, had doubled for George in those shots.

He even became quite teary over the poor little woman who worked so hard in a picture and received no screen credit for her performance. He was ready to marry her at once and take her away from hard-hearted Hollywood and, what's more, he would deed his farm to her as a wedding gift.

June Collyer can prove that these offers aren't all for love. There was one, a man-about-Hollywood—one of those obvious fortune hunters whose technique is so transparent that anyone at all can see what they are about.

June was down town one day and had to walk a block or two to where she had left her car. A parade was passing and she stood on a corner to wait until she could cross the street. Someone hailed her and she

(*Continued on page 85*)



Amazing New Beauty Secrets by Hollywood's Make-Up King

Read How the Blazing Motion Picture Lights Caused a Discovery Which Means Greater Beauty to Every Woman . . . Why All Blondes, or All Brunettes, or All Redheads, Should Not Use the Same Color Harmony in Make-Up . . . How You May Double Your Beauty with an Individualized Color Harmony in Your Everyday Make-Up . . . How to Make-Up an Oily Skin . . . How to Make-Up a Dry Skin . . . How to Acquire a Perfect Skin . . . This Fascinating, Informative Book Now Sent Free. Mail Coupon.

SILENT for years, reserving his discoveries and his make-up secrets for the exclusive use of the professions of the stage and screen, Max Factor now speaks.

In his book just published, "The New Art of Make-Up", Max Factor reveals the secrets of beauty and make-up which every woman will prize. Hints, information and instructions which will mean everything to you in improving your beauty and enhancing the charm of your personality.

There is a vast difference in the haphazard use of cosmetics as practiced by women in everyday life, and the artistic use of make-up as practiced by the screen stars and other beautiful women of Hollywood who have become acquainted with the knowledge given by Max Factor.

The fascination of beauty lies in its naturalness. The days of painted, loud, off-color and spotty make-up are gone forever. Make-Up is now natural, almost indetectable, yet giving to woman's natural charm the artist's finesse of color and of contour.

There is more beauty in a puff of powder and a pat of rouge than the average woman thinks. Make-Up for street wear, for day and evening, as created and applied according to the tested methods of Max Factor, will actually double your beauty and actually double the allure of your personality.



MAX FACTOR
Creator of Make-Up for Hollywood's Famous Motion Picture Stars

Read What These and Other Leading Stars Say:

Joan Crawford	Anita Page	Louise Lorraine
Renee Adoree	Mary Philbin	Ann Pennington
Lina Basquette	Sally Phipps	Alberta Vaughn
Phyllis Haver	Vera Reynolds	Claire Windsor
Dorothy Mackaill	Irene Rich	Lorretta Young
Mae Murray	Leila Hyams	Myrna Loy
Sally Eilers	Jeanette Loff	Josephine Dunn
Elinor Fair	Alma Reubens	Madge Bellamy
Julia Faye	Raquel Torres	Marion Davies
Dorothy Gulliver	Lupe Velez	Sue Carol

What a prize this book is for you! What wonderful secrets it holds which you yourself may use to bring out your beauty, your charm and your personality. Think how wonderful to have the advice and suggestions of the very man who has personally been the beauty advisor of screen stars for years.

Send for this amazing book, "The New Art of Make-Up" NOW! Learn these secrets. Secure your individual complexion analysis and your own color harmony make-up chart from Max Factor. Fill in coupon carefully and mail today for the most sensational offer ever made.

MAX FACTOR'S SOCIETY MAKE-UP
HOLLYWOOD
"Cosmetics of the Stars"

MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS 3-5-10

Mr Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 40-page book, *"The New Art of Make-Up"* and personal complexion analysis. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage and handling.

Name_____

Address_____

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COMPLEXION		COLOR OF EYES		LIPS	
Light				Moist	
Fair		COLOR OF LASHES		Dry	
Medium				SKIN	
Ruddy		COLOR OF HAIR		Oily	
Dark				Dry	
Sallow		Answer in spaces with check mark		Age	
Olive					



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"Open up" and skip along the waterways!

WINGS of spray and a frothy wake! There's a real thrill in this Old Town sea model. Properly designed to keep her nose level when you "open up" the outboard motor. You'll be proud of her clean aristocracy of line and graceful design—and she'll churn blue water into white at an astonishing clip.

Like all Old Town models, this craft is sturdily built, tough and durable, and remarkably easy to handle. There are Old Town boats and canoes for every use. Some priced as low as $67. From dealer or factory.

Write today for free catalog. It shows and prices many light, water-tight models. Paddling, sailing and square-stern canoes, extra-safe Sponson models, dinghies and sturdy family boats. Also speedy craft for outboard motors—racing step planes and hydroplanes. Old Town Canoe Co., 975 Main St., Old Town, Maine

"Old Town Boats"

He's Through with Women

(*Continued from page 63*)

for the first but not the last time in his life.

For eight years he lived Western photoplays. Lived them. Lay awake nights thinking of stunts and situations. He was always ready to do anything. He never has asked any man for a job. But he was always sticking around made up and prepared to go to work at the drop of the hat. The other caowboys laughed at him, he says. But he got the jobs. They didn't.

He hooked up with the Will Rogers outfit. And stayed with the Chewing Gum Kid for two years. Then a long series of those exciting drammers which nobody ever seems to see. Wild and woolly ridin' romances that play the tank towns. Doubtless Guinn had his public then. But it was inarticulate. Every now and then it looked as though the big break had arrived. Opportunity would actually lift the knocker on his door. Then something would happen. Appendicitis, for instance, and strict orders to stay six months afoot.

Then came "Noah's Ark," "My Man," "From Headquarters," "Our Daily Bread." Success. And every S a dollar sign. But it was too late. Meantime things had happened to Big Boy Williams. And he didn't give a whoop.

No Money, No Patience

"YOU see," he says, "I had different ideas about women. I always thought they were the finest things in the world. I wouldn't let anyone cuss with a girl around. I never saw a woman smoke a cigarette till I came to Hollywood. I always thought when I married I'd find me the sweetest little girl ever born. And I did. We were very happy for five years. Then, well—you know—it just couldn't be. One of those things, I guess. I wasn't making much money—then. Not any sometimes. She got tired of waiting. Sweetest little girl.

"Well, I can't be hurt any more. Nothing that may happen ever can disappoint me again. There are no other girls. If you'd ask me what girls I think are pretty, I'd tell you I don't know. I never look. Marry again? No. Well, maybe. Who can tell? If I met a girl—but I'll tell you this. My ideas have changed. I'd never expect anything from a woman again.

"Guess I have funny ideas about marriage. There was never a divorce in my family until mine. In our country a fellow's either married or he's not. And that's the end of it. They stay put down there.

"When a man and a girl get married, each should think that the other is the grandest thing in the world. Of course, it's a whole lot to ask any girl to feel that way about me. They look at me and think I'm a great big clown, I guess.

"No. We'll never get together again. You can forgive a lot of things that you can't forget. It's no use trying. Dead ashes won't blaze. It's a funny thing, perhaps: the wallop I got, when she left, helped my work in pictures. After that I just didn't give a damn. And somehow after that they began to say I was good. Or, at least, that I wasn't so bad.

"Success? A kick from it? You don't have to believe if you don't want to, but I'm telling the truth when I say that I simply don't care. If the whole picture business closed down, I'd ride into Arizona, or New Mexico, or South America maybe and raise cattle. If the whole American continent was flooded I'd swim to Europe and go into some business there. As long as there's dry land to stand on nothing worries me. I know I can make good in any business, if I live long enough.

"I won't let things lick me," he continued. "Nothing ever has. There's nothing I ever set out to do that I haven't accomplished. I've often thought that I should have been born sixty years ago. There were real cow outfits in those days. And real men, too. Did you ever read 'The Saga of Billy the Kid'? Great fellow. Of course, he did some things that were wrong. It was atrocious the way he killed those Indians. Remember? But just the same he was all nerve and no nerves.

"You know, I must be a funny mutt. Everyone tells me I look like someone else. My mother saw 'The Volga Boatman' down in Texas and got a great thrill from it. She thought I was Bill Boyd for about two reels. Someone else thought I was Charlie Farrell in 'The Street Angel.' Quite a compliment, eh? He's a great boy. He, and George O'Brien and Rex Bell and a few of us get together sometimes.

"Oh, yes, I see the folks every now and then. My father's a member of Congress now, and is interested in banking. Guess I could go back there if I wanted to. He thinks my judgment is pretty good ever since those ten-year-old days when I bought cattle for him. Last time I saw him he asked me how much I was making. When I told him, he gave me a look and said, 'Aw, rats!'" And again Big Boy grinned, and that dimple flashed into momentary prominence, a chip in a block of chiseled stone.

Come Out Sometime

"SAY, when I get my place fixed up, you must come out. I'm going to be at home there, and I can tell you to kick the cat off the stool and sit down. Just bought it. Quite a little ranch. I've got some horses and a few cattle. I ride and rope calves, and play a little polo. It's right nice. A fellow can have a few people he likes and who like him." He paused for a minute. "There are only a few, you know. I had a pal once. Thought the world of him. But he turned out not so good. That's another reason I can't be disappointed any more."

Another of those strange interludes while Guinn's blue eyes assumed the glint of steel, and he seemed to peer again into the past. But that was over in a second.

"You ought to see my barn. Hardwood floors and everything. Better than lots of houses I've lived in. I take a lot of pleasure out of that barn."

We strolled toward the studio gate. A gigantic negro boomed a greeting: "Hello, theah, how you all been, Big Boy?"

Big Boy seized the huge black paw. "Best in the West, pardner," he answered and, imitating the finger-snapping gesture of a dice shooter, left the darky laughing.

"That fellow used to work with me," he grinned. "Talk about shooting dice! That boy can snap his fingers twenty times while they're rolling."

Now came cries from every side.

"Hey, there, Big Boy!"

"Climbing any telegraph poles, Big Boy?"

"Hello, Big Boy!"

"Who hit you on the chin, Big Boy?"

"All set to go, Big Boy!"

Electricians, stars, directors. And for each the same wide grin, the hearty handclasp, the jesting remark breezy as the prairie. With the exception of Jack Dempsey, there isn't a man in Hollywood so much the potential popular idol.

"I'd have made a good army officer," he says. And he would; doubtless did. He's the sort to lead a forlorn hope. He'd tell the enemy to go to hell. And then chase them there. His men would follow. And so would their women.

Guinn Williams doesn't give a damn. But they'll put his name in lights for all of that. The star from the Lone Star state.

Looking Them Over

(*Continued from page 61*)

Mrs. Mix went to Paris, Tom has done well toward the Baby Stars. His name has been coupled with that of Dorothy Dwan, Lupe Velez, Molly O'Day and now the scintillating Lee.

He is the biggest boon to the Wampas since they started awarding cups.

Joan Joins the Family

JOAN CRAWFORD and Mary Pickford are becoming close friends. That should put at rest all those gossipy reports that Fairbanks *père* disapproved of young Doug's romance with the whoopie kiddie.

"I have never seen a woman become a girl so quickly," said Joan, speaking of Mary. "I think she is beginning to enjoy life for the first time."

Joan and Lillian Gish were the only women present at the christening of Mary's little cousin; and when Joan gave a small dinner party in honor of her mother, Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks were among those present.

The Montmartre Show

HOW they do cut up at the Montmartre is everybody's business. You never saw such goings-on—which probably accounts for the hordes of tourists that rally around every Wednesday and Saturday and wait until three or four o'clock before they can be accommodated for luncheon. Well, it's worth it. Never have I seen such intriguing by-play.

Last Wednesday Billie Dove, Gwen Lee, Mrs. Billy Sunday, Jr., and Dorothy Herzog entertained Tom Mix at luncheon and sent him a corsage of violets. Tom was game. He wore it pinned on his lapel all through the meal. Everybody simply brayed. Killing was no word for it.

At a nearby table, a girl who owes everybody in town was purchasing elaborate gowns right off the backs of the models in the fashion show. That was funny, too, to everybody but her creditors.

Not to be outdone, the bachelors' table recruited the orchestra to accompany them in a little close harmony to the effect that hell, hell, the gang's all here.

But the funniest gag of all was when a strait-laced reformer lady from Padunka paused before the table of a star whom she considered to be notorious and sniffed contemptuously in her direction.

Lilyan the Lavish

THANKS to the efforts of Lilyan Tashman, an actress just recently released from San Quentin penitentiary will have a fresh start in life. Lilyan had never met the woman, but her case so touched her that she solicited contributions from friends and presented the sum with a little wish that everything would go well for her.

The Suitable Reply

EDDIE QUILLAN received a letter from a fan asking the joy-boy to send him a suit of clothes. He mentioned one he particularly fancied from "Show Folks."

"Dear pal," wrote back Eddie. "Sorry about the suit. My brother Joe is wearing it. Also my brothers John and Buster. Dad gets the next crack. Yours in poverty—Eddie."

London Calling Mr. Colman

RONALD COLMAN got a surprise during the filming of "Bulldog Drummond" when he was hastily summoned from the set into the offices of Mr. Goldwyn. For a minute Ronnie was afraid Richard Dix might have bought back the story, but it turned out to be a long-distance telephone call from London from a newspaper reporter who wanted the story of his life. The talk lasted thirty minutes. No, it wasn't his love-life.

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Blue-jay

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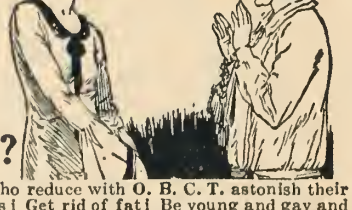
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The screen stars like Edward Everett Horton. But he evinces no less a leaning toward them—toward one of them at least. Which is natural, inasmuch as she is none other than Lois Wilson. The scene is one they took part in together at the Vine Street Theatre, in Hollywood

Horton is Horton

(*Continued from page 22*)

"You've only seen 'The Queen's Husband' and 'Spread Eagle'?" Eddie's mouth performed a funny little quirk. "Then you haven't seen a 'typical Horton show.'"

Upstairs on the stage they were killing Maude Fulton in the second act and Allen Vincent was having his big scene. Downstairs in the Green Room Edward Everett Horton was talking. He was clad in a blue suit and the greasepaint which his art demands. It was the same greasepaint, I should rather guess, that he had worn that day for his cinematic appearance with May McAvoy in "The Terror."

In Behalf of Lois

"'THE Nervous Wreck' is a typical Horton show. Lois Wilson will play the girl. She is so wholesome, genuine, likable, that she makes the public like the sap. I have played 'The Nervous Wreck' many times before, but never with a girl of Lois's type."

They say Eddie was offered a big contract to return to New York and play "The Nervous Wreck" on Broadway. But he refused. He likes the climate.

"The audience figures that if a girl as sweet and charming as Lois can like the hypochondriac who plays the hero, that he can't be such a bad guy and maybe they'll like him a little too. When she falls in love with him, that puts him ace high with the audience. That takes the curse off of sap rôles, when a nice girl will look at him. And the sap rôle, incidentally, is a typical Horton part."

Eddie's made forty motion pictures and has been in Hollywood nine years. He came West to appear in stock at the Majestic Theatre. He has been in stock in Philadelphia, in Portland, Maine, in Brooklyn—where he was born—in Pittsburgh, in Albany, in Scranton, in Wilkes-Barre, in Portland, Oregon.

"'Spread Eagle' is a bit of a departure from the usual Horton stuff. It is more serious." Upstairs a shot rang out, and another Mexican bit the dust. "It is not a sap rôle. The hero is sophisticated, rather bored. The reviews were not good. In fact, they were rather bad."

His Views on Reviews

EDDIE looked as if he were rather glad they had been poor. His words were short-clipped, like a close-trimmed English hedge. But there was underlying humor in his tones.

"I don't mind a bad review now and then. It revives interest. People get to saying 'I hear Eddie Horton's new show is punk,' And then they rush to see the next one to see if it is true."

Eddie has made forty pictures. "Ruggles of Red Gap," a sappy English rôle, directed by James Cruze, was the first. Then a fantasy "Beggar on Horseback," which was what might be termed a flop.

If it had been released now as a German importation directed by a man whose angles are all cubistic, it would undoubtedly be a sensation.

"You can't halt the action of your film to insert a subtitle every hundred feet to remind your audience that they are looking at fantasy, not realism."

It was Theodore Dreiser who said in speaking of a certain type of comedy, "Are not these nonsensicalities but variations of that age-old formula that underlies all humor—the inordinate inflation of fancy

to heights where reason can only laughingly follow; the filliping of the normal fancy with the abnormal?"

And then there was "To the Ladies," which was not a bad picture at all. And, now and then, between legitimate theater engagements there have been pictures at Universal, "Taxi, Taxi!" being one,—"La Bohème" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer being another. There was also a series of two-reel comedies, produced by Harold Lloyd, for Paramount release.

But, somehow, the motion picture public has not become addicted to Horton as they should. Not as the Los Angeles theater-going public has.

Shaving Himself from Temptation

"SO I shaved my head," continued Eddie, picking up the abandoned remark and shaping it into a lariat of conversation. "It was nine or ten years ago. I had just returned from Oregon where I had been in stock. I went up to the Maine woods—miles from anywhere—alone with my dog. I wanted to spend the entire summer there. But I knew that if I got to thinking of the theater, I'd be popping back into town at the end of two weeks. The only thing to do was something that would make me unpresentable. And I shaved my head."

Today his hair is dark and shining and well-brushed. There may be discreet grey hairs at the temples. He admits he has been on the stage for eighteen years. His first appearance was in the Columbia University play, "In Newport." He's been on the boards continuously ever since.

"It was so desolate in the Maine shack that all I could hear was the lcrn cry of a loon, the rustle of pine needles, the soft drip of a nearby waterfall. One day I was out on the lake and I saw a taxi steam up and a tall figure descend. I couldn't imagine who it was. Paddling back, hurriedly, I discovered my brother, Winter, back from the war and full of ideas, with a telegram for me in his hand.

"Winter wanted to go to Los Angeles and start some sort of business. I opened the telegram and there was an offer from the Majestic Theater in Los Angeles for me."

The Horton boys couldn't resist a Fate like that, so they went.

"Imagine the look on the face of the theater manager when he saw the new leading man enter with a Sing-Sing bob. But the hair grew and so did my liking for Los Angeles."

Winter D. Horton is now manager of the theater where his brother is nightly drawing crowds. A sister has moved West. So has Mrs. Horton, mother of so much talent. No wonder Eddie turns his back on Broadway.

He Likes Likable Villainy

"I'D like to play *Scarpia* on the stage," said Eddie, suddenly. "I'd like to play *Scarpia* with a sense of humor. I'd like to play *Iago*, with a sense of humor, on the screen. I suppose every actor has his aspirations." And the wise, witty smile flared. "It's hard for an audience to hate a villain with a sense of humor. And I should like to create a likable villain—one that they would have the devil of a hard time hating."

No wonder the students at the University of Southern California insist that Eddie Horton address them every now and then.

No wonder his fraternity, Phi Kappa Psi, buys out the house every time Eddie opens a new show.

No wonder I want an autographed photograph.

Three silver cocktail shakers stood guard cn a table in the Green Room.

"They belong to the Bon Ton Club. Gloria Swanson and her husband stop in on Wednesdays, and Lois Wilson and Maude Fulton, and others. We call it the Bon Ton Social Club."



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It may be that Bobby Vernon does not take his art too seriously. But his devotion to his daughter, Barbara—that is something else again. Even more than the esteem of the public he values hers

Grinding Out Grins

(*Continued from page 65*)

was shiny and threadbare. So you see he was good to his mother. Today Dorothy Vernon plays in pictures herself. Not that she has to, Bobby will hasten to explain. He's still good to his mother. But mamma needs something to occupy her time, and she really is a clever character actress.

Falling Like Fatty

FATTY ARBUCKLE gave Bobby his start nineteen years ago, when Fatty was producing and starring in tabloid musicals in a Long Beach Theater. Good training, and Bobby was an apt pupil in learning to fall like Fatty. Always got a laugh. Clever stage comedian, Fatty.

There were many weeks when the theater was shut down and all actors out of a job earned their coffee and rolls playing in the movies. Bobby found himself one of the many comics in the old Universal-Nestor one-reelers. He and Louise Fazenda played everything from the young honeymooners to grandpa and grandma. When Ford Sterling was the vogue, he wore a Sterling goatee and used the same facial mugging.

Not until he moved over to the Sennett lot did he discard the exaggerated character make-up. For three years he remained with Sennett, Gloria Swanson—his leading lady—and Wally Beery—then Gloria's bridegroom—Lon Chaney and Clarence Badger, the director, taking what they could get in the way of bits and small parts.

"Gloria hasn't changed at all," he told me. "Lots of people tell me she is up-stage, but she's always been nice to me. Sends me Christmas cards every year and things like that. We used to have a lot of fun. I'd kid Gloria about her nose. You know, it dips in in the middle like a shovel and I'd call her shovel-nose. She didn't mind. She wouldn't be Gloria with a different nose.

Gloria's Unhatched Glory

"NONE of us had any idea she would become as famous as she did, of course. But she was very ambitious and attractive and we knew she'd make good. Marie Prevost was also with us then. She doubled for Gloria."

Bobby's final move was to the Christie studios, where he seems to be a permanent fixture. He has seen a plain, gawky Colleen Moore on a slapstick lot develop into one of the leading screen stars, while more beautiful girls about the studio faded into oblivion. Betty Compson, Laura La Plante, Dorothy DeVore and, more recently, Doris Dawson and Frances Lee, have found his pictures a stepping-stone to movie fame.

He speaks in awed tones of the big fellows—Chaplin, Keaton, Langdon. He had returned from New York on the same boat with Harold Lloyd several months ago.

At thirty-three this modest young man is producing his own comedies, with no illusions about their being art. I brought up the subject of the talkies, expecting him to swoon in my arms with enthusiasm or damn them with expletives. But Bobby would not be shaken out of his phlegmatic calm.

"We're going to make talkies within the next three months. I like 'em well enough. Most of us comedians have had stage experience and have nothing to worry about. It's the girls and boys whose acting has been confined to pictures alone who are being hit hard. The only difference it will make to us is in the stories. They will have to depend more on situations and less on slapstick. The talkies are all right."

And so is Bobby.



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The Code of Cody

(Continued from page 26)

press. Lew talked to the prisoners after the showing of the film. He talked to them as man to man. As a friend. And he left them with their shoulders straightened, their dulled eyes brighter, laughter on mouths long stranger to mirth. I had a premonitory pang then. I thought, "This man has good in him."

I talked to a newspaper man en route to having dinner with Lew one night last week. He told me that Lew spent last New Year's day at San Quentin "with his friends there." The story was noised about Hollywood that Lew was off "on a racket." That was the racket.

Years ago Lew was in stock. A man named Mortimer Pebble was head of the outfit. He wasn't very kind to Lew. He had power—and he used it. A while back he came to Hollywood. He was down and out. Penniless. Old. His power and prestige all gone. Lew bought him a house and lot. He buys him his clothes, gives him his spending money, equips him with a radio and other pleasures. And in return he gets—well, what do hearts of gold get for the largesse they bestow? Mortimer Pebble is still unkind to Lew. When Lew phones him and says he is lonely, is coming over to have a talk or spend the evening, Mortimer is inclined to be indignant. He asks Lew where he gets off at, calling him up at that time of night, disturbing his rest. On one occasion, when Lew called on him around ten o'clock at night Mortimer phoned for the police. He said that Lew was disturbing the peace. Lew laughs and thinks it's great stuff—and continues to make the old man's waning days padded and happy ones.

All at Lew's Expense

A FEW months back a youngster of seventeen or so walked out from somewhere in Kansas. He was a fan of Lew's. He wanted to see him. He went straight to Lew's house. Mabel Normand phoned her better 'alf at the studio and announced the young man's unexpected arrival. Lew had seen him just once, months ago, when he was playing in Kansas City or somewhere. Said Lew, "Put him to bed, feed him, give him some clothes."

The new young man is still with Lew. He recently had to have his tonsils removed. At Lew's expense. Still more recently he took unto himself a wife. At Lew's expense. While he was in hospital he phoned Lew and said, "I want a radio." Lew's chauffeur took him a radio. Oh, dear! Oh. dear!

Lew once had a devoted butler and the devoted butler's wife. They got beyond butlering. Lew bought them a house near the beach. They dwell therein in comfort and prosperity—at Lew's expense.

Lew has now a negro butler named James. Lew plays pool with him. He takes him with him everywhere he goes. When Lew goes to a party, James treks along, a dark, devoted shadow. He watches Lew from hour to hour, though the hours be past midnight. He doesn't like Lew to take a drink. If anyone urges him to, James is gently reproachful. He says, "I thought you were a friend of mine." He would die for Lew; and that is no extravagant statement, let it sound as it will.

Mabel Is Like That, Too

THERE is Mrs. Lew, too. The House of Cody has chalk marks in Heaven, or something has gone awry with the celestial efficiency department. One day a few weeks back Mabel Normand Cody was driving into Los Angeles. En route she chanced to see a poor mother and her inevitable little ones parked on the sidewalk among a few odds and ends of furniture. They had been, of course, dispossessed by the irate landlord. Mabel stepped from her car. She went to the landlord, paid the back rents and several rents in advance, gave the poor stranger-woman some money, hopped her car again and was on her way. That's the House of Cody for you.

One night the Codys were entertaining at dinner. Mabel had a gorgeous Spanish shawl for which she had paid a princely sum and of which she was particularly fond and proud. One of her dinner guests, a girl she knew very casually, admired the shawl extravagantly. She postured about in it, oh-ing and ah-ing. She kept it up until Mabel said "Do you really love it so much? Does it give you so much pleasure?" The girl sighed and oh-ed and ah-ed some more. Mabel said, "Then take it, please. I want you to have it."

A few years ago, Lew told me, he was sitting on top of the world. Things were going great. He was, he thought, about where he wanted to be.

"One morning," he said, "I was driving to the studio and on a billboard near the studio I read the words, 'I can get any woman I can kiss' signed 'Lew Cody, the BUTTERFLY MAN'! I knew that I was through. I was done for. What man would want his wife, sister or mother to see a man who would say a thing like that? What man would want to see a "butterfly man"? I was finished in pictures—and I knew it.

Roscoe to the Rescue

"I WENT to my director and asked him how long we had to go on the picture we were doing. He said, 'Four days.' I said, 'You're wrong, we haven't four hours. I'm leaving today.' I did. At the moment I had about four dollars and a quarter in the world. I didn't know how I was going to make the grade to New York, but I knew I would swing it, somehow. I told a very wealthy man I knew—and had done many favors for—of my predicament. He said, 'You could take some sandwiches along.' I didn't have to. An hour before I was to leave, Roscoe Arbuckle handed me fifteen hundred dollars in cash. Without being asked. That is friendship."

Lew went to New York. He went to Europe. He staged a comeback, slowly, no doubt painfully, but surely. He killed "The Butterfly Man" a sure death. And he stands over his corpse today, a sadder and, I think, a wiser man.

Lew is in Europe at this writing. He is billing himself: "Mabel Normand Presents Lew Cody, etc." Vaudeville. If you are anything of a psychologist, this will give you a hint—that Lew loves his wife, and no butterfly business about it, either. Whenever he goes away, wherever he goes, he always brings Mabel home some "funny little toys." Because Mabel loves presents and toys best of all and because she cries over them, like the child she is at heart. Lew teases Mabel and gets a great kick out of it when the teasing takes, as it usually does. He phones her several times an evening when he is resting at his beach house. And he is unequivocally loyal to her.

And Lew'd give you the rug off his floor, the door off its hinges, the shirt off his back, the signature off his checks, and never a word about an I. O. U. You'd never go hungry, poor, friendless or alone while the House of Cody stands. So much is certain in a world and among a group of people where almost nothing is.

Thirty Famous Unknowns

(*Continued from page 73*)

the Boulevard on a recent trip to California and persuaded her to try the talkies.

Warner Brothers is bringing Ted Lewis, Sophie Tucker, queen of jazz, and the intellectual stage actor, George Arliss, to Hollywood. Pauline Frederick has just made "On Trial" for them, and her ex-husband, Willard Mack, the Broadway actor, is to play the lead in "Hunted" for Metro. John Cromwell, famous as the police captain in the stage play, "The Racket," has begun his talkie career in "The Dummy" with Ruth Chatterton, another Broadway star, on the Famous Players lot.

In the Paramount Long Island studio, actors at present appearing on Broadway are making talking motion pictures in their spare time. There are Jeanne Eagels and O. P. Heggie, who will appear in a few months in "The Letter;" and Raymond Hitchcock and Carroll McCormick, whom even movie fans have heard of and will have a chance to see in "The Pusher-in-the-Face." The Marx Brothers are repeating their stage success, "The Cocoanuts," for the films; and Ann Pennington, June Walker, Ann Forrest and Fannie Brice are all playing in "Night Club," another feature talkie.

And still they come by every overland limited. Everywhere in Hollywood new faces: in the studios, on the Boulevard, at the Montmartre, the Cocoanut Grove, The Brown Derby. Young faces, middle-aged faces, faces you will soon be seeing on the screen of your own movie theater.

Long-Distance Lovers

(*Continued from page 77*)

turned to discover the fortune-hunting gent standing at her elbow, evidently most pleased at the accidental encounter.

Cash and Marry

"THERE we stood in that awful jam," she said, "and suddenly, for no reason at all, he asked me if I was engaged. I told him I was not and inquired why he asked. 'Well,' he said, in the most casual manner imaginable, 'I just thought that if you weren't—and if you would like to be married—I should be quite willing.'

"I laughed. I couldn't help it. All the people around us had heard it too, but it was even more amusing than it was embarrassing. Knowing his reputation, I said, as demurely as I could, 'Why—you don't want to marry me. I haven't any money.'

"You should have seen his face. He stammered, 'You haven't? Why—I understood—why, aren't you in pictures?'

"I insisted that I really hadn't and he melted away in the most discouraged manner. And I have never seen him since."

Raquel Torres missed the chance to become a queen or something when she rejected the matrimonial offer of the extremely ancient Chieftain Mehevi when she was in Papeete, making "White Shadows in the South Seas." She explained tactfully that despite his wealth and undoubted charm, she feared she could never reconcile herself to eating raw fish every morning for breakfast.

And when Josephine Dunn was on a small-town location one time, a plump Lothario laid siege to her heart in a truly whirlwind fashion, beginning by sending her at least a bushel of flowers upon her arrival at the local hotel. He followed this up by an almost immediate appearance, in person, bearing just a dandy box of candy and sat right down to talk things over.

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It seems to be a complex thing, this love business.

But there's this to say about it: that only those who have been through its bewildering experience can contribute to the understanding of love anything worth-while and genuine.

Which brings us to this point: that in a forthcoming issue of MOTION PICTURE there will be one of the most fascinating love-life stories we have yet published.

You know the author of it. She is one of the most famous women in the world. A woman both charming and fearless—and overpoweringly attractive to men.

She has lived and dared—and known love.

No matter what your own experience, what your own views on love may be, you'll find this the most engrossing revelation of the inner storms that rage through a woman's heart that you have ever encountered.

It was she who said that she knew a man who was repulsive to her. And yet a man whom she could not resist kissing. Was this love? And if not, what?

Don't take a chance on missing this story. It will appear in an early issue of

MOTION PICTURE

"It's the Magazine of Authority"

Confessions of the Stars

(Continued from page 72)

much sense to me, that story. I only knew that he was not the Galahad I had thought him; I knew that he was telling me that I was not the only girl, as I had thought I was. I didn't know just what he had done, but I knew that he was not what he had seemed. This was my first disillusion. I returned his fraternity pin, tore up his letters and tried to forget. Of course I succeeded—after six months or so.

Poverty and Injustice

"SHORTLY after this happened the family fortunes crashed. My father died. My sister had married in the last whirl of glory the family knew—and we were left alone in a world stripped of everything but poverty. Real poverty, it was, too. Nothing fictional about it. Days when we wondered where heat and food and clothing were to come from. The kind of poverty that cannot pay rent, or grocer bills and has gas and electric light and all services cut off.

"Under the homestead laws of Texas we lost our home. I had to go to court and testify, and I remember that the judge made me out a liar and I was miserable and bewildered with shame and resentment.

"And once again, so early, I learned how swiftly humans will desert a sinking ship. People who had cultivated us when they thought something was to be got for their pains, persons for whom my father had rendered services, in cash and other ways, forgot us when the crash came. Never said so much as, 'Thank you' or 'Too bad.' We had lost what the world counts as of primary importance. I have never forgotten that lesson. I never shall.

"The beauty contest I won after coming to Hollywood, my start in pictures, has all been told many times before.

"Then my first marriage—so sordid that it is a memory I cannot bear to dwell on more than to point out how it contributed toward making me the sort of person I am today.

"I was ignorant as well as innocent when I married that first time. And I was, or I had been, very gay and very full of fun. Something it seems hard for people to believe of me. But it was so. I never smoked and I had a horror of drinking, but I did go out with boys and loved it. I danced and spooned and went to parties and did all the things a girl does do when she is on her own for the first time in her life.

Marriage and Lost Faith

"MY first marriage knocked the joy of life right out of me. I came out of it at last, dazed, cynical, hard and hurt. Hurt. I had lost my last vestige of faith in men and in women. I didn't trust one living soul. I didn't even trust myself. I was disillusioned and embittered, through and through.

"You see, I had loved him. And that love had made those dreadful, faith-breaking years all the more hideous.

"During those years I was working and working hard, day after day, at the old Vitagraph studio in the East. I went to a few theaters. I went to a night club just twice. I took dancing lessons three nights a week. That was all.

"I never saw the color of my own money. I seldom saw my family. I had no time and little inclination to make friends. I didn't know what it was all about, didn't realize that there was any man in the world but that man or that any other condition of living might exist for me.

"It nearly did for me completely, that experience. It has only been recently, very slowly and painfully and with the help of Walter, that I have worked myself out of it and of the bitter aftermath it left for me.

"It was my danger zone. That was the time when I stood the frailest chance of survival. The time when my old inferiority grew apace and nearly strangled me. For my husband would say to me, 'You would be nothing without me.' He couldn't have said a more fatal thing to me. For I believed him.

"And then, when things grew too dark and horrible, I came back to Hollywood. I came fully determined to be bad, to live a life of gay and scarlet sin. I thought, why bother with ideals or dreams if life is like this. What does anything matter? Certainly, I don't matter.

Marriage and New Faith

"I COULDN'T seem to get into the swing of it. I was deathly tired with that chilling tiredness that is not of the body. And very soon I met Walter—and was saved.

"I met him one night at the Ambassador. He asked me to dine with him the next night. He said, 'I want you to meet my mother.' Somehow, that simple, nice little speech touched the very rightest spot in me. It was so wholesome, so real. I liked it. And that is what I have found, what I cherish beyond anything else in this happy second marriage of mine: wholesomeness, enthusiasms for worthwhile things, respect.

"I have found the worthwhile things in my work, too, I hope.

"For a long while I was terribly handicapped by an absurd notion that seemed to be current, that I was beautiful.

"I am not beautiful. I know I am not. Take me apart, feature for feature, and you will see for yourself.

"I don't want to be known as a beauty.

"Beauty, on the screen, is more of a detriment than an asset.

"They won't let you act if you are tagged with that label. It is the old beautiful-but-dumb idea. I know. When, in the past, I would ask to do such and such a part, I would be told, 'Oh, but you can't play a character like that. Why, she only wears an apron or a blouse. Your public want to see you gorgeously gowned, wearing jewels and satins.' In other words, I was to be a clothes-horse, walking through artificial parts, stiff, not human.

Her Choice of Rôles

"NOW that I can choose my own vehicles I have slipped in the social scale. In 'The Divine Lady' I played the daughter of a blacksmith and a cook. In 'Outcast' a girl of the streets. In 'Saturday's Children' a stenographer; and in 'Prisoners' I am a cashier in a bakery-cafe in Budapest. Human beings with the concealing fripperies thrown off. The lady of the streets and the lady of the salon are not so very far apart—only in that one may expose her emotions and the other may not.

"And some day I hope to play Josephine and then Marie Antoinette—human beings.

"And so this may explain a little that my coldness is really self-consciousness, born of an inferiority complex that life seemed determined to nourish for many years. My present good fortune in having my own way is the result, perhaps, of the many years when I had no way at all. I believe in the law of compensation.

"I am glad I went through the things I did. The first marriage, the bad-lands that followed. Everything. I had some ecstatic moments; and to me one perfect moment is worth months of pain. For after all, without pain, without the necessity to do, to achieve, to conquer, what or where can be the savor?"

Twelvetrees Is Oke

(Continued from page 40)

wouldn't want to play the character."

This was something different, to say the least. Most of the sisters from the stage are no less than boiled in oil when they don't get to create their stage characters on the screen. But the Twelvetrees shook her head.

"No matter how advanced the screen feels with the talkies, it is still a diluted medium compared to the stage. I mean for human characterizations. In Hollywood the type makes the character and on Broadway the character makes the type. I'm sure no casting director for the screen would choose me for the part of *Roberta*, though the critics of New York found me perfectly adapted to the rôle. But I have no quarrel with that. I'm perfectly willing to be the good little girl in the movies. Movie audiences seldom go in for the morbid, depressing themes, anyway. I've watched too many girls ride into success on the *Pollyanna* philosophy."

And after all, Helen is in Hollywood to make a hit—even if we have no Times Square.

"The time when I miss Broadway the most is at seven o'clock in the morning. I simply can't get used to these heathenish early hours. Before I came out here the only thing I knew about seven A.M. was a mere rumor. But I guess I'll get used to it. The picture girls I've met seem to thrive on it. But the picture girls seem to thrive on a lot of things the stage girls could never fatten on. Thousand-dollar-per-week salaries for one.

Money Makes 'Em Moral

"COMPARED to the actresses in New York, the Hollywood actresses are millionaires. If a girl makes two hundred and fifty dollars weekly on the stage, she is getting along nicely. Some of the bit players out here average that much. Maybe that's why we have so many gold-diggers in New York compared to practically none in Hollywood. Most of the girls make so much money they can afford to be moral.

"Gold-digging in New York is a necessary part of a chorus girl's existence. I mean polite gold-digging. There's nothing particularly immoral about it. She merely trades a pretty smile for a bottle of Christmas Night; or her company at dinner for a pair of silk stockings. It's quite an accepted code—and no one thinks any the less of her. After all, except in rare cases, her salary does not permit her many luxuries.

"When I said a moment ago that there were no gold-diggers in Hollywood, I meant no petty gold-digging. Out here they go in for it on a much larger scale. The girls out in Hollywood who wouldn't think of wasting their smiles for a bottle of perfume, will use almost the same tactics as her despised sisters for a starring rôle or feature billing in a special picture. They gold-dig for fame in the studios, where they gold-dig for necessities on the stage. This is a condition that couldn't possibly exist in New York. The chief reason is that a man of influence in pictures, such as a famous director, or producer, can teach his protégée to become an artist on the screen, whereas there must be a natural talent for stardom on the stage."

Helen stuck her hands deep down into the pockets of her bright sport suit and laughed a sort of sound-proof laugh. "But I don't know why I should be going on at such length about gold-digging either here or abroad," she continued. "Never having been a chorus girl, or a Hollywood star, I've lost out on my chance for plain and fancy digging, one way or the other.

You Know or You Don't

"UNLIKE many girls in New York, I did not step from a Follies chorus

(Continued on page 89)



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A Miracle Is Foreseen

(*Continued from page 33*)

or a villain's ears, these were nailed to the wall.

"Top o' the Mornin'" was the appropriate name of the show in which he was rehearsing when the click of cameras first set his head abuzzing. 'Twixt one thing and another he quit the stage to join the pioneer band of Lubin, maker of balking pictures. Here he tarried for many months. And with each succeeding movie featuring his name as hero, he became more enamoured of his new mistress.

The movies then are not the movies now. If you worked on a lot in those days, you might be star, director, producer and prop-boy. Had there been sound, you'd have doubled for off-stage noises. It was all in the day's work. And each man had thrust upon him the once-in-a-lifetime chance to learn movie-making in all its phases.

The Old Faithful Plot

KING went to the Balboa outfit in which he, as director, megaphoned instructions to himself as star. In his odd moments he dashed off a dozen stories. Each was titled "Who Pays?" Each had a good plot. The same one. Together he and Ruth Roland co-starred in the series. With this venture complete, King embarked upon his career as a discoverer of screen talent. He sponsored Baby Marie Osborne. And in introducing the first child star in pictures laid himself open to the dire fury of multitudes who have been long-suffering since. Together they played "Little Mary Sunshine" and another equally *Pollyanna*-titled tale. Then King stepped out as a full-fledged producer, directing all his energies to developing the talent of his star. About this time the keen, appraising eye dug up two other potential cinema celebrities. You may have heard the names of Cullen Landis and Douglas MacLean.

Stepping back into his directorial character, King guided the destinies of Mary Miles Minter through several pictures, and then megaphoned a bevy of he-man drammers starring the late William Russell. He and Big Bill were the best of pals. Not long ago at Russell's hospitable residence he unearthed some pictures dating back to those days. Bill's muscular arms were stretched above his head, and balanced on his hands stood that dignified, austere gentleman, Director Henry King. Perhaps this epoch of King's career winds up with his selection by Thomas H. Ince to direct the recent find, Douglas MacLean, in "Twenty-Three and a Half Hours' Leave."

This production seems to have placed the Virginian's feet definitely upon the road to greatness, and to have faced those feet in the right direction. He was immediately retained to direct H. B. Warner, up until then known only as a stage star, in a half-dozen pictures. Following these, he donned make-up again to co-star with Blanche Sweet in "Help Wanted, Male," which he also directed. Then, after three others starring Pauline Frederick, King again joined production ranks in an association with Inspiration Pictures.

David Like Himself

UNDER these auspices he made the first of his really memorable photodramas. The first of his creations which is eternal. This was "Tol'able David." And it is interesting to remember that it was Richard Barthelmess' first starring picture. Quite probably this endeavor is the first favorite of its creator. There seems to have been something close akin between King and his leading character. It may be that in its composition there is some echo of the director's boyhood. That in *David* he saw again the boy who was himself back in the golden haze of Ol' Virginny.

"Tol'able David" set the seal of success on Barthelmess. Four more followed. Then King turned to pastures green and wrought "The White Sister." This was the second of his never-to-be-forgottens. It bears the dual distinction of being the first photodrama in which Lillian Gish ever starred, and the first successful film produced by an American company in Italy. The entire picture was made in Rome. Scarcely had an enchanted industry ceased its praise, when King came through with the third of his immortals. Again he turned toward charming Italy, and in Florence filmed "Romola." In this third triumph he made a successful experiment which has since revolutionized motion picture photography. He shot all his picture on panchromatic stock. This was the first time an entire feature production had been photographed on the new, sensitive negative. Now it is in common use. And the formula being used is that originated by King in "Romola."

Upon his Napoleonic return from the Italian victories, King immediately associated himself with Samuel Goldwyn. Then, as now, Sam was engaged in the production of photoplays for United Artists' distribution. And it was in this connection that the director evolved the fourth of his magnificent masterpieces. "Stella Dallas" swept the world, riddling records with box-office bull's-eyes wherever the affinity between screen and projector had been established. As his other efforts were the instruments through which Barthelmess, MacLean, Gish had won their places in the cinema sun, so "Stella Dallas" proved to be the wave upon the crest of which that elfin child, Lois Moran, rode to a fixed position in the film firmament.

Greater Greatness at Hand

WITH "Stella Dallas" King's big-four cycle became complete. The glory of a lesser man might have been enhanced by his subsequent productions. "The Woman Disputed," for instance, possesses sufficient merit to have elevated another from obscurity to the heights. But even the Norma Talmadge picture was not of that excellence essential to the further gilding of King's laurels.

His horizon of life is now purpled with a new dawn. He is about to attain fresh dramatic strength. A fuller directorial maturity is upon him. The flame of his genius will flare to finer fire. What he has done is mere preparation for what he will do. The great work is yet to come.

It is conceivable that this is close at hand. Back with Inspiration Pictures, he has completed a picture which may well turn out to be an epic of women and war. As the story of Mars and the masculine principle has been well told upon a thousand screens, so King's latest effort, "She Goes to War," may delineate the greatest of all dramas from the feminine viewpoint.

Again, this one may prove to be one more preparatory stop. The verdict remains with you who are the final judges of all artistic creation. But, whichever the case, watch Henry King. Hag Hollywood, that garrulous old witch-woman, knows all the neighbors well. And stirring the bubbles in the boiling pot of destiny she has droned:

"I see him lavishing genius on a crucible of celluloid. His best effort is on its way."

The green-eyed black cat purrs. The oracle's voice fades like a sail at sea. But a wraith of words echoes the prophecy: "Something the world will talk about; startling; a thing inspired; just about due."



Chester Conklin in "The House of Horror" departs from his usual pathetic characterization to play the part of a real she-man

Twelvetrees Is Oke

(*Continued from page 87*)

into dramatic rôles. I got on the stage partly through an overwhelming ambition and partly through chance.

"Ever since I was a little kid I've wanted to go on the stage and, while none of my people had been theatrical, my mother encouraged me in my ambition. I used to speak pieces in school and win medals for elocution. That sort of thing.

"Finally I thought I ought to make a stab for some real experience and so an agent I knew sent me up to the offices of Horace Liveright. I was sitting in the anteroom when I was suddenly and mysteriously summoned into the inner sanctum and someone thrust a script into my hands. I guess they must have mistaken me for someone else. Anyway, I thought it was a great opportunity and when he told me to take the part and come back in an hour and give a reading, I actually ran from the office clutching the manuscript.

"I went across the street to a hotel lobby and studied like fury. I was so trembly and nervous and excited I could hardly read the lines and it wasn't until after I had returned to the office, read the part and been engaged for the rôle that I realized I was signed for the part of *Roberta* in 'An American Tragedy.'

"During the first few weeks of the play's run I was mentioned merely on the program, but after a little while my name was up in electric lights—not as a star, but as a featured player. It wasn't long after that that Mr. Liveright put me under contract; and it was under his management that I made the plays I have already told you about. 'Yen,' with Charlie Ray, was the only flop."

Helen feels that unless they are particularly adapted, movie stars have no business on the stage. Charlie Ray, in an attempt to capitalize on his name, was a miserable fizzle on the boards. Even his great gift of pantomime was lost in his weak voice and obvious stage-fright.

"I don't mean to say that there aren't many of the studio people who couldn't make good on the stage. All the screen players who can get over in the talkies would be good on the stage. Reading lines is a knack. It's a born gift. You either know how, or you don't."

Helen Twelvetrees knows how.



SERVICE

Business today is based upon service. The "grab and run" manufacturer is almost extinct. Advertising has played its part in his passing. By contrast with the open methods of others, it has thrown his operations into such sharp relief that it has left him no recourse. His failure was inevitable.

People have come to depend upon consistently advertised merchandise. They have confidence in the manufacturer who places himself on record month after month as to the merits of his product. They know he will maintain that product at the standard he has set, not only for their protection but for his own. Should he drop below, the buying public would soon discover it, and his business would be faced by ruin. No manufacturer who is spending large sums to produce, advertise and sell an article is going to take that risk.

Quality, utility and value are the things uppermost in the mind of the advertiser today. Improving his product, making it more useful to you, giving you greater value for your money, these are his aims. When he succeeds, he tells you about it—in the advertisements.

If you neglect the advertisements, you are missing one of the most vital features in this magazine.

BROWNIE NAME CARDS
Latest Handy Size.
50 Perfect Name Cards and Case 35c

Size 1¼ x 2¼. Choice of Old English, Plain or Script Types.
Address - - - 10c Extra
Telephone - - - 5c "
With Novelty case and Fancy box. Send Stamps, Coin, or Money Order. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money refunded. Agents Wanted.
BROWNIE NAME CARD CO.
107 Main St., Coventry, R. I.

MONEY FOR YOU
Men or women can earn $15 to $25 weekly in spare time at home making display cards. Light, pleasant work. No canvassing. We instruct you and supply you with work. Write to-day for full particulars.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
209 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Can.

NOW
NATURAL GLEAM
is the NEW *nail fashion*



SMART women have abandoned artificial looking nail tints. Instead, an entirely new type of nail loveliness is now the fashion—*natural gleam*, given in an instant by Glazo.

The soft shimmer of Glazo Liquid Polish is neither too deep nor too pale—just a natural, soft brilliance! So adorning to any woman's nails and hands! So new and correct!

This exquisite polish was created for women by Edna Albert, one of America's foremost business women. She searched the toilet goods shops of Paris for a truly distinguished nail polish—brought back a secret formula and perfected it in her own laboratories. That is Glazo—loveliest, most sophisticated, and most popular, of all liquid polishes.

A "nail sheath" thin as silk

A brush flick, and Glazo gives a lustrous "nail sheath" which is mirror-smooth, glinting with the light.

And this dainty nail sheath lasts a week. Glazo never peels, shreds, turns brown. Its delicate lustre does not dull. It spreads on evenly and instantly, without that thick, gummy look. At all toilet goods counters, in clever twin bottles—Glazo Polish and Remover—50c. Or send ten cents for generous sample set—use the coupon below!



The Glazo Company (304)
551—5th Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

I enclose 10 cents. Please send me Glazo Samples. (polish and remover). Also booklet of complete manicuring instructions.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

GLAZO



Billie Dove on the wing: in "The Man and the Moment" she is seen as a girl more adventurous than her usual characterizations. And her Scottish terrier, Sandy, therefore is sticking close to her to see that no harm comes of her daring

She Must Take a Bath Every Day

(*Continued from page 21*)

was Lupe browbeaten into refinement.

Her Secret Beer

THE paternal heart of Mack Sennett was so sore at the thought of losing Sally Eilers to matrimony that he summoned a lawyer and had inserted by legal clause that she was not to marry during the length of her contract with him, or at least until she had reached the years of discretion. Until, as Mack further explained to Sally, she was old enough to know her own mind so that the match she made might benefit her spiritually as well as romantically and materially. Like all papas the world over, Mack wanted his little girl to be happy in a large way.

When a certain dashing, foreign ingénue arrived on the sound-proof stages, her producer was shocked and shamed to find out that she drank, nay, demanded her beer. In great gusty goblets she liked it. Ach! Beer and cheese. Her staff of life. So distressed was the producer at her glaring tinge of immorality, that he resorted to drastic measures. He went so far as to put his foot down. She must not drink beer in public. If she could not shake this craven appetite, then she must indulge in secret. Oh, the shame of it. The shame of it!

As for the baby star who had such bad taste in clothes that her producer insisted she be accompanied on shopping tours by a wardrobe expert from the studio, she has well learned her lesson. No longer does she purchase green handkerchiefs to go with red dresses—her company won't let her.

No one was more distressed than another producer when he noted, with growing alarm, that Molly O'Day was getting into the poundage. With the same distress as a mother with a marriageable daughter, they tried every way to whittle her down, including a threat to fire her. As a whole, the producers are all touchy about weight. When the pounds come on, the salary stops. They do so want their wards to look well.

Too Ga-Ga to Trust

NEITHER will they permit their players to make fools of themselves. Not if they, the Producers' Association, can help it. One young lady has been forbidden to make personal appearances because as her contract reads, "nothing is gained from the contact." Because they didn't want to hurt her feelings, they failed to add that her rather ga-ga and silly personality did more harm than good.

The old folks at home couldn't suffer more than the Hays organization when the young folks take chances with their necks. Especially the boys. Boys will be boys, you know, even movie actors. Carl Laemmle hated to rob Reginald Denny of his innocent fun, but if he wouldn't look out for himself, then Universal would have to. They insisted, by way of a lawyer, that he was not to fly an airplane while he was under contract to them. What's more, he was not to ride in an airplane. What's more, he wasn't even to look at one.

Paramount was equally hurt when Adolphe Menjou went out and endorsed some cheap ties without consulting them. Paramount felt it was bad taste. If Adolphe wanted to endorse some cravats, why didn't he come and have a long, friendly talk with Jesse Lasky about it before he made the rash step. Mr. Lasky could have made him see the folly of the thing. He would have advised him, guiding him into endorsing some more expensive brand of neckwear. To protect themselves against further embarrassment against good taste, they have inserted into all their contracts that their kiddies may make no official endorsements without the consent of their producer. After all, actors are just children. Only producers are grown up.

Her Interest at Heart

THE same company, so it is rumored, has taken a very fatherly interest in the affairs of their foremost little box-office attraction. So carefully do they look after her affairs, that they have stipulated in her contract that she must save money. To make sure she saves money she is paid but one half of her salary and the other half is salted away against the proverbial rainy day when she will be out on her own in the cold world with no nice studio to protect her. If you wanted to make a bum pun out of the thing, you might say that they have her interest at heart. Six per cent.

Believe these or not: But—

One studio insists that its favorite dancing star wear bloomers in dancing contests. Modesty, thy name is Mayer.

Another studio carefully examines the nails of their little pet, especially just before banquets.

Still another organization demands that their baby ga-ga be home and in bed by one a.m.

Is it any wonder that the favorite song of the Hollywood players is, "Laemmle, You've Been A Mother To Me"?



When you find two men, one devoted to tennis and the other addicted to golf, still able to associate without bloodshed, boy, they're friends. And that's Jack Holt and Ernest Torrence

What College Men Think of the Movies

What Richard A. Stout Thinks

(*Continued from page 70*)

par with the scene or situation it tries to explain. When certain improvements are made in the pictures themselves, writers of subtitles might conceivably rise to the occasion. But subtitles are eulogized in comparison to the disfavor heaped upon the advertisements of coming pictures at the first-class picture palaces. "Revenge," a late Dolores Del Rio vehicle, is a typical example. The heroine is momentarily shown in the act of beating the Caucasian bandit with a mule-driver's whip. The caption, in smouldering, then fiery, letters, reads, "Burning passions! Fierce hatreds! Wild loves! Do not fail to see this mighty drama of a bear-taming gypsy girl and her masterful bandit lover!" The average Harvard man is a master at suppressing his curiosity; he would be inclined to avoid "Revenge." Even the "gun-cursed gutter" of a crook melodrama has no allures. The less tinsel and clap-trap the better.

With the lights of the University Theater (unofficial) reflected in the windows of two famous senior dormitories of the historic Yard, and the downtown motion picture district of Boston ten minutes distant on the subway, Harvard men are attracted to the cinema box-office probably more than they would admit. But there is no such thing as unified undergraduate opinion on the subject of the films. Favorite stars and word-of-mouth publicity are box-office attractions. College men demand beauty of their feminine favorites and acting ability of the male stars. There are admittedly different types of beauty. The most popular is invariably the "it" category which contains Greta Garbo, Clara Bow, Renée Adorée, Mae Murray, and Dolores del Rio. Running this group a close race are the talented comediennes, Marion Davies and Bebe Daniels. Joan Crawford and Jacqueline Logan each have a following, while Lillian Gish and Janet Gaynor are by far the most popular feminine exponents of the pathetic or tragic.

They Care, But Not Much

POPULAR masculine stars are Emil Jannings, Lon Chaney, Wallace Beery, Douglas Fairbanks, Louis Wolheim, Richard Barthelmess, William Boyd, and William Haines. Pictures like "The Last Command," "The Thief of Bagdad," "The Big Parade" are of the type which bring men to the movies who rarely go otherwise. "Wings" had the same drawing power. Next to these masterpieces, pictures with real humor and entertainment value make a hit. William Boyd and Jacqueline Logan in "Power" illustrate this last type of picture.

In the last analysis, Harvard men treat the movies with their traditional indifference, real or assumed as it may be. Ninety-nine per cent. of those who go have recreation in mind, are not in a critical mood, and unless impressed cease to think about the picture soon after leaving the theater. It is extremely improbable that many undergraduates contemplate film careers. If the industry desires college men, it should unearth some other introduction than the "most handsome man" contest. The worthwhile men would never be attracted by any such approach. There is as yet no evidence of any urge to Hollywood on the part of the great body of undergraduates.



GROW—

Yes, Grow Eyelashes *and* Eyebrows like this in 30 days

THE most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows *actually grow*. Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can *have them*—and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." It is new growth, startling results, or no pay. And you are the sole judge.

Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt

Over ten thousand women have tried my amazing discovery, proved that eyes can now be fringed with long, curling natural lashes, and the eyebrows made intense, strong silken lines! Read what a few of them say. I have made oath before a notary public that these letters are voluntary and genuine. From Mlle. Hefflefinger, 240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.: "I certainly am delighted . . . I notice the greatest difference . . . people I come in contact with remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear." From Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Phila., Pa.: "I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now." From Frances Raviart, R. D. No. 2, Box 179, Jeanette, Penn.: "Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous." From Pearl Provo, 2954 Taylor St., N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.: "I have been using your eyebrow and eyelash Method. It is surely wonderful." From Miss Flora J. Corriveau, 8 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.: "I am more than pleased with your Method. My eyelashes are growing long and luxurious."

Results Noticeable in a Week

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that you can have eyelashes and eyebrows as beautiful as any you ever saw.

Remember . . . in 30 days I *guarantee results* that will not only delight, but amaze. If you are not absolutely and entirely satisfied, your money will be returned promptly. I mean just that—no quibble, no strings. Introductory price $1.95. Later the price will be regularly $5.00.

Lucille Young

Grower will be sent C. O. D. or you can send money with order. If money accompanies order postage will be prepaid.

LUCILLE YOUNG,
8514 Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.

Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. If not absolutely and entirely satisfied, I will return it within 30 days and you will return my money without question.

Price C. O. D. is $1.95 plus few cents postage.

If money sent with order price is $1.95 and postage is prepaid.

State whether money enclosed or you want order C. O. D.

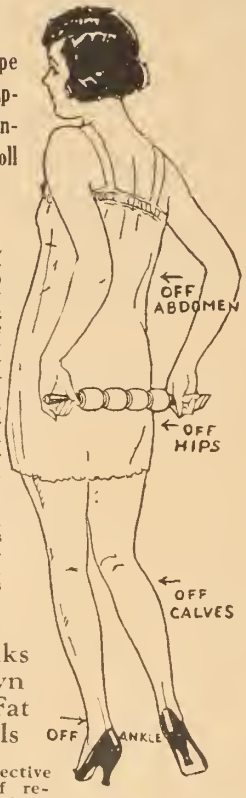
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Take Off Fat
—Any Spot or over Entire Body!

Amazing New-Type Rubber Roller (Cupped) Does It! 10 Minutes a Day Will Roll the Fat Away—



A GRACEFUL slender figure now easy! 10 minutes a day simple massaging with this new type Reducer does it—takes off the fat—at any spot—or over the entire body. Nothing like the Magic Reducer unique rollers—really four rubber rollers in one and each one cupped. Scientific! It actually works as a reducer. Produces a combined massage and suction action that breaks down the fat cells.



Breaks Down the Fat Cells

The effective way of removing fatis to break down the fat cells and at the same time stimulate circulation so the blood will carry the cells away. This, the Magic Reducer does through its combined massage-and-suction action. The fat positively disappears. 10 minutes a day in the privacy of your own boudoir will absolutely reduce double chin, abdomen, hips, calves, ankles—the entire body and restore youthful, graceful lines. No rigorous diet or strenuous exercise necessary. Full instructions with every roller.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded

Send for one today, see the results yourself even in a short time. Weigh and measure yourself before starting—then note the difference even in 10 days! Order today at the special introductory price of $5.00. Send no money, if you wish, but pay postman the price (plus few cents postage) on delivery. Mail coupon or copy it in a letter or on postal TODAY!

Industrial Rubber Co.
Desk M
Long Island City New York

INDUSTRIAL RUBBER CO., Desk M
133 Harris Avenue, Long Island City, N. Y.

You may send me a Magic Reducer. I will pay postman $5.00 (plus postage) on delivery.

Name .....

Street No. .....

City ..... State .....

If you wish you may enclose $5.00 with this coupon and we will prepay postage.

Live and Re-Live

(*Continued from page 37*)

I forgot them all. I faced death as I had faced it so long before in the mine disaster.

"I decided that living underground wasn't my forte, so I went back to Indianapolis and onto the railroad as a fireman. Mother hadn't wanted her boys to do railroading because of my father's death in the business. And she always worried. The day I was nearly killed she had a premonition. The parlor—the kind in which the kids go on Sunday to tickle their legs against the horsehair furniture—was closed. But at 1:03 a.m. she heard something fall in there. It was my picture. So she wasn't surprised when they told her that I had been seriously injured at 1:03 that morning. In a wreck, the same as my father.

"For a year I lay in the hospital, reliving my soldier-of-fortune experiences. But no premonition came to me of how I was going to use them, of how they were to enable me to make a living beyond my fondest imaginings.

The Tribute of Trust

"I HAVE never sat down to count the number of train-pictures I have made. Of course, the first thing a fireman does is to learn to run the engine, so he can be ready for promotion. I have never ceased to thrill at running an engine, when I go down to the railroad yards to make a picture and see the men crowding around to watch and to criticize the actor who is going to imitate them. When I step into the cab, release the air, throw the reverse over, whistle, start the train from the station and hear them rumble and mumble, 'Gosh, that fellow must of been a railroader; he goes at it too easily for an actor'—that's when I get a kick in life which makes even the hospital experience worth it. And when the Southern Pacific let me drive their crack train, 'The Lark,' from Watsonville into San Francisco—that was a compliment. It was publicity for the opening of 'The Limited Mail' in the Bay City. Thousands were at the station to greet me. Mrs. Blue was riding on the train behind me. The regular engineer sat to the rear as a protection for the company, but I drove it in alone—the only person not connected with the road to operate an engine.

"During the crash-up in making that picture, I almost froze to the controls, so vividly did I re-live my actual crash-up and the year in the hospital which followed. Every sensation of that first wreck flashed through my mind. Again, there was no need for acting.

"After the hospital, I tried the steel mills. I knew the tragedy of a strike and that knowledge years later accidentally put me in pictures. D. W. Griffith was making 'The Absentee.' I was a carpenter working on the new stages. One day I was standing on an overturned mortar box doing an Abraham Lincoln for the other fellows. Not agitating—just talking over labor problems. D. W. approached and I stopped. Two weeks later he sent for me and asked if I were an actor.

"'No, sir,' I answered.

Another Job, Another Dollar

"'MY God, an honest man! But I think you are. Can you lead a mob?' And he had me play the part on the strength of listening to the tail-end of my mortar-box oration. The picture was laid in the steel mills. There was a strike. I had done it often enough. I just went to it, never once thinking of the play-business angle. He offered me ten dollars a week; I was getting nine as a carpenter, so I stuck to acting.

"From the steel mills, in real life, to the cow country. I was with the Bar S outfit in Wyoming and learned to ride and to rope and became a general cowhand. As a result, I have never had to use a double in my westerns. While there, I mingled with the Indians, acquired the sign language of the Shoshones, their dress, their mannerisms, their customs. You know how often I have used that knowledge in pictures.

"Then to the lumber camps of Washington. In those days of 1911 and 1912 the lumberjacks were handled like so many hogs. I undertook to better conditions and would gather them around me as I stood on a soap-box under the old totem pole. More training for D. W. Griffith. I was ordered out of Seattle.

"At Portland I shipped on a lumber schooner. I made several trips as an ordinary before-the-mast seaman. I have made many logging pictures where I merely relived my lumberjack-day experiences. And when I made 'The Harbor Bar,' it was just repeating the things I did on this lumber schooner. I never dreamed when I learned the lingo of the sea, when I learned to handle a boat, take a brace, and the like, that all this would be turned to practical aid in earning a salary beyond my wildest anticipations.

A Rise in Pants

"I LANDED in San Francisco with nothing but a pair of overalls. I was headed for Los Angeles and wanted to make a dignified entrance. I climbed stairs to save money and purchased my first dashing suit in many a day. I stepped out into a pouring rain. The pants of that suit started up to meet the arms. If I hadn't changed back to the overalls, it would have choked me. I have even used that in a picture. I rode to Los Angeles on the top of a dining car, taking my food through my nostrils. I have ridden the tops of many trains in pictures. If I had a hungry expression, why credit it to acting?

"I piled off at the Los Angeles river bottom and made my toilet. However, I cannot claim that this was good practice for the grease-paint which came later. I handled lumber for Whiting Mead. During a lay-off someone suggested pictures.

"I drifted into a long line of extras. The cold, icy stares! A new face on the lot. They didn't realize it was a face in search of a pick and shovel. I was in the back row when Pop Kennard came to chose someone. Pushed there, by that angry, jostling mob of job-hungry extras. I was in the front row when they discovered he wanted someone who could swing a hatchet. The boss gave me three days to fell the fig trees on the rear lot, ready for the new stages. By evening they were all down. My training in lumber camps gave me the chance to win a permanent labor position in the movies.

"Then, D. W. Griffith.

Directed Just Once

"I HAVE only played one part where the director had to train me. Ernst Lubitsch did show me the ropes for impersonating a Viennese doctor in 'The Marriage Circle.' That was acting. But life has done the rest for me. There's not an actor or actress anywhere in the background of our family. I never thought of being one myself. Fate just took care of me. I wandered around until I found something where I knew I could be happy. Pictures offered the same variety, the same rapid changes, the same excitement that the life of a soldier of fortune offered. And it offered a definite future."



Getting along hansomely in the talking pictures are—from right to left—Clark and McCullough. Their performances in "The Music Masters," rumor has it, are notable

What College Men Think of the Movies

What Kenneth Patrick Thinks

(Continued from page 70)

true of Ann Arbor. These natural conditions are the co-eds and the lack of other entertainment. When there are ten thousand students in a small town who are clamoring for something different to do two or three times a week, there is little danger of the movies becoming insolvent. This constant attendance will keep up whether the pictures shown are good or not, but nevertheless college students have a real interest in seeing the screen improve. Their tastes are more sharply defined, and their dislikes are more eloquently expressed, than those of most people. Here is one audience that will appreciate that extra effort, that piece of real work.

It must be general knowledge among most people by this time that college and university life has not, is not, and possibly can never be, truly depicted on the screen. The principal reason for this is that university life today is much too matter-of-fact—a truth that must forever blast the hopes of the romantic college-feature producers. True, college life has its glamour, but this must be derived at first-hand. For some inscrutable reason college men as a class positively refuse to recognize this glamour when it is transplanted to the silver screen. Football games can't be played truthfully in the movies because they would be uninteresting and probably misunderstood by the watchers. Extensive hazing of freshmen is beginning to die out completely in the larger schools. Very few men are required to leave their college over some point of honor, or because they have shielded some one of their friends in an escapade. Professors, as a class, are not absent-minded and ancient—many of them resemble prominent executives more than anything else. All of these things have changed the college that was existent, possibly in the eighties, but they still seem to find their way into the movies as representative of college life. Contrary to some opinions, however, these misrepresentations do not harm colleges and universities to any great extent. There is no reason why they should. But they do harm motion pictures—it is here that the worrying should be done.

Shocked Into Laughing

STUDENTS like any pictures that have been done with feeling, novelty, depth, and finish. They appreciate good workmanship, whether it be in a program feature or merely in a newsreel. Even the ancient hokum may be splendidly done, as it was in "The Big Parade" and "The Last Command," and this quality will always attract. It is only when pictures have to rely upon frayed emotions, suggestiveness, the past reputations of the actors, or any other such common coin, that students will sit through them in disgust and then go out on the street bitterly to criticize the screen. It is difficult to shock intellectually or morally any normal college student, and most of the screen's attempts to do so are laughable. Students have been shocked too many times and in much greater measure in the natural and censorless pursuit of their studies.

There is one exception for this liking for

(Continued on page 95)

The WOMEN who fascinate MEN



what is their *dangerous power?*

THE siren type—the woman who fascinates men *at will*. One woman in a hundred possesses this dangerous power. She is envied, hated, feared—by other women. And she has always been a mystery. You study her—and are amazed, bewildered. For you can *truthfully* say "I don't understand what men see in her."

But you *want* to know the secret—with all your heart. You want the "dangerous power." It is not that *you* desire to be the siren type. If you *could* fascinate men at will, you would use your power *within reason*. Well, then, *you may;* for at last the secret is known. Lucille Young, the world's foremost beauty expert, will give you the "dangerous power"—give it to you *free*.

Nature's Greatest Mystery Unveiled

All your unavailing study of fascinating women, your failure to succeed by *like methods* is *easily explained*. Nature has never desired a race of women, all fascinating. Her plan is for *limited charm*. She has said, "I'll give women just enough attraction to marry, and mate." But to a few women she has said, "I'll give the dangerous power of complete fascination."

You *know* that this is nature's plan—though you may never have thought of it in just this way. Instead you have been puzzled. You have seen fascinating women possessed of no more than average looks—some that you may have considered homely. You have seen women with poor figures outshine women with perfect figures. You have seen women of refinement cast into the shadow by coarser women. You have heard of "sex appeal," yet you know that thousands of women have resorted to physical charms as the *main reliance*—with inevitable failure.

Strangest of all, you may have known some dangerously fascinating woman as a friend—known that she was willing to give you her secrets. *But she could not.* For Nature, most cleverly, has made her *natural* sirens blind to their *own methods*.

One Woman in All the World Can Tell You

Amazing, perhaps, but—so far as it is known—Lucille Young is the one woman in all the world who knows the *complete* secret of fascination. A certain amount of beauty is *indispensable*. This beauty Lucille Young gives you through her methods—admittedly the most effective in the world—used by scores of thousands of women.

But more than beauty is *absolutely necessary*. Countless beautiful women are *not* fascinating—hardly attractive—as every woman knows.

So Lucille Young gives you *also* the very inmost of Nature's secrets of fascination. These secrets have been disclosed by nearly *twenty years of study*, by gleaning from countless patrons the hidden ways of fascination, by analyzing and *putting together*. The revelations are startling, mysterious, strange—*things you would never discover yourself*.

Women are thrilled as never before—because they instantly recognize that all the secrets they have longed to know are revealed—that an amazing new life has been opened up to them. No woman who reads will again fear the *siren type*. She will meet her on her own ground—be as irresistible as any woman living. And remember, whatever your present appearance, Lucille Young Methods will give the necessary beauty.

Find Out Free of All Cost or Obligation. So marvelous are the promises of complete fascination, that Lucille Young is willing to convince you *at her own risk*. Simply mail the coupon for her booklet—the most amazing thing you have ever read—and it will be sent free and without the slightest obligation.

Lucille Young

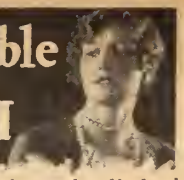
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Sophie Goes Talkie

(*Continued from page 74*)

thirty in the evening and stood in the wings, shaking with fear, but still confident. I was working in black-face, quite a novelty for a girl then. As the show ran on and the various amateurs worked valiantly to avoid getting the hook, the black on my face started to run, from apprehension and the heat of the house. When my turn finally came, it was after midnight and when they shoved me out on the stage, there were exactly twelve customers in the audience. My face was black and white in streaks and my heart was pounding like an old Ford motor."

Ah! Them Days!

MISS TUCKER glanced around the dressing-room, looked at the diamond bracelets encircling her wrist, and shook her head with a smile. "But little Sophie stuck. I got through the numbers somehow, and evidently kept the dozen customers awake, because they applauded.

"A few weeks later I got my first professional job at The German Village. Fifteen dollars per week and your share of the coins which the patrons tossed at the entertainers if they liked their work. Singing waiters, drunks, millionaires, college boys, wayward girls, laughs and tears—they were all there.

"After a few years in this famous old Broadway café, where I really learned how to put over songs, Marcus Loew gave me my first real vaudeville engagement at a little theater at 116th Street and Lenox Ave., New York, a house which he and two hustling young fellows named Joseph Schenck and Adolph Zukor owned in a three-cornered partnership. Mr. Loew paid me twenty dollars a week."

"This is the first time you ever worked in any kind of a film?" I asked.

"Yes, but I almost made a talkie six years ago. Eddie Cantor came to me in New York one day and told me a man named De Forest wanted to see me at his studio. Eddie told me De Forest had a wild idea he could make talking pictures, and was trying to get some of the vaudeville head-liners to make tests for him. He had no bank-roll to work with, and Cantor warned me not to do anything unless I was paid for it. I made the test, but couldn't make satisfactory financial arrangements with Mr. De Forest, so that was that.

Al's Director Hers

"BUT I certainly am all hopped up over this present contract. I am to make three pictures, with six weeks on each production and in 'Honky-Tonk' I am playing a part which will give me a chance to live over again the experiences of a café entertainer in The German Village. Lloyd Bacon, the man who made 'The Singing Fool' with Al Jolson, will direct me; and I consider that a break. I don't know many picture people, but they tell me that the cast, which has Lila Lee, John T. Murray, Mahlon Hamilton and George Duryea in it, are all very good film performers."

"What the public will be most interested in," I ventured, "will be your voice and your songs."

"Don't I know it!" said the emphatic Tucker, with a confirming wag of a vigorous finger. "That's why I'm bringing my special song-writers, Milton Ager and Jack Yellen, on from New York. The boys are writing eight new songs which I will sing in 'Honky-Tonk'; and Jack Yellen, who writes all of the comedy business which I do in my vaudeville acts, is going to inject comedy touches in the picture and work with the scenario writer to insure the fidelity of the café atmosphere and types.

"INCIDENTALLY, I have an unusual working arrangement about making this picture. For years I've been used to rising late, on account of my vaudeville appearances. When they told me the usual call at the studios was nine o'clock and sometimes eight in the morning, the contract was almost off. We finally compromised by agreeing that I would start at one in the afternoon and work until eleven each night."

It may interest readers to know that Miss Tucker's real name is Sonia Abuza, a name that sounds suspiciously like one that a screen aspirant might pick out for publicity purposes. She is married to a non-professional, a Mr. Lackey, it being her second try at the matrimonial thing. Her first husband was Frank Westphal, a vaudeville performer. She has a son, Bert, who is rapidly following in his famous mother's footsteps, being a featured dancer on the Publix circuit.

The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page 53*)

For haunted-house hunters, "The Ghost Talks" has been prepared. And one may say that in so far as novelty goes, it may well have been constructed from any number of standard patterns. It has all the usual accessories of the spook and crook play, but nothing unusual. There is a deal of slamming doors, strange noises, weird moans, white-shrouded figures and trap doors, the whole offset by comedy relief which doesn't relieve. Because it isn't funny.

It seems there were some crooks after some stolen bonds hidden in a house about which a superstition has been broadcast, for the purpose of keeping people away from it. And the mystery and dark doings which accrue from this are investigated by a young correspondence-school detective, a hotel clerk in other than his spare time.

About the only thing worth while in the picture is the performance of Helen Twelvetrees. She has no great part to play. But the skill with which she plays it should win her a larger one in the immediate future. Charles Eaton is the hero and not so funny. But then it didn't seem to be his fault.

It's a sound picture, with dialogue and everything. "The Ghost Talks," in fact. Loudly, constantly. But not entertainingly.

It was Carolyn Wells who said that an essential of a good mystery story was to have plenty of people suspected. And in this "Strange Cargo" is up to standard.

The cargo in question is that of a yacht, the owner of which gives several people and the world in general every excuse for murdering him. And somebody in particular does it. The question is, of course, who did it.

Maybe it was a stoker with a fanatical hatred of all the rich. Maybe it was a young man whose girl the insufferable host to the party had insulted. Maybe it was the member of an Oriental religious cult whose altars the dead man once had defiled. Maybe it was several other people.

In other words, there is a mystery and plenty of it. It is indifferently constructed, lagging definitely in spots; and the performances of the players give no evidence of inspiration on the part of either themselves or their director.

What College Men Think of the Movies

What Marx Borodofsky Thinks

(*Continued from page 70*)

there is no doubt about that. They are what might be commonly termed flicker fans. Right here in our own fraternity house, we go to the movies practically en masse each week. You may sit in on any bull-session and receive a criticism of any movie in town which is more scathing than any which is written by our best critics. They look at a picture for its truth or falsity in relation to life; the capabilities of the members of the cast; the originality of the plot; and the technical perfection of the photography. Then they sum up their reactions to every detail and classify the picture for the rest of the group as good, fair, or rotten. Thus far, they have been unable to place the so-called collegiate picture in any other category save rotten. When movie men begin to realize that college life is modern; that loud dress and rah-rah are passé; and that every college student does not have a monogram on his sweater; and that all college games are not won in the last minute of play; also that sweethearts of college students are not always so dramatic as to rush on the field and smother the hero in kisses; then, maybe, college youth will be able to give these vague stories a better classification. Until then, a word to the wise movie producer is "Lay off of college pictures until you get something new." The public can't stand for it much longer.

What Kenneth Patrick Thinks

(*Continued from page 93*)

all kinds of pictures among students—short comedies should be taboo. When the first scenes of these features are flashed upon the screen, the instinctive and instant reaction is the same as that once called forth by the animated advertisements of the local merchants.

Student reaction to the talkies is bound to be slow. No one would miss the speaking right now if it were abandoned. It lends novelty to the newsreels and shorter features, but it is undeniable that students still have the ultra-conservative opinion that the screen could afford to cut more finely with its old tools before adding to their number.

A Scorn Of Screen Careers

IT is doubtful if any particular screen figures hold a permanent place in the minds of college men. They welcome new faces and manners, for these usually carry less of the poseur and more of conviction and freshness; they have not acquired that habit of playing as if they knew an audience were waiting with drawn breath for their next appearance. It is only natural for students to admire the latest additions to the ranks, for they realize that greater ability is required by the greater development of the pictures—just as in other fields.

Despite the great publicity schemes that have been engineered recently to attract any college talent that might exist to the screen, fewer college students than ever think of movie careers. When they do, it is in terms of the technical fields rather than those of acting. Misrepresentation by comic artists and writers has not served to make Michigan any less conservative. It is more so, if anything. When the movies present the same opportunities for advancement, development, and interest that other fields present, then the graduates will turn to them.

It's Become *a Habit* With Her

You know that only a few months ago one of the best-known stars of the screen, who'd been out of the limelight for some time, suddenly was yanked back into it to sign one of the sweetest little contracts that ever wore a dotted line.

And that her work since that time has been such as to prove that she was worth all the fortune showered on her and plenty more.

In short, she was re-discovered. But that's nothing new. She has always been going through that experience. First being discovered, then re-discovered, and then discovered again.

An odd personality. And a most fascinating one when you know it.

You know who she is, of course: Bessie Love. But do you know anything about her, the real Bessie?

The Bessie whose name isn't that. The Miss Love who's never been in love. And who knows why.

You ought to know. It's a fascinating story. And you will know—next month. In the June issue of *Classic*. For in that will be published The Confessions of Bessie Love.

The June *Classic* will be on the newsstands May 10th. Make a date with yourself now to be at the same place at the same time.

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CONN BAND INSTRUMENTS

Houdini Hamilton

(*Continued from page 58*)

story that goes with this valuable antique. It seems that way back in the Middle Ages this vase held the ashes of the royal family of Arabia. A few years later the infidels became powerful, and during their reign of terror the tomb was broken open and the vase emptied of its ashes. The surviving prince, a descendant of the family, knew that the spirits of his departed family were still in the vase but he was unable to make them talk. So knowing how interested I would be, he sent it to me. Here it is, ladies and gentlemen. Anyone can enjoy the extraordinary benefit of the knowledge of the ages! Who will ask the spirits a question?"

Raising a Question

HE handed the vase to me. Being more or less curious-minded financially, I asked if I was going to get a raise. Imagine my embarrassment when I got the answer. It sounded faint and far away. But not so far away that I couldn't hear, "No."

The vase was passed around the entire circle; questions were asked in two foreign languages. In each case they were answered in the same language.

I knew it was a trick. Neil told me so. But it sure was a good one. There were no wires. There was no ventriloquism. And needless to say, nobody guessed the secret of the spirit of the vase.

"Now, folks" (it was Neil continuing), "if you will be good enough to give me your attention, I will present one of the marvels of the scientific world. The woman of a thousand lives. Here we have an ordinary-looking coffin. We will stand the coffin up on end and inspect the inside. Absolutely free from sliding panels or other trick devices. Now my assistant, the woman of a thousand lives, will step inside."

She steps into the coffin and is handcuffed to the sides of the box. The door is closed and locked. The coffin is placed on the stand—just an ordinary table previously shown to have no connection with the floor—and thirteen swords are passed through the box. That they actually pass through the box is attested to by the fact that the hilt remains on the top and the point is seen below. Three huge steel bars are passed through the sides and after all the operations are complete there is not a space six inches square that is not pierced and criss-crossed with sharp steels.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, we will withdraw all the steels. We will stand the box down on the floor again, we unlatch the door and there stands the assistant as whole and hearty as you please. Truly, my friends, she is the lady of a thousand lives."

The Indestructible Wife

I HAD a hunch all along that nothing was going to happen to the beautiful assistant. She was Neil's wife.

Everyone in the audience was just about convinced by now that Neil was just as good as anything he had ever seen for two dollars an aisle look. Then he pulled a good card trick that cinched it. Next the famous escape was executed, in which Neil gets out of a locked mail-bag. Following this, cards, billiard balls and money disappeared into thin air; and out of the same air appeared flowers, bowls of gold-fish and colored silk handkerchiefs.

It was a great show. Everyone enjoyed it and the guests all trooped out in high spirits—mumbling questions to one another. Questions that made the word how have as much originality as a gift from the five-and-dime store. But I wasn't satisfied to leave and wonder, I stayed behind to find out. Where did he learn all these tricks? Were they original? How much did the apparatus cost?

"My friend Sherman—or I should call him 'Sherms, The Great,' his stage name—was responsible for my interest in magic. I say my interest in magic because this branch is merely a graduation from sleight-of-hand which has been my hobby since I was a kid. Sherms explained the reasons for the illusions, and once you know that, magic is the most fascinating study in the world.

And being able to do something besides living on one's reputation as an actor is not so common in Hollywood. Being able to entertain in any impromptu way is an asset. That's why Neil is appreciated so much. He may go down in picture history as a great actor. But he's a darn good magician as well.



At the end of his rope, but enjoying life intensely for all that: Cleve Moore aquaplaning behind his motor-boat off the shore of Santa Monica. When it's a question of fun, Cleve believes, there's no place like foam



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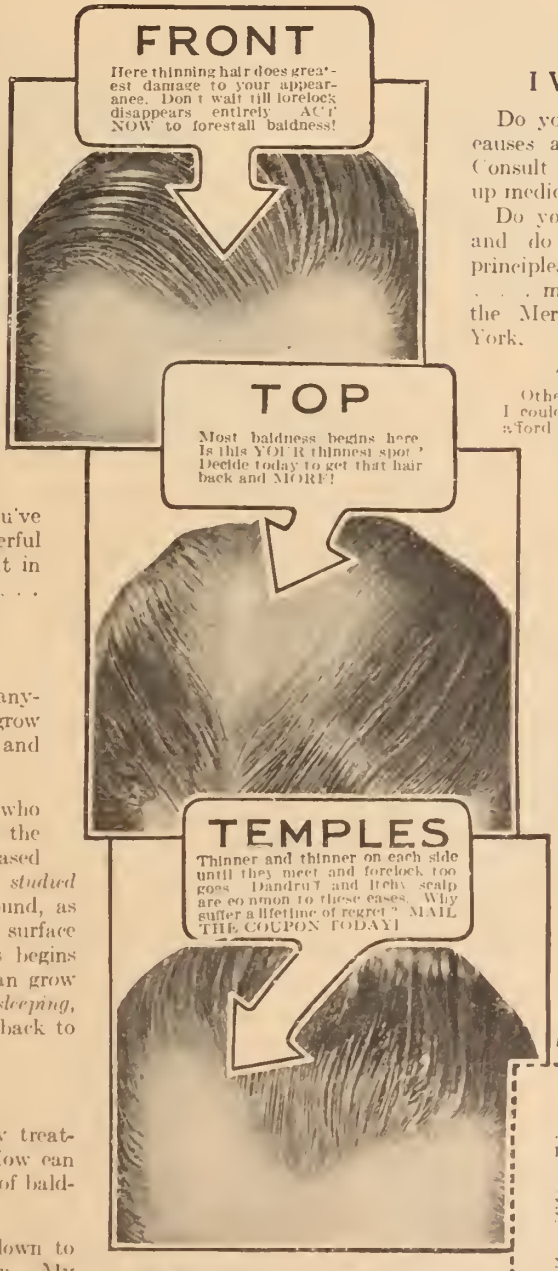
Naturally, you say to yourself, "How can anyone make such a guarantee? It's hard to grow hair. I know, for I've tried a lot of things and failed."

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Send 75c for the powder and 10c for the packing and postage to The Owl Drug Co. or agent—specify shade wanted.

There's an agent for the Owl Drug Co. products near you; ask your local druggist.

[Other *Colleen Moore* products are: Lip Stick, Rouge, Compact, Beauty Cream, Perfume, Toilet Water, Solid Perfume, Astringent, Talcum Powder, Body Powder, Liquid Nail Polish and Remover, and Vanishing Cream.]

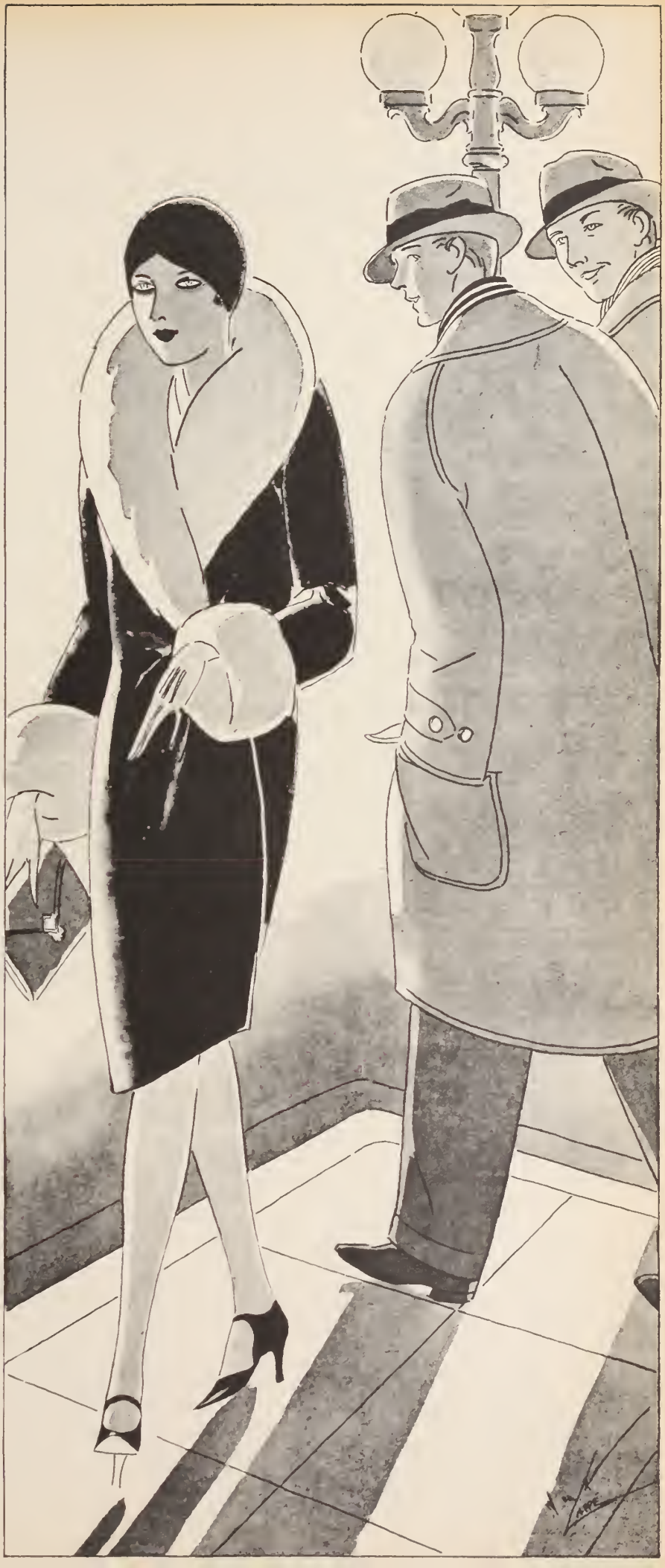
For the third consecutive year Colleen Moore is accredited with leading the world in box office receipts —the acid test of public approval.

Colleen Moore

Face Powder

The Owl Drug Co

San Francisco New York Chicago



There's more to Washing the Face *than many women think*

Unless you actually cleanse the skin of powder, rouge, dirt and impurities, your complexion will suffer seriously. Olive oil, blended into this facial soap, provides an ideal means of removing dirt and make-up.



THE next time you wash your face, consider these facts; all day long dust and dirt, oil secretions, and dead skin gather in the fine pores that make up your surface complexion. If you add cream, powder, rouge—and only half remove them by incorrect cleansing methods—the result is blackheads, pimples, oiliness, sallowness—dozens of defects that may entirely be avoided if you know *how* to wash your face.

The value of olive oil in soap

How to wash your face! That sounds so simple. Yet it can be an art. It can make or mar your beauty. That is why doctors and beauty specialists advise a soap blended of olive oil—blandest, gentlest, yet most penetrating of all emollients.

You use it twice a day, in the treatments described below, and this is what happens: the gentle lather of this facial soap with its olive oil content works into your pores and gently, easily frees them of tiny, hard masses which otherwise become blackheads and pimples. It keeps the skin firm, stimulated, healthy with color. It leaves a satiny glow, an enviable smoothness of texture that typifies youth.

You, yourself, may be abusing a naturally beautiful complexion by the wrong cleansing methods. Just as a test, use these simple treatments beginning tonight, and watch the way your skin responds within a short time. There is no doubt that your own loveliness will surprise you.

At night:

Make a rich lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands, apply it to face and throat, massaging gently with an upward and outward motion, to stimulate circulation. Rinse thoroughly with warm water graduated to cold until you actually feel all impurities, oil secretions and make-up carried away. Then dry the skin by patting it tenderly with a soft towel.



In the morning:

Repeat this treatment and add a touch of finishing cream before putting on rouge and powder. That's all! A simple treatment, but it must be observed twice every day to keep the skin lovely and youthful. At 10c Palmolive is the world's least expensive beauty formula. It costs so little, millions use it for the bath as well. Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Ill.

4217



Retail Price
10c

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MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

S-M

JUNE

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Dorothy Mackaill

College Men *and the* Movies



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A powder you can use this year, next year, and always. Blends perfectly with Blond, Brunette, or Titian beauty types.

The powder of youth.

Send 75c for the powder and 10c for packing and postage to The Owl Drug Co. or any agent . . . specify shade wanted. There's an agent for The Owl Drug Co. products near you. Ask your local druggist.

Other Colleen Moore *beauty aids are: Lip Stick, Rouge, Compact, Beauty Cream, Astringent, Perfume, Toilet Water, Talcum, Body Powder, Solid Perfume, Liquid Nail Polish and Remover, and Vanishing Cream.*



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CAUGHT *IN THE* WEB OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE



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Presented by
WILLIAM FOX
from the play by
MILTON H. GROPPER
and EDNA SHERRY
with
MARY DUNCAN
WARNER BAXTER
EDMUND LOWE
EARLE FOXE
STEPIN FETCHIT
Directed by JOHN BLYSTONE

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FOX MOVIETONE

THE NATION NAMES THE LEADER IN TALKING PICTURES





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Says the Duluth "Herald": "There is something about the Paramount all-talking quality pictures that registers as an artistic and box office attraction, and the "Sun," Baltimore, echoes with "It seems that of all the firms offering talking picture entertainment Paramount is accomplishing the trick best." About "The Letter," Robert E. Sherwood, one of America's foremost critics, said: "It is more than a milestone in motion picture history. It is the herald of a new order." .... And this is only a smattering of the applause for Paramount Pictures which you can hear from coast to coast. Paramount encores now with even greater productions that you should not miss. Make it a point to see them all—to see *any* pictures labeled *Paramount*, whether with sound or silent.

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"GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS" with WALTER HUSTON, famous star of the legitimate stage. Directed by Millard Webb, from the play by Ward Morehouse.

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With Baclanova, Clive Brook and Neil Hamilton. A Rowland V. Lee Production from the play by Margery H. Lawrence.

"THE MAN I LOVE"

With Mary Brian and Richard Arlen, Baclanova, Harry Green and Jack Oakie. A William A. Wellman Production from the story by Herman J. Mankiewicz.

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Paramount Pictures

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MOTION PICTURE
CLASSIC

Vol. XXIX JUNE, 1929 No. 4

Notable Features in This Issue:

What College Men Think of the Movies . . . *Harry L. Case, Stanley W. Schelleuger, Walter L. Scott* 18
Confessions of the Stars (Bessie Love) . . . *Gladys Hall* 20
What Every Lover Should Know . . . *Marquis Busby* 28
Won't Women Leave Us Alone? . . . *Dorothy Donnell* 30
Seducing Their Salaries . . . *Dorothy Spensley* 32
Legendary Love-Cult Found . . . *Cedric Belfrage* 50

The Classic Gallery . . Vilma Banky, Billie Dove, Janet Gaynor, Nancy Carroll, John Gilbert 11-15
Mandalaydylike—*picture page*, Lupe Velez . . . 22
Shouting From The Bathtubs . . . *Dunham Thorp* 23
Forbidden To Fall . . . *Cedric Belfrage* 24
Giving Hollywood Fitts . . . *Ruth Biery* 25
Hollywood Horrors—*cartoon* . . . *h. o. hofman* 26
Feed 'Em And Reap . . . *Herbert Cruikshank* 27
Duty Sleep—*picture page*, Jacqueline Logan and Doris Kenyon . . . 29
Self-Supporting—*picture page*, Laura La Plante . . . 34
Old Doc Santell . . . *Herbert Cruikshank* 35
B. H. Rogers' Boy . . . *Dorothy Donnell* 36
Copy Cat—*picture page*, Lilyan Tashman . . . 38
Take A Memo, Daddy . . . *Dunham Thorp* 39
Lace and Less—*picture page*, Doris Dawson . . . 40
The Heart History of Joe Martin . . . *H. W. Hanemann* 42
A "Broadway" Broad—*picture page*, Evelyn Brent . . . 43
A Player of Parts—*picture page*, Richard Dix . . . 44
Scars That Glorified . . . *Agnes O'Malley* 45
Classic's Family Album—*picture page*, Cissie Fitzgerald . . . 46
The Fruits of Success—*picture page*, Dorothy Sebastian . . . 52
One Black Crow . . . *Helen Louise Walker* 53
Parted In The Middle—*picture page*, Jeanette Loff . . . 56
The Movie Primer . . . *Robert Feuder* 57
Two Rising Generations—*picture pages*, Mary Brian, Doris Hill . . . 58
Ken Carries On . . . *Herbert Cruikshank* 60
In The Middle of the Night Club—*picture page*, Merna Kennedy . . . 61
A Pipe To Mr. Oland—*picture page*, Warner Oland . . . 64
The Perpetual Collegian . . . *Dorothy Manners* 65
Ring-Sidelights—*picture page*, Ben Lyon . . . 66

The Classic's Famous Departments

Last-Minute News . . . 6
That's My Story . . . *Bert Ennis* 8
Our Own News-Camera—*The Screen World in Pictures* . . . 47
The Celluloid Critic—*Some Current Films in Review* . . . *Laurence Reid* 54
Looking Them Over Out Hollywood Way—*Newsy Close-Ups* . . . *Dorothy Manners* 62

Cover portrait of Dorothy Mackaill by DON REED, *especially created by* RUSSELL BALL

Laurence Reid, Editor
Colin J. Cruickshank, Art Director

Classic *comes out on the 10th of every Month,* Motion Picture *the 28th*

Motion Picture Classic *is published monthly at 731 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Ill., by* Motion Picture Publications, Inc. *Entered as second class matter August 31st, 1928, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879; additional entry as second class matter at New York, N.Y. Printed in U. S. A. Editorial and Executive Offices, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.,* Copyright 1929 by Motion Picture Publications, Inc. *Single copy 25c. Subscriptions for U. S., its possessions, and Mexico $2.50 a year, Canada $3.00, Foreign Countries, $3.50. European Agents, Atlas Publishing Company, 18 Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4. George Kent Shuler, Pres. and Treas., Duncan A. Dobie, Jr., Vice Pres., Murray C. Bernays, Sec'y.*



LAST MINUTE NEWS



WHILE the songwriters are storming **Hollywood, Irving Berlin** just walks right in with **Joseph Schenck** to take his place as **King** of the **Jazz** daddies. The movie portals opened wide to admit him once he came to the conclusion that the **Time** was **Ripe** to say a few things with **Tunes.** Right now he's busy **Planning** bigger and noisier **Musical** talkies. . . . And to add a little competition, **"Sally"** will enter the **Musical** field to offer its good old songs. **Marilyn Miller** decided there was no time like the **Present** to come to the aid of her **Singing** and **Dancing** profession and will once more play the lovable **Sally**—this time to the tune of the **Vitaphone.** . . . Since **Sound** is so important, it's hard to say whether screen **loves** will remain in their **Romeo** and **Juliet** combinations. **Janet Gaynor** and **Charles Farrell** are two screen lovers who have both managed to **Pass** the screen sound **Test** and it's safe to predict that they will **Love** as **Lovers** should but **Doug, Junior** and **Joan** will be **Honeymooners in October.**

VACATIONS are in order—what again? Yes, again, and **Thomas Meighan** is among the first to start **East** for his **Great Neck, Long Island,** home where he will **Spend** the summer months **Basking** in the **North Shore** sunshine. . . . **Monte Blue** is another who is off on a two months' **Leave.** Maybe he needed it before starting work on **"Under a Texas Moon,"** which sounds for all the world like a **Mammy** song. . . . **Anita Page** had a brief **Vacation** in the mountains between pictures. . . . **Gloria Swanson,** after doing the **dialogue** for **"Queen Kelly,"** feels a **European** tour coming on her. . . . **Mary Brian** has found a neat **Diversion** to **Rest** her picture-making weary **Nerves,** and that is sketching in **Oil.** . . . But for sheer **Novelty** in her means of inducing **Pep, Dorothy Mackaill** must be mentioned **Loud** and **Long. She** has taken to the dear old **Bicycle,** riding around **Beverly Hills** nearly every day.

JUMPING from **"The Cradle of the Deep"** right into pictures is all in a day's **Jump** to **Jane Lowell,** who will play **Herself** in **David Wark Griffith's** picturization of her **Book.** But this is by no means her **Debut** into **Hollywood,** for there have been **Times,** and oft, that adventuresome **Jane** took the **Open** road to films, via the **Extra** path and among **Extra** parts, she sat out a scene with **Charlie Chaplin** in **"The Gold Rush."** . . . From **"Whoopie"** in **New York** to **"At the Dentist's"** in **Hollywood** was but a hop, skip and a jump for **Susan Conroy** who is making her picture **Debut** as a dentist's **Nurse. Nurses** always did have a **Way** with them, inside and outside the films. . . . **Jack Mulhall** is going to have a hard time keeping **Track** of himself while they film **"Dark Streets"**—a talkie—for he **Doubles** in the rôles of a **Crook** and a **Policeman.**

THERE may not be much in a name, but **Sally Blane** likes the name of **Sally Blane** and is taking no chances. **She** is having the good old **Family** name of **Betty Jane Young** scrapped legally for **Sally Blane.** . . . **Sally,** by the way, is a sister of **Loretta Young** and **Polly Ann Young.** Seems as if the **Movies** were doing well by **Ye Young** family. . . . **Loretta Young** is being given a place in **First National's** sun along with a **New** contract due to really excellent work in **"The Girl in the Glass Cage."** . . . **Mentioning** the changing of names, 'tis said that **Lita Grey Chaplin** will not change her name to **Mrs. Roy D'Arcy.** . . . But **Phyllis Haver** did change hers to **Mrs. William Seaman** with none other than **Mayor Walker** officiating. And a pent house in **Greenwich Village** will be the future **Home** of the **Seamans.**



She has a disposition and charm sunnier even than California, has Lois Moran. And both will illuminate the screen in her forthcoming appearances in "Joy Street" and the "Movietone Follies"

"ANSWER Yes or No," "Gentlemen of the Jury," and words of a similar nature are **Flying** all around **Hollywood** right now, with the **Murder** trials and **Courtroom** scenes dominating the films. Seems as if every **Actress** wanted to play a young and pretty **Murderess** and every male a **District Attorney** or a **Detector** of the crime unusual. Just a **Few** of the **Courtroom** plays are **"On Trial," "The Bellamy Trial," "The Canary Murder Case," "The Green Murder Case," "The Letter," "Madame X," "The Trial of Mary Dugan,"** and now, to finish the list comes **"The Queen of the Night Clubs"** with its **Courtroom** scene. . . . **Greta Garbo,** on the other hand, is seeking a **Thrill** in playing **"Anna Christie"** in which there is not a **Hint** of **Murder,** but which does **Present** her in an entirely new **Aspect. There** isn't a single gorgeous **Dress** or a languorous **Moment,** but plenty of **Opportunity** for honest to-goodness **Acting.** . . . And there should be **Thrills** aplenty—with nary a **Murder** scene—when **Sam Taylor** gets the direction of the First joint-starring picture of **Mary Pickford** and **Douglas Fairbanks.** No **Play** has been definitely selected yet, but **Chances** are it will have Action and more Action.

ALONG with the filming of **"The Marriage Holiday"** comes an **Announcement** from the **West** that no **Girl** should **Marry** before she is **Twenty-Five. This** was decided by **Ruth Chatterton, Esther Ralston, Nancy Carroll** and **Baclanova.** That may be very well, say **I,** but **Where,** oh **Where,** is there an actress in **Hollywood** who is over **Twenty-Five?** . . . **Lois Moran** is branching out in **All** directions. **She** is not only getting **Prettier** and **Ittier,** but she is getting oh so **Ambitious. She** has Opened a ready-to-wear gown **Shop** in **Los Angeles** that is attracting much attention. . . . A new **Home** has been opened to the **Public.** It is the **Domicile** of **Mr. And Mrs. William Seiter (Laura LaPlante)** down at **Trancas Beach.**

INSTEAD of **Giving** the little girl a **Hand, Hollywood** will **Give** her a **Home,** if **Rheba Crawford's** plans go through. It is to be a club **Hotel** of thirteen stories and will **Have** all the little **Accessories** such as **Swimming Pools,** Church **Auditorium** and many other things to add to the **Comforts** of struggling **Feminine** extras. . . . **Sailin'** home, that's what **Antonio Moreno** is doing. He set **Sail** for **Spain** where he will visit his former home at **Algeciras.** This sailin' home is getting to be a **Habit** with the **Foreign** film stars, but with ship news photographers to greet them and a press agent in tow, the **Customs Inspection** is not such a terrible **Ordeal,** after all. **'Tisn't** often that **Romance** and **Work** go hand in hand, but that little **Difficulty** was solved by **Ralph Ince** when he took the fastest trains **East** to spend happy **Hours** with his wife, **Lucille Mendez,** as well as direct **"Acquittal,"** which had to be made in the **East** because **Bert Lytell's** stage contract forbade his going **West.**

SOMEBODY'S been holding **Bad** thoughts over **Tootsies** out **Hollywood** way. Too many have been **Broken, Sprained** or **Injured** lately for any other reason. **Barbara Worth,** while working on **"The Prince of Hearts,"** fell through a prop doorway and **Broke** a bone in her **Foot.** . . . **George O'Brien,** too, came afoul of a **Thought** and **Fractured** his **Toe** while making a fight scene for **"Masked Emotions."** . . . And when it isn't a **Toe,** it's something like **Tonsilitis** to add to the **Sick** list, **Richard Barthelmess** was **Sick** o'bed for a while with that **Complaint.** And they can't blame **That on** Spring **Rains,** either.

THE GREATEST GIFT
of the Talking Films

"SOUND PICTURES" have brought no greater gift to you than the talking comedies. They are pure, joyous, uproarious fun exceeding anything the screen has offered before.

Educational's first comedies with sound marked a rebirth of screen humor. And the **MACK SENNETT** and **CORONET Talking Comedies** brought a quick and inspiring response from audiences everywhere.

Now **JACK WHITE,** famous producer-director, and **LLOYD HAMILTON** and **LUPINO LANE,** for years among the best loved of stars, are also contributing to the fun. Have you heard the noises of the circus in **WHITE'S *"Zip! Boom! Bang!"?*** Barnum's was never half so funny. And there are many minutes of joy in **HAMILTON'S *"His Big Minute."*** While **LANE** tops a glorious career with ***"Ship Mates."***

Three great new series of talking comedies to add happiness to your movie evenings.



Educational Pictures

"THE SPICE OF THE PROGRAM"

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc., *Executive Offices:* 1501 Broadway, New York, N.Y.
E. W. HAMMONS, President



Communiques From The Hollywood Tattle-Front

By BERT ENNIS

ON THE LEVEL

THE cheese-cake hounds in Henry's are giggling over that one about the wire sent from the home office to the supervisor of a comedy unit. The wire read: "Use psychology in your next two-reeler," the telegraph company inadvertently using an upper case P on the eight-dollar word. The supervisor wired back: "Can't get him for ten dollars a day. What'll I pay?"

SOFT

SOPHIE TUCKER'S contract with Warner Brothers covers a nifty arrangement as concerns her hours on the studio floor. A vaudeville performer for years, Soph is used to hugging the Ostermoor until almost midday. When they pulled that 8 A.M. starting gag on her, the last of the Red-Hot Mamas did a straightback, the upshot being that the famous warbler starts work at one in the afternoon and washes up at 11 P.M.

THE MONTH'S SNICKER

POODLES HANNEFORD, the circus star who celluloids between three-ring seasons, insists we print the gag about the Scotchman who walked into a telegraph office and asked the rates, saying he wanted to wire his wife in Chicago. The clerk told him the rate was five cents a word for ten words, and no charge for the signature. The Scot said: "Suppose you just send my signature," and the clerk said: "Okay, what's your name?" The Scot waited a minute and then came back with: "You may not believe it, but I'm a full-blooded Indian. My name is 'I-Won't-Be-Home-Until-Friday.'"

MAYBE IT'S CHANEY

GEORGE EILERS, the smiling guy who cashes checks for the Hollywood gang at the Wilcox branch of the Bank of Italy, has an interesting side-racket. George owns a leopard cub. Everytime a vi iting celeb is expected in over the Santa Fe route, the passenger agent rents the bank clerk's snarler, so the incoming big shot can pose on the car steps, leopard in arms, for the benefit of the newspaper shutter hounds. We hear the beast is sick now—it bit a returning studio supervisor the other day.

PATHOS NOTE

FRANK Keenan, distinguished star of films as well as the legit drama, passed away in Hollywood a few months back. They placed the body of the celebrated actor in the funeral parlors of a prominent Los Angeles mortician, with the public permitted a view of the remains. In the two days Keenan laid in state, a solitary visitor approached his bier, one out of the millions who acclaimed his fine performances.



P. & A.

One little girl who's been given a big hand is Doris Hill. Or so it looks, at least. Certainly she deserves one, for on the screen as well as off it, there's nothing in the line of speed and curves she can't handle

US GIRLS

ONE of the Wampas Baby stars was talking about herself. "You know, I'm very careful of my reputation," she gurgled. "I don't go any place without mother." "Yeah," drawled another Baby Star who overheard the crack, "and mother will go any place."

OBSERVED

WARREN KERRIGAN unnoticed by rubber-neck wagon gang giving Henry's the once-over—Guy who hooks his cane handle through Airedale's collar crossing Hollywood and Vine—The operator at the Paramount lab. who is a dead ringer for Charley Chase—The negress lifer at San Quentin who has Al Jolson's photo in black-face on her cell wall—Priscilla Dean, wife of Leslie Arnold, one of the around-the-world fliers, refusing an airplane ride—The people who insist on placing their feet in the stars' footprints engraved in the flagging cement in front of Grauman's Chinese Theater—The little secretary at Paramount whose lovely hands are always used in close-ups of the stars' lunch-grabbers—Movie stars' pans stare at you from every Boulevard bank window.

FOUR OUT OF FIVE

IT doesn't make any difference, but there are five Griffiths in the film racket now: D. W., Corinne, Raymond, E. H., and Eleanor Griffith, new stage recruit at United Artists. And then, how about Griffith Park? But why bring that up?

OH, MR. VOLSTEAD!

RICHARD DIX swears to it. He was standing at Hollywood and Highland the other night when a gent who never heard of the Jones law lurched up to him. "Where am I?" demanded the souse. "You're at the corner of Hollywood and Highland," answered Dick. "The hell with the details—waz city is zit?" hiccoughed the drunk.

THEIR RIGHT HANDLES

JOHN Barrymore—John Blythe.
Anita Page—Ana Pomarez.
Jack Gilbert—John Pringle.
Lupe Velez—Maria Villabalos.
Billie Dove—Lillian Bohny.

WHAT'S BECOME OF

PERCY MARMONT—Alice Lake—Lige Conley—Elliott Dexter—Virginia Pearson—Agnes Ayres—Franklyn Farnum—Lloyd Hughes—Nita Naldi—Marie Prevost—Stuart Holmes?

GIDDAP!

D'YE hear about the Hollywood extra who gave his girl a nose-bag for her birthday, because she eats like a horse?

WELCOMING A NEW STAR TO THE FILM FIRMAMENT





Will you ever forget her in "Our Dancing Daughters"!

She scores another sensational triumph in "Our Modern Maidens".



She is not only beautiful . . . she is a great actress.



In "The Duke Steps Out" she steps along on her march to stardom.

JOAN CRAWFORD

HAVE YOU SEEN?

"The Broadway Melody"... M-G-M's great all-talking, all-singing, all-dancing picture . . . the current sensation of America. (A great picture in the silent version too.)

"The Pagan"... in which Ramon Novarro reveals a glorious singing voice.

"Where East is East"... another Lon Chaney thriller.

"The Voice of the City"... a great dialogue picture (also silent) with and by Willard Mack, the famous playwright and actor.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is the Company that discovers and develops moving picture stars. Under its banner are the true leaders in screen personality . . . . Lon Chaney, John Gilbert, Greta Garbo, Marion Davies, Ramon Novarro, Norma Shearer, William Haines and Buster Keaton. Now Joan Crawford . . . . the girl of the hour, vibrant with the spirit of youth, enters the roster of *"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"*. You've seen Joan in "Our Dancing Daughters". Her great new starring picture will be "Our Modern Maidens", a sequel to that classic of up-to-date jazz-romance. Write Joan and tell her how happy you are that she's joined the Hall of Fame of Stardom.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

THE METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER LION — THE GREATEST STAR ON THE SCREEN

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"

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DOLORES COSTELLO *in* "NOAH'S ARK"

with GEORGE O'BRIEN



The Sweetest Love Story ever told

THE EPIC DRAMA *of the* AGE

Here is romance that transports you into realms of blissful emotion. Drama with a world-sweep, colossal and sublime. Thrills that grip every fibre of your being! *"Noah's Ark"* is the outstanding achievement of the Screen, made vivid as reality itself through the marvelous Voice of Vitaphone. You'll agree that it gloriously surpasses all existing standards of modern screen entertainment. See and hear *"Noah's Ark."*

A WARNER BROS. VITAPHONE TALKING PICTURE

You See and Hear **VITAPHONE** *only in Warner Bros. and First National Pictures*



VILMA BANKY

An artist who has been the subject of so many beautiful pictures plays the part of one who creates them: Vilma Banky, following "The Awakening," will be seen next in "This Is Heaven"



Carsey

BILLIE DOVE

Look only at the picture on the right and you might think Billie Dove indolent. But no. For no sooner does she complete "The Man and the Moment" than she begins "Careers"



Chidnoff

JANET GAYNOR

There must be something in astrology, at that. The case of Janet Gaynor goes to argue for it. It can't be mere coincidence that she, born under "The Lucky Star," should come to portray it



Richee

Dyar

NANCY CARROLL

Don't suddenly get shocked when you hear that Nancy Carroll has taken a part in "Burlesque." It doesn't mean that she's deserted the screen, it's just that that's the name of her latest picture



R H Louise

JOHN GILBERT

When John Gilbert appears in "Way for a Sailor," you may rest assured that he'll be one at least to have a sweetheart in every port, including those of the Great Lakes

ELGIN PARISIENNE WATCHES

DIAMOND-SET DESIGNED BY CALLOT SOEURS . . . $75



Bright with the frozen fire of fine selected diamonds . . . set in solid 14 karat gold . . . three new ELGINS whose cases are Callot-designed. Callot Soeurs! One of the greatest style names of Paris, one of its most exclusive houses. Under the tinted, tented ceiling of its Oriental salon, costumes are designed for the world's beautiful and celebrated women. Gorgeous costumes . . . and now gorgeous watches. Exquisite jewelry . . . but more than that. Accurate, unfailing, time-true. Paris on the face of it, but each a true American watch at heart. Made with the same skill that has placed ELGIN watches in railroad service on every line, ELGIN watches and instruments on every flying field. Besides these Callot models there are other Parisiennes both plain and enamel at $35, designed by all the important Paris couturieres. And other diamond watches ascending to the glory of 20 diamonds at $250. Ask any ELGIN jeweler. (ELGIN watches are American made. © ELGIN, 1929. All prices slightly higher in Canada.)

The Magazine With the Personality

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

Pictures and Personalities

By GEORGE KENT SHULER, *Publisher*



SEVERAL years ago there was a stage play in which two reformed crooks were taken back to the farm home of another. There they were fed the kind of meals that only mother—in fiction and the theater— can provide. And one of them was given a nice big drink of milk. This he welcomed, associating the beverage with the only thing which in his experience was like it, milk punch. But after one sip he put the glass down and asked, genuinely bewildered, "Ain't there anything in it but milk?"

We quote this as an expression of a feeling akin to our own when these days we go to see a silent picture. Or, to be more accurate, a subtitle picture. We watch the characters' lips move, we see them storm about, or cry or laugh. And we feel cheated. We have in this short space of time since the beginning of the talkies, become so used to hearing what the players have to say, that when we don't, we're prompted to ask ourselves, "Ain't there anything in this picture but lip-movement?"

Stale Jazziness

WHETHER it's solely an American characteristic or not, we don't know. But in America there is the tendency on the part of promoters of all amusements to run things far beyond the margin of welcomeness. We see it both in sports and in theatrical enterprises. The baseball season is extended so far into the fall that the World's Series must be witnessed in overcoats. The indoor hockey games carry on, on artificial ice, while outside the spring sunshine brings its usual languor. And on the screen, given once an idea, an aspect of life, a theme, it will be pounded upon until it becomes utterly wearisome.

We mention this apropos of a notice of the intention of producers still to bring before the public pictures of what F. Scott Fitzgerald named, nearly ten years ago, The Jazz Age. For that long at least motion picture audiences have been regaled with scenes of dancing and drunken flappers, collegiate orgies, the antics of the younger generation.

In the meantime, that generation has reached an age where it is no longer young. It has married and taken to the commuting trains; and the youth coming along behind it is of a far more conservative turn of mind. The coon-skin coat has been put up in the attic and the derby hat again taken down from its peg in the closet.

Yet because once the college boys and girls, the flaming youth of the country, were subjects interesting to picture, because from those days a few light-weight stars have been left over and still retain a measure of their popularity, the picture-makers consider that jazz-stuff is still sure-fire stuff.

As a matter of fact, interest in it is about as spontaneous as the laugh you'll get if you say, "So's your old man," or the applause that will greet some girl's getting out in front of a party and doing Charleston steps. That sort of thing, and pictures dealing with it, have worn out their welcome.

Are the Men to Blame?

A REPORT comes from England that in a straw vote taken among some quarter of a million women moviegoers, seventy per cent favored pictures with unhappy endings. These women are regular attendants of photoplays, meaning that they see pictures at least twice a week every week. And so they should be qualified to know what they want. The fact, therefore, that they prefer the story wherein the woman does not get her man is interesting. It might be more so if we knew whether or not they were all married women.

West is East These Days

IT would seem to be more than coincidence that the appetite for Westerns, with their gun-play and swift action, has passed with the growth of interest in crook pictures based on the present efficiency of organized crime. It looks to us as if merely the he-man drama had shifted from the great open spaces to the city streets. And it might be that the several Western heroes who have turned to airplane operas with the idea of modernizing the West might better lend their abilities to racketeer subjects, wear detectives' badges in place of sheriffs'. For the frontier of civilization now is not Dead Man's Gulch, it is the sidewalks of Chicago

What

of the

The Third of A
By Undergraduates



Above McGraw Hall and Library, Cornell University



By HARRY L. CASE
Editor in Chief of The Cornell Daily Sun

CORNELL
Maintains That The Movies Are So Emotional, They're Immoral

IN his attitude toward his material and cultural surroundings the college man is about two percent more critical than the average man in the street. This generalization may be said to apply to his reactions to the vast majority of those things which make up the greater part of his experience—magazines, food, legs, senators, automobiles, cigarettes, education, football, art. In three fields of thought, however, he is slightly above his own level of critical observation. These three are liquor, clothes, and moving pictures.

The reasons for his superiority in the first two of these we need not go into at any great length. Generally speaking, his appreciation of the first is derived from a broad negative experience, founded on four years of studious research in the field of bad liquor. Of the second it need be said only that four years of character appraisal on the basis of clothes cannot but give him a moderately keen eye to sartorial quality.

It is as a critic of the third, the silent drama, however, that we are interested in the college man here. It is precisely because the cinema is, or rather was, the silent drama, that he finds it so excellent a field for his criticism, for the more silent is the drama the freer is he from competition in his criticising, and there is nothing more annoying to a critic than to be interrupted from the stage in the course of his remarks on the quality of the osculation or the venerability of the humor. It is chiefly for this reason that the colleges have not taken to the movietone and vitaphone with the readiness of the great uneducated. With the decline of first-class barytones and basses in our seats of learning, there are few who can hope to compete

(*Continued on page 70*)

By WALTER L. SCOTT
Editor of The Dartmouth

DARTMOUTH
Thinks They're Better Than Nothing. But Not Much

ABOUT one third of Dartmouth are movie habitues. They see four or five of the six shows a week. Every day the same faces file past the ticket booth, sometime during one of the four shows. They see all the shows, the good and the bad: for every movie sooner or later comes to Hanover, usually sooner. The rest of the college goes much less frequently, but it goes. You see, Hanover takes its movies seriously. You can't play Outing Club all the time.



The Old Guard shuffles into The Nuggett at two o'clock and at four kalumps out in its galoshes. As it passes down the alley, it laconically describes its impressions of the picture. There are three standard answers to the queries of the crowd waiting to go in: The snort—most frequent—"Tough Show"; the contemptuous drawl, "Fair, y'might like it"; and



Above Dartmouth

College Men *Think* Movies

Series of Articles of Prominent Universities





Haskell

By STANLEY W. SCHELLENGER

Editor in Chief, The Daily Ohio State Lantern

OHIO STATE

Wants Happy Endings And, Especially Nancy Carroll

CONSISTENT theater-goers that they are, college men are usually the most critical of all peoples. They are critical as to acting, choice of characters, realness of the play, and the general effect. In this way they present a different audience from what is usually found in the theater.

The life of a college man is one of leisure, and he has plenty of time to spend in entertainment. Besides dancing and the movies he has little other means of employing his leisure hours. Because dances are limited, and considering the motion picture show as good entertainment, he is an ardent follower of the cinema art.

The collegiate patronage of the movies has noticeably increased during the past few years. The college papers have been forced to include, as a regular feature, a digest of the day's theater news. Faculty supervisors would not have sanctioned such articles a few years ago, nor would students have read them. But now the theater news is considered one of the most widely read departments of the paper; it is even regarded as an educational feature.

(*Continued on page 70*)

the enthusiastic, rarest, "Y'should see little Anita Page, My-y-y goodness!"

In general, the student body catalogues the six shows of each week as follows: two good, one fair, and three terrible. In mid-winter, when there isn't much else to do except go to the movies or study, the shows seem to get worse. The most terrible of all shows, by some magic formula, always comes on Saturday. According to undergraduate legend, this is because everyone will go anyway. The legend is right. Everyone does.

From Apathy Down

THE student attitude towards movies in general ranges downward from apathy to well-vented scorn. They go, and go regularly, because it is the least of several evils of boredom. It is not the fault of The Nuggett management; it gets the best shows the movies produce. The student dislike is based upon the monotony of movie plots, the grotesque overacting, and absurd melodrama. With unerring judgment they sift the sham and decrepit idealism from the few spots of realism and novelty the movie industry dares to permit itself. For the former the undergraduate has a stevedore's lack of appreciation, expressed with the unprintable noises of a longshoreman. For realism and sincerity Nicholas Nuggett, faithful patron of The Nuggett, has laughter or silence—and always respect. Recent pictures that have been successful in this respect have been "The Shopworn Angel," "Outcast," "Dry Martini," and almost any of Emil Jannings' pictures. Sometimes it is the variation in endings, away from the time-hallowed clinches; sometimes it is the subtle handling of strength. It must be awfully hard work to put natural acting on the screen, for so few movies seem to attain normality of any degree. Recent pictures that have been, well, lousy, were Lon Chaney's "West of Zanzibar," where only Mary Nolan's Astolat fairness prevented a general exodus; "The Wedding March," where the indictment was length and confusion; and the overplayed "Revenge."



College

Movies with college as a background have yet to be remotely

(*Continued on page 70*)

Confessions of

Bessie Love Tells Her Untold Tale

By GLADYS HALL





Bessie Love was so christened by D. W. Griffith. Her legal and less appropriate name is Juanita Horton

R. H. Louise

YOU'VE probably seen "The Broadway Melody" by this time. If you haven't, drop everything and run to the nearest theater. Don't even wait for the ice-man. If, on the other hand, you have seen it, then you've met "Hank." You know all about her. Big ideas. Patter of the sticks. The Broadway bug. Laundry in the basin. Heart like a sturdy prayer. Two she-loves. Loyal and square. Grin clapped on over a breaking heart. Grease-paint and game forever—that's Hank.

Well, I've a notion and it's this: Hank is really Bessie Love. Bessie Love is Hank. The two are one, at heart. Given the same circumstances, they would react in precisely the same way. I know they would, because Bessie told me so. In fact, you can rest assured that when you meet Hank you will also meet Bessie. When you know one, you will know all that is essential for you to know about the other.

A first-rate trouper—that's Bessie's rank in the industry. So is she known to her friends, and they are legion. The life of any party, game when the breaks are against her, grinning and hugging herself when, as now, the breaks are with her. Singing her raffish gay songs, doing her jazzy dance steps, strumming her gay ukulele, calling life white no matter how yellow the face it turns to her, blaming nothing on anybody but herself, hating to rake up what is past and gone, one eye on the dollar, feet on the flowery earth, taking the good with the bad—that's Bessie Love.

And such being the case, Bessie Love would, and has, covered her confessions with a shrug and a smile. You have to read between the lines more than is customary.

Bessie Love, queen of good troupers!

(Author's Note)

"MY NAME is not Bessie Love at all. D. W. Griffith named me that. He thought it fit.

"My real name is Juanita. Juanita Horton.

"When I was a child, we were desperately poor. We lived in a tiny clapboard house—not much more than a shack, really—on the other side of the tracks. The wrong side.

"We were really pretty beastly poor. I hate to dig up that sort of thing. It's over. It did me good, not harm. You have to work for what you get. And that's that. Besides, there's nothing picturesque about poverty—unless you have slept on a park bench or picked coals. I never picked coals—quite. Poverty does

The STARS

THE NINTH OF A SERIES OF REAL LIFE STORIES



Life with her, so Bessie Love says, is just one instance of being discovered after another. She holds that her biography should be printed in the lost and found column

R. H. Louise Photos

better in books than in real life. There's not much romance to it. Debts and duns and sometimes not enough to eat and never enough to wear and never being quite warm enough and always afraid to answer the doorbell for fear—oh, well.

"The point is that I didn't pick coals and I did live through it. Dad was a chiropractor. In those days very few people had even heard of a chiropractor. Which meant that our doctor's bell rang with a painful infrequency, if at all. Days and days when it didn't give a tinkle. Pretty dark days, those, when we held our hands to our sides and prayed that it would. Sometimes it did, but the patient was seldom the paying kind.

More Prayers than Play

"WE were an optimistic trio, though, Mother and Dad and I. Irish on both sides, I believed that the luck o' the Irish would stand by us one of these days. And while we were waiting for this great break, Mother worked like a slave and Dad hoped and I prayed at my altar and played tag and things in between whiles. I didn't do very much playing.

"I've always had an altar in my room. Yes, there's a religious streak. I try to see things through. Anyway, I kept an altar up to about three years ago. Sometimes it was only an old soap box decorated tastily with a sheet, but it was an altar just the same, with a candle and some flowers. I used to pray there for our ship to come in. That was my childhood fairy tale. And the ogres of that fairy tale were called by the hard, unlovely name of worry; and then there was debt and the beastly burden of doing without. We did do without—almost everything.

"Tom Mix is responsible for my being in the movies.

"He doesn't know it, doesn't remember it, of course.

"It happened very amusingly and rather incidentally. Dad is a Texan. So is Mr. Mix. That is all they ever had in common, but for Dad that was enough. He believed—and still believes—that all Texans are blood-brothers and glad to shake one another by the paw, sah.

"My Dad was very proud of me. He liked to take me about with him and show off my long curls and call me, 'My daughter.' One day he took me to a location spot where Tom Mix was working. He thought he and Tom might pass the time of day as two good Texans should. They didn't—but Mr. Mix did say to me, 'Why don't you work in pictures?' And the seed was sown. I believe that thus casually are the great events of our lives precipitated.

Dad Was Indignant

"DAD, I remember, was furiously indignant. He had been insulted. He had the old parent-complex—anything to do with the stage was sin; and sin might be, and probably was, all very well for other men's daughters but for his daughter—he sputtered and threatened and probably had his faith in all good Texans shattered.

"I never breathed a word to Dad. But I knew what I would do. Mother was my confidante. She was more lenient than Dad, took things more easily, didn't get excited about a stray boy-friend or my possible 'roonation' if I should get into pictures.

"I had to have money. And I was getting old enough to know that the only way I'd ever get it was to earn it. The next fall I was to enter high school—if I could. Which didn't seem very likely. Funds were growing lower and lower. The doorbell never rang. I felt that I had to have an education. I can say now that I have no regrets about any of my screen experiences, there was nothing else for me to do about it, anyway—but I do feel having

(*Continued on page 72*)



Mandalaydylike

We can understand, now that we've seen Lupe Velez in this, the formal attire of the Burmese girl, what Kipling meant when he said, "When you've 'eard the East a callin', you'll never 'eed naught else." Lupe appears as a dancer in Lon Chaney's new photoplay, "Where East is East," and young men are beginning to ignore Horace Greeley's advice

Shouting from the BATHTUBS

Cecil B. DeMille Thinks They Make Splendid Pulpits

By DUNHAM THORP



R. H. Louise

Cleanliness on the screen: at the left is Gloria Swanson in a DeMille production glorifying the American plumber. Above is Cecil B. DeMille himself. His one great message to the world is as yet unuttered.

BACK to bathtubs! And it'll probably be many and many a weary moon before C. B. tackles another such picture as "The King of Kings."

In "The King," DeMille spoke directly from the pulpit, and in "The Godless Girl" there was hardly any of his old-time splendor; but in "Dynamite," his latest, he'll take his stand in a crystal bathtub with a smoking orgy-glass held high. Believe it or not, his drinks won't merely bubble and fizz, they'll actually boil and smoke.

But all this is a bit misleading. For I have come with no woeful tale of a little dreamer spanked by the nasty, wicked box-office and sent back to his chores without a chance even to say his prayers. Far from it. "The King" cleaned up quite nicely, thanks, and he'd jump just as quickly at the chance again.

If he had it. Which he hasn't, and which he knows.

For no matter what else you may have been told to believe about this guy, he's just as shrewd as they come, and knows his why's and wherefore's.

"To begin with, there's the matter of variety, a thing that cuts two ways. If I keep giving my audiences the same thing over and over again, they won't keep coming to see it. I must never let them know what to expect, or I lose the use of novelty, one of the best of tools. And in addition to that, I'd go stale myself. If you wish to keep a field fertile, you must rotate your crops.

DeMille and Michel

"SO after 'The King of Kings,' in which I strove only for love and beauty, I made 'The Godless Girl,' which dealt with brutality and ugliness. And now in 'Dynamite,' I have something still different again.

"I have always considered Michelangelo as one of the greatest of all examples of the artist, and very few showed greater versatility than he."

Here he lay himself open to a nice pot-shot; but he saw it, too.

"Not that I'm comparing myself with Michelangelo, mind. That's not up to me, to begin with. We'd have to wait at least five hundred years. And marble is a bit more durable than celluloid."

His smile was positively beatific in its absolute benignity, like that of a chess player who wins by a deft play one move before you'd have him cornered beyond hopes or like a cat conscious of the telltale feathers in his whiskers.

Though he has left the pulpit for a time, DeMille has by no means ceased to preach. It's simply that he believes voluptuous splendor will pull 'em in quicker than a plain board rostrum; and that once they're congregated, the sermon will slide down more easily if they're interested than if they're bored.

Propocandy

BUT no matter where he gives it, he still insists on the sermon. He decided several years ago to quit just "telling stories"—and he has stuck to the decision. In "Dynamite," for instance, under all the sugar-coating of crystal bathtubs, knock-'em-dead gowns, and giant-wheel races, the thing he wants to get across is a struggle between moral healthiness and semi-decadence, with the ultimate

(Continued on page 76)

Forbidden TO FALL

His Contract Won't Permit Charles Morton to Lose His Heart

BY CEDRIC BELFRAGE



Autrey

From the very days when Charles Morton used to play fireman, with a hat and everything, he's been romantic. And now that he's old enough to be, business denies him the thrill



"THIS life romantic? Hell, no!" said Charlie Morton, digging viciously into the bowl of his pipe.

"Of course, I used to think how wonderful it would be, just as everybody does when he's poor. Three years ago, when I was living on air and what I could beg, borrow or steal in Greenwich Village, I used to figure how perfectly great it'd be to have four hundred dollars a week, your own car to drive around in and plenty in the bank to pay the rent with.

"But that's not the way it works out. Look at me now! I can't eat what I like because I'd get fat. And that isn't the half of it. I can't go with the girl I want because they say it interferes with my work in the studio. I have to tell her I don't like her, because I'm afraid she'll take too much of my time and thoughts away from my business of being romantic in celluloid.

"You know," he went on, proceeding to muss up his hair in mild exasperation, "it's just the very devil. I love picture work. There's nothing I'd rather do. I was literally born into a vaudeville act, you know; and after eight years and more in that racket I knew I hated show business and the rotten bunch of cut-throats connected with it. But pictures—that's something else. Taking it by and large, I like the work darned well. But look what it does to me.

Canned Soup and Freedom

"WHAT I want most is just to be some place and have romance. Back in Greenwich Village I used to think that with four hundred a week I could buy romance by the yard. Yet that was when I really had romance—and I didn't know it. Even if I couldn't pay the rent and sometimes had to live on canned soup, there was no one to dictate whom I went around with.

"I've started going with a whole lot of girls in my two years in Hollywood. All of 'em end up by hating me and never wanting to see me again. And it isn't that I'm such a bad sort of feller, really. I can get along with most anyone. But I just let 'em hate me. I find myself beginning to get interested in 'em, see?—and then someone at the studio says, 'Naughty, naughty! You're neglecting your work.' That's what it means to be on contract. I haven't missed my salary check for two years, but my private life doesn't exist.

"I smile all the time, so nobody knows how I feel about it. The more I smile, the more depressed I probably am under the surface. When I get to kidding around a lot on the set, I'm about as depressed as the devil. It's become second nature to do the laugh-clown-laugh act. I'm making myself out a regular *Pagliacci*. You mustn't take me that seriously, please. But just now I feel particularly low, and the situation looks blacker than usual.

(*Continued on page 78*)

Giving HOLLYWOOD Fitts

The New District Attorney Of Los Angeles County Admits He's Looking For Trouble

By RUTH BIERY



Stagg

"LOOK out, it may be Buron Fitts, the new district attorney."

That's the way Hollywood has plagiarized its old stand-by saying, "Look out, it may be Lon Chaney."

Only this time it isn't a wise-crack when they say it, although they may hide their earnestness, their fear and their awe behind a wise-cracking manner.

D. T. is another abbreviation they have for him. Now, D.T. has always meant to Hollywood that terrible state which may follow a wild party when a fellow's put to bed and doesn't know anything about it. But now they have this new meaning—district 'torney—rather than delirium tremens—and he's expected to arrive during rather than after a wild party, which is kind of depressing.

Take the New Year's Eve Mayfair party—that great function of Hollywood's most mighty movie people. There were champagne bottles on the table when we made our appearance. We picked them up gingerly and found they were fake—made of rubber. And we breathed a sigh of relief—all together. For this D.T.'s fame was already spreading, and taking a chance with bottles under the table wasn't just the same thing as blatantly inviting him to take a look at them upon it.

Raiding the Roosevelt

AND the formal re-opening of the Roosevelt Hotel, Hollywood's hotel run by Joseph Schenck and a few other movie people who must have an outlet for their profits—that hostelry of hostelries where the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences holds its carefully publicized sancto-sanctorum meeting to discuss naughty fan writers. Did you know that Buron Fitts slipped in that night—not in person, but in spirit—officers of the law amply representing that spirit—and arrested seven of our most prominent citizens? Home-town boys and visiting celebrities. For this D.T. is no respecter of persons. And they went down to his office and paid their fines to the County of Los Angeles for having illicit beverages upon them? And one of them growled and barked and said, "If it takes the rest of my life and $50,000 of my personal fortune, I'll get you, Fitts, I'll get you!"

No, this has never been printed before—because Buron Fitts did not want it printed. Not that he was afraid to print it. But why cause any further trouble than the law necessitated, and why warn other law-breakers of what was liable to happen?

And the Plantation, yes, my dears, our Fatty Arbuckle's Plantation, has already been raided. That did get into the papers. But there wasn't anything to it. At least, that's what Fatty, himself, told me one night out at Jim Cruze's and Betty Compson's. Only there was a worried light in his eyes, his nice twinkly eyes with the pink skin around them, as he told me. And added soon after that he was getting a band ready which would be a knock-out in bands and something entirely different. And they were to play at the Plantation during the rush reason and the rest of the time they would tour the country on vaudeville, with Fatty. He put the reason all upon business—you could make as much money in three months in a cabaret as you could in twelve, during the right season.

Fines Cost Money

BUT even then, I wondered if the three months had anything to do with padlocking. After all, fines are expensive. Not that these people have to pay the fines themselves, for, of course, they do not ever sell liquor. But if these famed folks who have been plugging for Fatty get pinched in his house—well, they aren't going to come very often. And the world goes to his place as much to see the satellites as to listen to the "Hey folks," of Fatty.

(*Continued on page 74*)



Hollywood Horrors

A BABY STAR'S DAUGHTER COMES TO VISIT HER

Feed 'Em and Reap

This Henry's Does To All Hollywood All Night And All Day

By HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

THEY say Charlie Chaplin started it. Maybe he did. Our Charleshasstarted lots of things in his time. But if he really played Isabella, and pawned his comic crown to further the enterprises of this Columbus, his faith in man must be renewed. Albeit his opinion of woman remains *in statu quo ante bellum*, so to speak. For Charlie has been rewarded in the discovery of many a midnight delicacy. His financial interest in the kingdom of Henry, the Ate, may have ceased. But his gustatorial enthusiasm shall endure forever. Charles is Henry's constant customer. Indeed, an honest poll of patrons might well divulge that next to the hamburger and herring, Chaplin is one of Henry's chief attractions.





Where stars go to feast themselves and tourists to feast their eyes: the interior of Henry's and, below it, the menu with its coat-of-arms

In the telephone book, fairly diligent search discloses a modest notation that Henry's Delicatessen is situate at 6321 Hollywood Boulevard. It gives the 'phone number, too. But that doubtless has been changed. Aside from this scant information, there is nothing. But be not deceived. The same prosaic volume may also list Swanson, Gloria; Garbo, Greta; Crawford, Joan; Page, Anita; Bow, Clara; and White, Alice; without a single romantic line of exposition. Or perhaps explanation is the better word.

Now that the telephone company is in the picture business, the number-please industry may develop emotionally. Then its old opus may attain descriptive rhetoric. Thus: "Henry's: where gods become men, where idols are human, where chivalry buys beans for beauty, where Ohio gazes on Olympus, where great lovers get goose livers, where hams and eggs mingle, where stars smile on schnitzels, where—" but you get the idea. Henry's Delicatessen, forsooth! Why Henry purveys viands to Venus, nectar to Narcissus, lentil zoop to Joe Schenck. If the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, then Henry is Hollywood's best beloved.

Henry's Heraldry

HIS 'scutcheon, like his food, is not lacking in subtlety. His shield is topped by a coronet with which to crown supervisors. Beneath it is symbolized the ancient and honorable slapstick. In the quarterings of his arms are two poor fish *couchant*, to represent producers caught in the very act of jumping from the frying pan of silence into the fire of sound. Directorial genius is portrayed by a goose engaged in laying an egg. A lamb, bleating on its way to the slaughter, warns the profession of players regarding its ultimate end. And in the fourth quarter appears a mystic design variously described as Lon Chaney, Will Hays, a conventionalized microphone or a question mark signifying "What's wrong with the movies?" Beneath are three locks of Sid Grauman's hair, pendant from a movie screen.

Moss

When Henry first presented his hospitality to his friends and his public, the key to his kingdom was cast into the Los Angeles river. It lies there yet, covered with the dust of ages. Thus for twenty-four hours each day of the year, his establishment has accumulated the atmosphere which lends it fame. Paraphrasing Scott, he might declaim, "Come one, come all! A star shall fly from before a spot light as soon as I." In two words, Henry's is never closed.

But its aspect changes with the hours. Of the 165,000 Iowans, who, with sundry odd Kansans, Nebraskans and other embattled farmers, form the drab background against which Hollywood splashes its color, there be those who have squandered their substance at Henry's without ever getting star-dust in their eyes. Of these, many wouldn't recognize their favorites without the aid of a catalog and identifying numbers on the posteriors of the players. Others have erred in their choice of hours. For if hunger be not of the belly kind, but more a longing for

(Continued on page 88)

What *Every Lover* Should Know

Dr. William Marston, Ph.D., And Psychoanalyst For The Movies, Tells On Both Blondes And Brunettes

By MARQUIS BUSBY



Freulich

To Dr. William Marston, the alleged complexities of the feminine mind are as simple as buying a package of cigarettes. He probably would have taken one look at Cleopatra and remarked merely, "Just another Class Y—6743 specimen"

Some Psychological Hot-Shots

Blondes are dominant, independent, good eave-women, but bad exhibitionists.

Brunettes usually experience love-emotions the most keenly.

Red-haired women are born to burn men up. Solomon couldn't resist 'em; neither could Mark Antony.

A man is not capable of continued captivation of a woman. When a woman seems to be most completely mastered, really she is the most completely victorious.

The greatest stimulus in films, to man and woman alike, is the body of a beautiful woman.

IT may choke them, but those mean, jealous souls who have accused movie people of being as dumb as a flapper on Einstein's new theory will just have to eat their words. One of the first signs of a renaissance of culture in Hollywood was Florence Vidor's version of an English accent. Then Madge Bellamy began to discuss books, and Mary and Doug started a swell rooming-house for traveling nobility. Never having been present at one of the royal soirées at Pickfair, I can't vouch for the conversational trend, but it must be of a weighty nature.

But the great dawn has come, the *pièce de résistance* of intellectual superiority has arrived in our up and coming town. The movies have finally attracted a Ph.D. in the person of Dr. William M. Marston of Columbia and New York Universities; a Phi Beta Kappa, and a psychologist listed in American Men of Science. Dr. Marston's present business is to psychoanalyze the movies which emanate from "Uncle Carl" Laemmle's studios at Universal City.

He will keep in close touch with all production activity of the Universal studios and will apply the principles of public psychology not only to the stories before purchase, but during casting and throughout productions. When the picture is completed, he will also follow through in applying psychology to the distribution of the picture.

Women Are Child's Play

WHAT the doctor knows about the emotions of people is something about which to send Scotchograms to mother, Agnes. And women—well, those compound and confounding creatures, to him, are as simple as the alphabet. If John Gilbert ever had a heart-to-heart talk with Dr. Marston, he would never be taken in by the blandishments of the exotic Garbo. Greta, poor dear, wouldn't have a secret wile to her name.

Dr. Marston is also the inventor of the lie-detector, which got more publicity than Lupe Velez a short time ago during interesting tests in New York. However, Dr. Marston, being a sensible man with a cool, sane look in his eyes, to the unutterable relief of every assistant director and technician at Universal City, has no intention of using this diabolical contraption in Hollywood.

He is a tall, rugged, blond chap of early middle age, cheerful of mien, and not one to put on fuss and feathers on account of his Ph.D. No, siree. He found out all about women from experiments. Why, Agnes, I wouldn't have *your mind*—. It was all decently psychological and correct, taking place in laboratories and other such hygienic and moral places.

The four chief emotions of normal people, according to Dr. Marston, are dominance, compliance, submission and inducement. He will keep a keen eye on these premises in reading story material.

One of his criticisms of the screen today is that pictures

(*Continued on page 96*)

Insomniacs who have tried everything else, take heart. Any time slumber eludes you, do what Doris Kenyon does when her mind refuses to call it a day: get a book on chess and play out the moves as it directs you to. Or substitute for consuming such heavy mental food the much simpler expedient Jacqueline Logan resorts to: milk and cookies with spineless crumbs



Kendall Evans

Duty Sleep

How Jacqueline Logan And Doris Kenyon Make Themselves Drowsy At The Right Time

Won't Women

From Maurice Costello This Has Been The

By DOROTHY DONNELL



Here are four men who've never had to complain of a femme-famine, but rather of the opposite; from the top and downward, they are: Ronald Colman, Richard Dix, Buddy Rogers and John Gilbert

"THE case of Valentino proves," a critic wrote caustically at the time of Rudie's death, "that American men have failed as lovers and husbands. It is a terrible indictment."

When the handsome hero kisses the heroine on the screen, does every woman in the audience feel kissed? Are the ardent letters that make up so much of a film sheik's fan mail written by romantic schoolgirls or by faithful wives, mothers, school teachers, women of position and intelligence? Are American women really starving for romance, hungry for love? And when a woman meets a movie lover out of business hours, does she expect him to make love to her?

If the experience of movie lovers is any indication, the answer is yes. Women do not separate the actor who has thrilled them with his photographic fervors, his camera kisses, from the man himself. You may write of a romantic star that he is happily married and the father of a dozen children, and it makes no difference. You may photograph him in grubby sweater and corduroys, fishing or cutting his lawn, and it won't change the women. So far as they are concerned, he is the great lover, and when they meet him they look at him challengingly, coyly, ardently—hopefully.

In fifteen years of writing about the screen I have known them all, all the heart smashers, the romantic sheiks from Maurice Costello, of the dimples; Frances X. Bushman with his inches and wavy pompadour; Wally Reid and his heart-wrenching smile; Valentino with the smoldering flame that was in him; Richard Dix the he-man; John Gilbert of the flashing bold eyes; Ronald Colman with the dark suffering look; Buddy Rogers whom the Greeks surely meant when they wrote of "the hyacinthine boy"; suave Nils Asther—all the handsome rest of them. They are as different as men could well be in temperament, tastes, personality, ways of thinking. One popular idol conceals a practical business outlook behind a melting dark glance, another is interested in gardening and can talk eloquently on the subject of cutworms and fertilizers, and a third—whose screen love-making is incendiary—is a blasé bachelor.

They work at love-making from nine to five, as another man with less perfect profile and less wavy hair works at the wholesale butter and egg business. But after business hours they are not allowed to drop their rôle. Wherever they go, whatever they do, they are expected to be the great lover still.

"Sure I'd like to marry," Richard Dix once told me bitterly, "but what chance have I got to meet any girls? All a movie star ever meets are movie fans. I'd like to know regular girls, girls outside the profession, the kind of girls other fellows my age are introduced to and call on and take out to parties. But no matter where I go it's just the same: we movie actors are different. They expect us to behave the way we do on the screen. We can't get acquainted with a girl normally, naturally. We're expected to be always acting."

Buddy is Bewildered

BUDDY ROGERS came to the screen fresh from college, fraternity dances, class tugs of war, exams. His almost immediate popularity did not go to his head because he had been something of a celebrity in college and had just exchanged one kind of fame for another. But the realization of the difference was to come to him in another way. A studio friend told me that on his first big location trip Buddy and the rest of the cast were entertained at a dinner given by the townspeople. And at the close of the evening Buddy came to him. "I'm afraid those women thought I was awful

Leave Us Alone?

To Gary Cooper, Sheik's Lament

dumb," he confided uneasily, "but, you see, I didn't understand just what they wanted me to say. They looked at me so queerly. Say, tell me: what did they expect?"

When Rudolph Valentino was at the height of his amazing career—when girls were tearing off their engagement rings and flinging them at his feet in public—he asked H. G. Mencken to have lunch with him, and unburdened his soul.

"I want advice," he told the man they call the leader of the intellectuals. Perhaps Rudy thought that only such a one could appreciate his grotesque comic-tragedy. "In God's name, what am I going to do? How did this happen to me? I did not ask for all this worship, and I cannot escape from it. They will not leave me alone in peace, these women. They think I am like the parts I play. And I am not. There is a Valentino on every street corner in Italy. I want to live like other people. I cannot be always playing the sheik. In God's name, what am I to do?"

Mencken did not laugh. He realized that this was a very real suffering he saw before him, a man crushed by the Juggernaut of his own fame. But all he could say was, "Wait. And remember. This, too, will pass."



They've had all women crazy for them; they're funny that way. From the top and downward, they are: Wally Reid, Rudolph Valentino, Gary Cooper, Nils Asther and Maurice Costello

Can One Be Kind and Single?

AN interviewer was talking with Gary Cooper not long ago, after he had made a hit in "The Legion of the Condemned." In the course of their conversation Gary confessed to his bewilderment at the position he found himself in. "Maybe you could tell me: isn't there some way to keep from hurting people's feelings and still not get married?"

A friend of Maurice Costello, when "Dimples" was the screen sheik, told me that he was stampeded by romance-hungry women wherever he went. "The letters that man gets," he said, "are unbelievable, shameless and yet pitiful. And many of them come from intelligent women, and supposedly happy wives. They would all of them hesitate to speak of themselves so intimately to their best friends. They would be horrified at the very idea of saying such things to a strange man whom they might meet in their everyday lives. But they write to Costello as to a lover. That's what he means to a million women—a lover."

Costello, behind his handsome exterior, was a family man, living the life of a suburban householder, with his wife and two babies. His romantic hero rôle on the screen made his fortune, and lost him his family. The wife of a screen sheik has woman for a rival, instead of a woman.

When Wallace Reid began his sensational career of screen lover, he was an out-of-doors chap, devoted to intensely masculine pastimes: fishing, hunting, camping. He had a lodge in the mountains and spent much time there with men friends. But the romantic glamour of his screen rôles, and the hysterical worship of women fans changed his nature entirely. For years before Wally Reid died he was the society man, more accustomed to the hothouse air of the drawing-room than to that of the out-of-doors. His mountain cabin was abandoned, his guns rusted. He became what he was expected to be by the women who surrounded him with their adoration.

Waylaying Wally

PERHAPS not even Valentino appealed to heart-hungry women as Wallace Reid did. His fan letters were a sad commentary on American life, many of them being from middle-aged women whose husbands were too busy to pay them any attention, or from inhibited spin-

(*Continued on page 94*)

Seducing *Their*

For the Stars, Hollywood With Pelf Practically

BY DOROTHY SPENSLEY



P. S. Cleveland



From time to time the beauties of Hollywood have difficulty in keeping themselves sufficiently slender. But with their bankrolls the case is different. They have but to patronize such establishments as Max Factor's, just above this; or Gerly's perfume shop, in the middle, to bring their resources to a definite state of emaciation. At the top is Bessie Love and in her hands a perfume named in her honor

IT seems we are not of the lowly herd, us motion picture personages. It seems that when our name has appeared in the society columns as having chosen to chew on Saturday at Montmartre Cafe, and maybe on Wednesday, too, that makes us *le dernier cri.*

You dern near what?

Le dernier cri. Ha! Ho!

And when we get our names in electrics. My dear, it is to sweep. It is to sweep into any store, lackeys scraping, flunkies bowing, salesgirls gaping, floorwalkers prancing, elevator starters staring, cash-girls grinning, fitters flitting. It is there they help us to part with our money—easily, painlessly, with gratifying gestures. Ah, it's great to be a motion picture personage in Hollywood.

Look, now, at Dyas, and while you are looking, I'm going to have just one more little sip. Just a weency bit. Look at B. H. Dyas, our newest department store, the Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street traffic flowing about its feet. Ten stories, laid one on top of the other; and on the roof a bungalow dedicated, yea, even consecrated, to Their Majesties, the Film Stars. A four-room bungalow, English style, with fire-placed living-room, dining-room, dressing-room, bath and kitchen, presided over by the blondely delectable Miss Kitty Rupp, who used to dabble in pictures, and the equally delectable brunette Mary Jane Hartwell, who also used to dabble in pictures.

Chemisey Shopping

NO more does the tired motion picture queen have to stand first on one foot, then on the other, as she waits to select the eiderdown bonnet for Cousin Tilly's baby, or a new chemise for herself. No sir, not since December when Dyas first extended coy invitations to partake of service de luxe. Now Gloria or Estelle or Clara is whisked to the roof, led to a paunchy easy chair, handed a cigarette, a cup of tea and a whole revue of eiderdown bonnets or pink chemises is paraded before her.

"It's taken the pain out of shopping for the players," said Miss Rupp, smiling blondely, prettily, glancing around the living-room of her cloud-tipped bungalow. "Especially at Christmas time was it helpful, with the store crowded with shoppers. Thelma Todd, for instance, came in one afternoon with a yard-long list. 'What, oh what, shall I get Aunt Emma? She wouldn't like perfume.' 'Why not a good-looking handbag?' I suggested. 'Great! And now what shall I give a man who drives a Packard?' 'How about a motor rug trimmed in leather to match the upholstery of his car?' 'Just as great!'

"They have been quick to take advantage of the

Salaries

Shops Make the Parting Painless. Positively!

innovation. Men as well as women. Bill Haines was one of our first customers. He bought any number of fine handkerchiefs and knew as much about the fabrics as our linen expert. And then he bought a large supply of chiffon socks."

In the paneled dining-room a long refectory table is flanked by red leather chairs.

"We plan to give luncheons and teas, later, asking this star or that to invite her intimates. Afterward bridge may be played or a fashion show of the newest modes may be given."

The Dry Shower

IN the dressing-room are mirrors, make-up and a chaise longue with negliges, perfumes, satin mules, smart luggage placed beguilingly about, price tags affixed. Here milady is privileged to repair the ravages of weather. Adjoining is a room which includes a shower bath. So far the latter has remained chastely dry. No visitor has felt the urge to take a bath, courtesy of Dyas.

"Gloria Swanson came, looking at atomizers, the other day. Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., have been in, stopping at the sixth floor on the way up to inspect personally the kiddy cars and toys. Wally Beery did his Christmas shopping here. Betty Compson has been in, and Don Alvarado, George K. Arthur, Clara Bow, Carmelita Geraghty, D. W. Griffith, Hoot Gibson, Marion Davies, Jack Holt. Cleve Moore and Lincoln Stedman, both members of the Thalians Club, were in, looking about for something for their *s. p.* I asked them if it was 'sweet precious' or 'secret passion' but they wouldn't say.

"If a player with whom we are acquainted enters the store, the saleswoman who serves her makes her presence known to the floorwalker, who immediately summons me and I am presented to her, whereupon I invite her to avail herself of the privileges of our bungalow.

"Not only that. When we know, say, that Jean Arthur is looking for something smart in aviation togs for a new picture, or that Hobart Bosworth is keeping a watchful eye open for a certain type of riding boot, and we get a new shipment of either article, we immediately telephone the player's home and tell her or him of the arrival. Or sometimes we have a sale of golf clubs, and I know Doris Hill is interested in them. I call Miss Hill's residence and leave word so that she may come to the store and take advantage of the lower prices."

Trimmed Even on Sunday

SO you can see us motion picture personages are not of the lowly herd. We are of the chosen few. The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, treat us with accord. Even Jim, Hollywood's bobber de luxe, condescends to make allowances, and clips Joan Crawford's hair on a Sabbath morn.

"Sure," says Jim, "she's a sweet lady, and I'm glad to come down on Sunday to give her a trim when she is working in a picture and can't get away during the week. We send manicurists and hairdressers to the studios, too, to accommodate them. And many is the night that we stay until seven or seven-thirty so that some actress can have

(*Continued on page 94*)



C. S. Bull

One of the most notable of figures in the business of beautifying the stars of Hollywood is Jim—not the penman, but the barber. He is seen at the top dressing Eva Von Berne's hair. Below this is Robertson's department store, in downtown Los Angeles; and at the bottom is the dressing-room set apart for picture celebrities in the Dyas store. The two actresses succumbing to the department's assistant manager, are Doris Hill, on left; and Jean Arthur



Russel Ball

Self-Supporting

In her work in pictures, as in her posture in this picture, Laura LaPlante leans on no outside support. Her own sunny charm and deftness in comedy suffice to maintain her already secure position. She has just completed "Scandal" and—as would seem logcial—is now going to appear in"Evidence"

The Men Behind The Stars

OLD *Doc Santell*

Al Keeps Falling Stars From Falling

By HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

BETWEEN nine and five you'll find director Al Santell doing his stuff at the studio. But between five and nine—ah, that's something else again. And far less simple. Never, for instance, say "Believe it or not, I'm waiting for a street car to take me to Al Santell's house." Because there is no street car within miles. However, there are ways of reaching him. You may walk from Hollywood. About thirty miles north-west. Or you may fly. On a warm day a fifteen-mile swim from Santa Monica may allure you. If you sail due east from Japan, you'll land right at his doorstep. But perhaps you're pressed for time and would prefer to motor down. Drive to the Pacific Ocean and ring door-bells until one is answered by a Filipino butler whose fierce mustachios and imperial make him look like Louis Napoleon. Al's here.

Surrounded by books and beer, you'll find him loitering about his rambling Malibu home clad in white ducks of sea-going cut. All year round he spends here those hours which are his very own. Plumed waves spray his front porch with foam. Which suggests more beer. And the sorrowful sobbing of sea-gulls emphasizes the comfort to be found in a huge chair before a wide blazing hearth, with an ancient book for company.

Telephones are taboo in Malibu. The beauty of the spot is its inaccessibility. No raucous messages to report for a story conference, or what-have-you in the conference line, can crash into its quietude. Even Sam Goldwyn is unable to sputter telephonically that he's amazed at someone's stupidity. Sam seems in a perpetual state of amazement at the dumbness of the world and its people. But when the cause of his surprise is safely ensconced behind Malibu sand-dunes, even Sam must hold his peace until another day. Either that or talk to himself. So far from the madding movies in the restful environment which he and nature have created, Al Santell philosophises on life and love—as they do 'em in pictures.

Neither Rotund Nor Rollo

SANTELL is short and broad. There are ridges of muscles stretching from shoulders to wrists. None of his fuel goes to fat. It is either burned up with the intensity of his being, or it is transmuted into sinew. He is physically active. And physically fit. His brown face is topped by a mop of crisply curling black hair. It's probably quite a trial to him. But he manages it fairly well. He'd be an ideal subject to pose for one of the stay-put hair-dressing advertisements. His eyes glow with a genial sophistication. They relieve a facial contour which might otherwise create an impression of cynicism. For Santell is no *Rollo* Boy. He's not the *Pollyanna* of the picture business. Nor does he believe in oil-stock prospectuses. On the other hand, there is little bitterness in his make-up. His humor may be tinged with sarcasm, but it is the gentle sarcasm of one who has learned to appraise life, and those who live it, at proper values. A somewhat robust, rough-and-ready, back-slapping manner seems worn as a cloak to cover a certain fineness, an innate culture. Qualities which have small value in the hurly-burly of movie making. His use of words is especially exact. His pronunciation of them unusually pleasant. His blue, for instance, is never bloo; nor does lute become loot.



In many a production Al Santell plays not only the part of director, but one in the picture as well. The lower picture shows him in make-up

Santell is one of the many who got in on the ground

(*Continued on page 79*)



B. H. Rogers'

As Told By Buddy Rogers

To DOROTHY DONNELL

IT was the biggest thing that ever happened to me, coming back to Olathe after my first picture. Yes, sir. All those important men that I used to look up to when I was a kid, I. H. Hershey, head of the School Board; and Mr. Shaukaltzer, the President of the Chamber of Commerce; and E. M. Hill, the principal of the high school, and the rest coming six or seven miles out of town to meet my car, and the banners hung around Courthouse Square and down Park Street saying, "WELCOME HOME, BUDDY." Well, sir, it almost had me crying.

I was born in Olathe in the same house my folks live in now, the big wooden house at 224 South Cherry Street; and my mother and father were born in Olathe, too. My grandparents on both sides spent most of their lives there. We've got quite a few relatives buried in the cemetery of the First Methodist Church. When a family gets born in a town and buried in it, after a while it feels quite at home. That's the way with my family. I've been trying to persuade them to move to Hollywood, but Dad says, "No. I don't know as I could make a living anywhere else."



Where the budding Buddy went to grammar school

My uncle was postmaster in Olathe for years, and one of my grandfathers ran the hotel till he sold out a few months ago. I can remember what a treat I always thought it was to go to Sunday dinner at the hotel, and go down afternoons to watch the drummers come in on the Interurban from Kansas City. Dad has run the "Olathe Mirror" for twenty years, he's printed the births and marriages and deaths of half the people in town in his paper and he knows everybody. Pretty nearly every day some visitor turns up at the studio with a note from Dad to me asking me to show him over the lot. "I know I oughtn't to bother you," he will write, "but this is absolutely the last time. Do be nice to him, Buddy. He's a friend of mine." They're all friends of Dad's. Everybody who knows him is that.



Before he contributed his talents to the screen, Buddy used to contribute his coins to Sunday school in this church

Too Dizzy to Eat

OLATHE hasn't changed so much since I can remember. We've got a swell new country club and golf links out where there was a cow-pasture when I was a kid, and, of course, there are a few new houses. One of them is built on what used to be a vacant lot next to our place. A traveling street fair came to town once and asked Dad if they could put their tents on that lot. It was nearly my birthday so Dad told

Boy

That's All Buddy Is To His Home-Townsmen In Olathe, Kansas



Richee

them that if they would let us have the merry-go-round for one whole afternoon they could use the lot. When the kids came to my party, we spent the whole time riding on the horses and camels and in the chariots till we were too dizzy to eat the ice cream and cake.

In a little town like Olathe you go to Central School on Water Street and then to High with the same boys and girls, and most of them go to Kansas University together afterwards. There was Martha Woodbury, and the Blankenbeakers and Harry McCown and Genevieve Haskins and Ruth Scott—most of them are married now. Kids, too, some of them. Last time I was in Olathe, Miss Carpenter, the principal of the grade school, asked me to come down and talk to the third and fourth grades. I was pulling the stuff about how I used to sit right at that desk there, children, but I didn't study as hard as I should have and I hope you aren't as much trouble to dear Miss Carpenter as I was, when one tiny tot in the back put up her hand. "My mama says she used to go to school with you," she piped up.

Gee, doesn't that make you feel queer, though?

The boys I grew up with, and played baseball and football with and went swimming and skating on the Railroad Lakes with, are all working for their fathers in Olathe stores. The girls I went with through High School, are married. There was Nell Lorrimer and Guenita Stuart and Mary Hodge. Mary married a lawyer and moved out of town. And Ross Culpepper, the son of the Methodist minister who lived a block away from our house, is an evangelist now. I guess I'm the only actor that ever came from Olathe.

Above is the Olathe Hotel, owned by Buddy's grandfather; at right, Buddy's father, standing before the offices of his newspaper the "Olathe Mirror"

Kicking Off Again

EXCEPT for everybody growing up, things are about the same in the town. The high school gang still hangs around Kelley's Drug Store, only it's my seventeen-year-old brother that carves his initials in the booths instead of me. He's playing left end on the football team—my old place—and they still have great battles with the State Deaf and Dumb Asylum team. Thanksgiving Day, when I was home, E. M. Hill, the same principal of the high school who has been there since I can remember, asked me to come out on the field and kick off the first ball. They told everybody I was going to do it and all the farmers came in from miles around. My studio had a news cameraman there from K. C. taking pictures of it. I felt sort of foolish, and sort of proud.

The Gem Theater on Park Street was the only movie in town when us kids used to play hooky from school to see the next chapter of a Ruth Roland serial, and it's still the only movie theater. They get all the biggest pictures, only sometimes they're a year later than in Kansas City. Clara Bow, Bebe Daniels and Billie Dove are their favorite actresses; and Harry Langdon, Harold Lloyd and Tom Mix all draw big audiences.

When my first picture, "Fascinating Youth," was shown in Olathe, it had a longer run than "The Big Parade." Yes, sir; the farmers drove in eight or ten miles in their Fords and they charged twenty-five cents (it's usually ten cents admission) and ran it for four days. Mr. S. C. Andrews, the owner of the Gem till a few months ago, made enough money running "Fascinating Youth" to buy a new car.



Main Street in the Kansas town from which Buddy came is not a symbol; it is the name of the principal thoroughfare

All That Money

IT was Mr. Andrews that started me off in pictures. He was talking to the Paramount Exchange people in Kansas City. "Why don't you get some young folks in your pictures?" he asked them. "I know a boy in Olathe that's as good as any Hollywood star, the son of B. H. Rogers, editor of 'The Mirror.' The Paramount people were running a competition for pupils for their new school in Long Island City, so they sent for me to make a test. I didn't much want to be an actor then. I was earning good money directing a University band, playing for dances in Kansas City, but they told me I

(*Continued on page 80*)



Russell Ball

If he knows half as much about Hollywood as his mistress does, this China feline is a cat of many more than nine tales. At any rate, Lilyan admires him so much that she's attempting to imitate the several expressions he wears in the one pose. He's a recent acquisition, purchased as a result of Miss Tashman's seeing his picture in the mewspaper

Copy Cat

Lilyan Tashman Deliberately Qualifies As One

Take A Memo, DADDY

It's Things Like This That Give Anita Page's Father Headaches

By DUNHAM THORP

"AFTER all, I'm her father, an' the father oughta be the head of the family, sorta. "It's knocked everything so darn lopsided."

At this point Anita Page poked me in the back, and asked me to tell her father that she wished to speak with him.

The only vacant table large enough had been reserved for Joan Crawford, so Anita sat alone with her thoughts while I interviewed the pater.

"Daddy, please be sure to remind me that I must attend the luncheon Mr. Mayer is giving some visitors tomorrow. I forget so easily. Perhaps you'd better make a note of it."

So Marino Pomares—yes, Page was Pomares in Astoria—pulled out a notebook and dutifully did as his daughter dictated.

Now if you want to take time out to snicker, go ahead. I'd be the last to stop you. But when you've finished, let me tell you something: this guy's got a real problem, and he can't laugh off.

Nineteen years ago he married. And then a year later Anita was born, and he became "the head of the family" in the strongest sense of the word: the man on whose shoulders the responsibility for the welfare of this little unit rested squarely.



C. S. Bull

Before and after taking up a picture career: at the left is represented the importance of Anita Page in relation to her father—center—when they lived in Astoria; at the right her present importance

And they were good shoulders, too, for they never shirked that burden. Starting as a quite ordinary electrician, he saved his money and waited an opportunity. It came. In partnership with a friend, he started an electrical contracting business of his own. In ten years, he and his partner increased that business tenfold.

Changing His Rôles

HERE was a prosperous and respected solid citizen, adding to the wealth of the community, and partaking of the wealth added by his neighbors. A member in good standing of the local Chamber of Commerce, Rotary, and Elks. Vice-president of his own business, and owner of the three-story brick home in which he and his family lived. A man able to support his family on the same plane as those of his neighbors. What more could be asked of him?

But now———

If daughter makes the grade, and reaches the top of her profession, she may make more in a year than he could hope for in a lifetime. Laugh that off! This girl, whose main function in life was, but a very short time ago, to mind the baby, has now dethroned the father as the main breadwinner of the family.

But, to get back to the free lunch:

Closing the notebook, and pocketing it in an almost belligerent manner, Pomares looked up at me—and the expression in his eyes really merited analysis. He was doing something; and no matter how small the task, still it was useful. But what about me? Would I understand? Or was I one of those guys who make nasty cracks about parasite-poppers? He may have been boss in Astoria, but here he was on the defensive. And the pathetic part of it was that no one knew it better than himself.

"You see, it's in little things like that that I can be useful to her. I drive her down to the studio in the morning and back home again at night, and act as a sort of manager to handle her business affairs, look after her interests, and do anything I can.

Her Career or His

"FRANKLY, I don't know what to do. It's sure a tough problem, perhaps the toughest I've been up against in my life. This success in the movies is great for Anita, and the wife is wild about it—but it's sure played hob with me.

"But for it, I'd have been going along in my own business, a business that's growing every year. We'd have been comfortable and well-to-do, even if never actually wealthy. I could have sent Anita through college; and the baby, too, when he grows up. And then maybe Anita would have wanted to marry—and if the boy she picked wasn't well set, I'd have been able to give him a start.

"But now it doesn't look like that's to be. If Anita's got it in her and can make the grade, she can do things for the family financially that I could never even dream of. I've got to consider that.

"And then, there's another thing. The wife and I have never been separated, except maybe a day or two now and then, for nineteen years—and you get into habits that are hard to break. If I go back to New York and continue in

(*Continued on page 92*)





Lace *and*

Doris Dawson Wears



We've heard of lucky stones, but we've never before seen a picture of one. At least, never one so decidedly lucky as that just at the left, which Doris Dawson curves her elbow about. From this time on, Rock-a-Bye Baby is our favorite anthem

Carsey Photos



Less

Both Bewitchingly





A very little lawn such it is and such has Doris While these photographs were being taken, Miss Dawson several times crossed one knee over the other in order to live up to her reputation of being the kind of girl who doesn't let any grass grow under her feet

The Heart History of Joe Martin

For Pretty Betty Bradford He Sacrificed His Career As A Monkey-Business Man

By H. W. HANEMANN



Bookish in his own way was Joe Martin, in his formative years. He was obviously too intelligent to become an assistant director. Placing him was at first a puzzle

THIS is the story of Joe Martin, orang-outang, whose movie career ended suddenly at the peak of his popularity, who mysteriously disappeared under the mighty mountain of his fan mail, who vanished into the thin air that bore the echoing laughter of thousands of delighted women and children. The world was Joe's banana, but he left it unpeeled.

Love is like that. Love has always been like that. "Love," says the poet, "that will aye endure, though the rewards be few, that is the love that's pure, that is the love that's true." So Joe Martin loved, not as John Gilbert or Adolphe Menjou, but as Lon Chaney or Louis Wolheim. When the time came for him to make his sacrifice, he made it. Love was a real thing to Martin, the whole thing. Love offered no modern compromises with loose libidos seeking release in self-expression, no weak-kneed adjustment of "you-go-to-your-church-and-I'll-go-to-the-movies." Alas, the apposite pathos of that jejune phrase!

Joe Martin was born in Africa of parents in circumstances that were both meagre and uncomfortable. So uncomfortable were the circumstances, that after a sharp disagreement with their landlord, the parents moved to Singapore, taking the baby with them. Here Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson were chosen as Joe's godparents and he joined the Boy Scouts. "Little Joe," so called because he was the fourth child, prospered and became an Eagle Scout. Due to his prowess as an Eagle Scout, Joe was given the opportunity in 1911 to accompany the Ramchanda Das Good-Will Expedition. There was need of a scout on the expedition to carry a letter from the Mayor of Singapore to the Mayor of San Francisco.

From Mayor to Mayor

AFTER delivering the letter from the Mayor of Singapore to the Mayor of San Francisco, there was some talk of what to do with Joe next and the Mayor of San Francisco gave Joe a letter to the Mayor of Universal City. Joe hiked to Universal City and presented the letter from the Mayor of San Francisco to the Mayor of Universal City. The Mayor of Universal City was about to give Joe a letter to the Mayor of somewhere else when Joe indicated that he could do with a better job. He was an Eagle Scout, not a mailman. This was a puzzler. Joe was obviously too intelligent to be made an assistant director and the problem was to find some occupation which could make use of what intelligence he displayed without overtaxing it. So Joe became a movie actor. Success was instantaneous. In no time, Joe had his dresser, his make-up box, his fan mail, his imported car, his chalet in Beverly Hills and his lunch with Beverly Bayne. My reader's memory is sufficiently vivid, I trust, to recall the pictures in which Joe Martin appeared, the furore he created and the popularity he enjoyed, even to the extent of having a cocktail—the Martini—named after him. Some people, making that ludicrous mistake which the laity so often makes about movie stars, even thought he was human.

And it seemed that Fate was speculating just how human, or more than human, Joe Martin was. For as he basked in his celebrity and the sunshine of the Golden State, a comely young chimpanzee, Elizabeth B. Bradford by name, was working in a psychological laboratory back East. A college graduate (Wellesley '19), Miss Bradford was devoting her life to science. Already, by placing

(*Continued on page 84*)



This is the character in which Evelyn Brent will be seen soon. She has been cast as *Pearl* — not the one of great price — in the picturization of the bottle-and-leg melodrama, "Broadway." It's a talkie, and Evelyn, as her expression here indicates, speaks in a soft sullen drawl

A "Broadway" Broad



Dyar

A Player of Parts

Not only his work upon the screen, but his ability at sports entitles Richard Dix to such a designation. After the ardors of making "Redskin" and subsequently his first talking picture, "Nothing But the Truth," he feels himself justified in indulging in a short period of pastime-killing

SCARS *That* G*lorified*

Carol Lombard's Features Survived The Motor Crash; Her Soul Didn't

By AGNES O'MALLEY

I ONCE had a swell idea for a movie. It was about a handsome youth who tried to break into pictures. Nobody paid any attention to him because he was good looking. Plenty of that commodity in Hollywood. Then he had an accident which marred his beauty and lo! he became a great character actor—with all the wealth and glory that he had expected his Barrymore profile to bring him.

Well, the people who buy stories in the studios shook my hand and wished me better luck next time. The idea was too far-fetched. In fact, a little absurd. Not impossible, maybe; but, oh, highly improbable.

Well, sir, as Walter Anthony, the sage of the cinema capital is wont to remark, truth is not really stranger than fiction—it is just harder to believe.

I will show you.

There was once a beautiful and young society girl (no foolin') of San Francisco. Name Carol Lombard. Papa Peters (family name) was rich. Carol got everything she wanted. She wanted to go into the movies. Unlike most rich parents that we read about, father didn't object. So Carol came to Hollywood.



Evans



Ermates



Thomas

Before and after nearly taking the count: at the left is Carol Lombard as she appeared before the motor crash which almost cost her her life; and at the top and below, as she is today

Offers of Sorts

HER beauty brought her all kinds of offers not including a movie contract. Not even a part. Carol struggled along for months on Papa's fat allowance, but progressed no further than a bathing suit. The old, old Hollywood story—just one of a thousand beautiful girls about town.

Then our heroine had a tragic accident. Scooting along Hollywood Boulevard one afternoon in her little French puddle-jumper, a nasty big Ford crashed into the puddle-jumper's rear end, knocking Carol into the wind-shield. The shattered glass slashed her face cruelly. It looked as if the beautiful mouth would be disfigured for life. Her upper lip was almost completely severed from her face.

In just sixty seconds all hopes for a motion picture career had literally crashed about Carol's head. And the beauty which helps make life so agreeable for a young girl was manifestly gone. Carol wanted to die then. The prospect of readjusting herself to a life without hope, without beauty, was unthinkable. Young people are like that.

Carol lay in bed for eight months, under the care of a skilful surgeon. Most of this time she spent strapped to the mattress to prevent the slightest movement which would jar the surgeon's

(*Continued on page 92*)



Classic's Family Album

Not quite back to the "Floradora" era, does this one date. But nearly that far. "Good-Bye, Little Girl, Good-Bye" was being played on the mandolin then. And when your best girl and her mother came to visit you in your college rooms, you took this one off the wall, with a fine feeling of concealing your wilder self from those too gentle to understand it. Later, of course, everyone saw her in the movies, in comedies with Billy Van. She was known, naughtily enough, as The Girl with the Wink. And now, naturally, you remember her: Cissie Fitzgerald

Our Own News Camera



Dyar

An extended reflection: Anita Page draws to her a little mirror devised to stretch from the windshield to the driver's face, so that she can see both herself and any motor cops on the road behind

It's a fact, though: here's a movie star reading a fan magazine article not about himself. But then—you wouldn't expect Gary Cooper to be interested in anything other than the Love-Life of Lupe Velez



A demi-sleeveless gown, affected by Natalie Moorhead. The right arm is clothed, the left isn't. Perhaps they're supposed to be seen, like the title of Natalie's next picture, "Through Different Eyes"



Kahle

No matter what the racket in hand, David Rollins manages to keep smiling through. You'll see for yourself when you see him in the "Movietone Follies"



Thomas

Each discording to his own ability: Eddie Quillan employing the saxophone and Jeanette Loff making bigger and better mistakes upon the xylophone

CINEMA SHOTS FROM COAST TO C



Getting herself keyed up for her part in "Mexicana." Señorita Armida, above, runs through the rhythm of her dance number in this Gus Edwards singie before setting out for the silences of the sound stage

Infringing upon the domain of the vampires: Lois Moran's dress and conduct both point to it. The leading and willing young man is Jose Crespo



Poor little Dorothy Jordan! Is her own shoulder the only one she can find to rest her head upon? Because, as you see at the right, that's what she's doing. But never you mind, Dorothy—just you wait till they see you in the "Movietone Follies"



Kahle

A little something on the hip of Alberta Vaughn, above. But luckily no more than the trunks she wears in "Noisy Neighbors"



Laying her cards on the table: Mary Astor does that both in the scenes of "The Woman from Hell" and between its scenes, when she plays solitaire



Under his tootelage: Dorothy Appleby—at the left—learns the tune of a new song from Eddie Quillan, in spite of the fact that he plays it on his saxophone

Thomas



Tree's a crowd. Much as we love nature, when there's a picture of Betty Bronson to be taken, we prefer that it include nothing but Betty. But, of course, if it does, we don't notice it anyway. So O. K., woodman. Leave it stand

Duncan

COAST AND BACK TO COAST AGAIN





Bull

The Joyce with the smile wins. Her last name is Murray, and although she is young on the screen, her buoyant personality and skill as a dancer have gained for her already a part in a new song-and-dancie



About to make a bit hit: Baclanova—above—prepares to slug out a tune on an African xylophone, an instrument whose playing requires both a punch and staying power



Plenty of come-hither, Sue Carol has; and this time not only in charm but in gesture. The occasion is her enactment of the name part in "The Exalted Flapper"

Getting his face lifted: James Gleason, playwright and stage star, finds himself taken in hand by his wife, Lucille Gleason, in the course of their new talkie, "Meet the Missus"





Bullock

Uplift work in her own behalf: Camilla Horn, at the left, goes through an exercise to ward off fallen arches, on the beach at Palisades del Rey. Camilla's latest appearance has been as leading woman to John Barrymore in "Eternal Love"



From bad to curse: Richard Dix has run through his everyday vocabulary of profanity and has sat down on the sand-trap to do a little creative coining of phrases appropriate to using seven strokes to move the golf ball two inches

Legendary LOVE-CULT

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

SOMEWHERE IN CALIFORNIA, May 16th, —In a radio message to civilization from a remote section of California, formerly a well-populated district before man's mastery of climatic conditions destroyed the one advantage it enjoyed over more civilized sections of the country, Professor Potiphar Z. Waffleberry yesterday revealed what appears to be the most remarkable archæological discovery of recent centuries.

Heading a small group of intrepid scientists, Professor Waffleberry waved goodbye to his tearful wife and tots from the cabin of his minute twenty-five-seater plane in January, and flew away into the unknown. A regular stream of radio communications brought no news of great scientific importance until yesterday, when announcement of the discovery of an alleged prehistoric love-cult community was made in trembling tones to an astounded world.

Briefly, the professor's extraordinary tale tells of a weird colony of heathens who established themselves in a community a few miles from the Pacific coast for the purpose of worshiping their Goddess, Sex-Appeal. What demoniac rites were practised by the colony, the professor is only able to conjecture from the various fossils and ruins which remain to tell the tale.

Twisted Remnants

BUT let the eminent professor tell his own story.

"It was when I barked my shin against a twisted piece of metal on which the words 'Grauman's Chinese' were plainly decipherable," the radio message runs, "that I knew we had found something worth investigation. On conducting excavations on the ruins nearby we were able to reconstruct on paper the original building, which, if it showed nothing else, clearly betrayed the fact that no Chinese of any known age in history could have had anything to do with its construction. Encouraged by this curious find, we proceeded with zest to make further excavations in the vicinity, certain in our minds that some altogether unusual tribe of either maniacs or near-savages must at some prehistoric time have lived here.

"Could it be that we had stumbled upon the site of that strange city of mythology, Hollywood, about which so many fantastic fables have sprung up that it has become problematical whether such a place could ever have actually existed?

"As our investigations proceeded, I became convinced that we had done no less. The ruins we unearthed were those of a busy, humming community suddenly stopped short—obviously by an earthquake of unusual strength. Could it be that the angry goddess whom tradition says the Hollywoodians worshiped, Sex-Appeal, had been displeased and sent down a thunderbolt from Heaven to wipe them off the earth? However this may be, our findings will correspond with no other township of antiquity than the fabulous Hollywood. As a man of science I can reach no other conclusion than that the fables which have come down to us about this fantastic colony of maniac love-cultists are at least based on actuality.

Riddles Unsolved

"AS a man of science, too, it is my most regrettable duty to report that the actual activities of this colony are still problematical. Time has left insufficient evidence to show what really went on within the confines of its city limits. We are only able to hazard guesses at the truth. How such a unique group of maniacs ever came to gather on this one spot, miles from the nearest outposts of civilization, is another problem which can never be conclusively solved.



FOUND

Waffleberry Declares There Really Was Such A Place As Hollywood

Extract from the Latter-Day Tabloid, *May 17, 1929*

"At a distance of a few hundred yards from the discovery of the temple called Grauman's Chinese, we found ruins of a second temple, apparently known to the Hollywoodians as Grauman's Egyptian. This indicated, on reconstruction, just as clearly, that no Egyptians could have been connected in any way with its erection, so far did it differ from any known forms of Egyptian architecture. Seeing that the words Chinese and Egyptian in the names of the temples obviously had no significance, we assumed that the repeated word Grauman's must be the key to the strange uses to which the temples were put. Our assumption is that the elect among the Hollywoodians were formed into a band of untouchables, known as Graumans or Graumen, and formed a kind of mysterious priesthood which led the baser Hollywoodians in worship of the Goddess Sex-Appeal. We had clearly found the two chief temples of Sex-Appeal worship.

"As to the nature of the Graumen, little can be known; but the altogether peculiar veneration showered on them by the common folk was indicated by the fact that footprints and handprints, made by them in the cement of the so-called Chinese temple forecourt, were found, with odd inscriptions accompanying them, such as "Good Old Sid—from your pal Gloria Swanson," and "Sid's a Peach of a Guy—Says his Buddy, Doug." The same names found in the cement inscriptions were repeated on a number of brass plates found in the Egyptian temple ruins, which had apparently been screwed to choice seats in the temple that were reserved for Graumen exclusively. It was clear to us that even the footprints and handprints of the Graumen were held in such awe that their presence in the cement of the temple court brought lesser Hollywoodians on pilgrimages to see them.

Considerable Sid

"WHO or what the Sid mentioned in the inscriptions may have been, it is impossible to say. One theory is that Sid was the Prince Consort of the Goddess Sex-Appeal.

"The ruins of both temples were filled with human bones, evidently those of worshipers who were struck down by the great catastrophe while practising their outlandish rites.

"On making further excavations for a radius of several miles around the temples, we discovered at various points the remains of several factories which, as no known types of machinery were found in them, we assumed to have been for the purpose of making the symbols of Sex-Appeal worship which fable tells us were a large part of the cult. Each of the factories contained one or more small storage vaults which remain practically intact, the vaults being equipped with cunning steel doors. If these were the depositories of the symbols of Sex-Appeal, it is clear that the symbols, though small, were considered of the highest value.

"If we may judge from our findings at one factory, the making of the symbols was largely a matter of conversation. We discovered a large group of petrified bodies, which had miraculously been preserved by a flow of pitch from some building which had caught fire at the time of the great catastrophe. Apparently, all the members of the group had been talking at the same time, their mouths being wide open. The strangest part of this discovery was that most of the men in the group had evidently been virtually mummified from the neck up before the great catastrophe killed them and the pitch flowed down to preserve their bodies for posterity.

(*Continued on page 82*)



Tubs of topaz led the scientists to believe they had come upon the relics of the DeMillionaires, the deified high-priests of the Hollywooden Era



The Fruits of Success

They have come, and in ample measure, to Dorothy Sebastian as reward for the pleasing restraint and intelligence of her several last performances. She now is to be entrusted with a responsible rôle in a new Ben Hecht story, "The Green Ghost." It is a mystery play, and prominent in the cast are Roland Young and John Loder

One Black Crow

Charles Mack Continues To Get Tireder And Richer

By
HELEN LOUISE WALKER



The only thing Charles Mack, in the photograph and at the right in the sketch, seems able to find energy for is making money. More money than he did raising hogs

IT was the morning after the evening when I had had an appointment with Charles Mack, the tired member of the Two Black Crows. I had kept the appointment. Mr. Mack hadn't. I had missed my dinner and had a fruitless, chilly ride. I was annoyed. "There isn't going to be any Two Black Crows story for this magazine," I told myself, truculently.

The telephone rang. I was still in bed and had every intention of staying there for hours and hours. I struggled to one elbow and managed to mutter, "Hello!"

"This is Charley Mack."

"Oh—yes?" I tried to sound chilly and dignified—terribly, terribly hurt, in fact. But that tired voice, so familiar in vaudeville, on the victrola, over the radio, startled me, coming over my 'phone at some perfectly ridiculous early hour of the day.

"I don' know what I kin say to you," the voice was apologizing. "You see, I jus' couldn' make it las' night. You see, it was like this—" I felt a giggle welling in me and tried to suppress it, remembering my hurt dignity. The explanation, it seemed, was going to be elaborate. "I forgot about you." The languid voice died away. I struggled for haughty silence.

This Time, Dinner

THE giggle got the best of me. Suddenly, in the light of that remark, the fruitless cold ride, and the sniffles which resulted from it, the belated and unpleasant dinner, my annoyance, all seemed funny. Quite a good joke on me.

"I cer'nly am under an obligation to you." The ingratiating murmur continued. "An' I cer'nly will be here this evenin'."

I repeated the chilly ride. But this time there was dinner in the Mack bungalow at the Ambassador with Charles Mack and his startlingly beautiful blonde wife—to the accompaniment of that same tired voice, coming, incongruously, from a rather plump and dapper, pink-faced host.

Not, you understand, that Charles Mack talks like that naturally. But there is a tendency to lapse into it at odd moments. You begin to feel like a vaudeville feeder.

Blackface, he opines, has come into its own. He pointed out what happened to Warner Brothers when Al Jolson signed with them, giving all the credit for their enormous rise to that warbler of "Sonny Boy" and rather neglecting to acknowledge the Vitaphone, without which there would have been no warbling.

However, he also pointed out that the business of the Columbia Record company jumped from six to twenty-two millions the year that he and Mr. Moran signed to record their little chats for them. Assuring me that there really was that much money. And that Majestic Radio stock jumped from 176 to 400 on the market when they contracted to broadcast for them for twenty weeks. Paramount stock also rose a number of points, he declared, when it was announced that the Two Black Crows were to gambol in talking pictures for a time. These are Mr. Mack's figures, we submit them gratis.

The Fruits of Fatigue

AS for him—well, he has just bought a house in Beverly Hills which is costing him $150,000. All on account of that tired voice. Weariness, in its place, has its advantages. Life doesn't seem to be fair, somehow. I've been so tired for so long.

So I asked him what it was about this simple, naïve character which made people love him so much that he could cause flurries in the stock market—and be responsible for palaces in Beverly Hills, to say nothing of inspiring a thousand or so imitators, many of whom, strangely enough, are negroes.

"'Why bring that up?'" he quoted himself, with a smile and then admitted, "You have me there. I don't know. Some combination of humor and pathos. I try always to keep my character mentally between the ages of six and eleven."

I recalled that when I was somewhere between those

(Continued on page 87)

Laurence Reid Reviews the New Photoplays

The Celluloid





Above is a scene from "Hearts in Dixie," with Stepin Fetchit providing a capital sketch of a shiftless no-account. At the right are Lola Lane and Paul Page, the central figures in "Speakeasy." Below Norma Shearer about to take the stand in "The Trial of Mary Dugan"

WE did not see the stage production of "The Trial of Mary Dugan," which ran into months and millions a season or so ago in New York. And so we cannot confirm the claims of many members of the audience at the screen presentation of the same story: that it was better than the theatrical version.

But we can say and we wish to say emphatically that this picture is, in intensity of interest, in skilful and telling acting and dexterity of plot, far and above the best thing in the line of courtroom drama that has come along within our memory.

The narrative has to do with the trial of a girl known in the "Follies" as *Mona Lee*. Her real name is *Mary Dugan*. She is found one night beside the body of a man who has been maintaining her in a Park Avenue apartment. She is sobbing hysterically, "Poor, poor Jimmy!"—and this is not the name of the murdered man. The victim has been stabbed, and Mary Dugan's fingerprints are on the handle of the knife.

This is how the story starts and it would be unfair to those who are to see it to tell more. We can say this, however, that so tense is the action that we really wished that we, like the jury in the case, might have an intermission somewhere in the course of the trial. The performance of Norma Shearer is one to place her in the first rank of emotional actresses; and the manner in which the other featured principals, H. B. Warner, Lewis Stone and Raymond Hackett, carry their parts, strengthens their already celebrated standing. Except for an overplaying of scenes for comedy relief, Bayard Veiller—author of the play and director of the picture as well—has staged the piece splendidly. "The Trial of Mary Dugan" brings in the imperative verdict: see it.

The Negro Has His Hour

AN effort to achieve something away from the usual celluloid routine is accomplished with "Hearts in Dixie." Having experimented and discovered that the Negro can find expression on the screen as well as upon the stage, they've let him come into his own here—and in one flash of a Kleig light the racial antagonism is destroyed. The hour has struck for tolerance as well as novelty.

The piece doesn't establish any racial conflict. It simply sketches the life of the American Negro and does it by displaying his various moods. The plot is slender through stressing the humor. But its slenderness is not disturbing because of the novelty of

Critic

THIS MONTH

SPEAKEASY — THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY
HEARTS IN DIXIE — THE DIVINE LADY
THE TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN — THE LETTER

showing these dusky-hued entertainers at the business of being themselves. And the best entertainment is given by Stepin Fetchit as a shiftless no-account.

It is handled in a light vein with just a dash of pathos which creeps forth in the death of the shiftless one's wife and the separation of their boy from his old grandpappy. There is a large group of singers present. Their songs record well. So does the dialogue. Altogether, it's something out of the ordinary, and, because of it, worth seeing.

You'll All Be Pleased With Damita

MUCH tragedy stalks through the film version of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," with Fate on the warpath guiding the destinies of a very hapless little group of people. But while it releases its tragic tone toward the inevitable demise of its characters—with little or no sweetness and light—it does succeed in inviting attention through the tempestuous acting of Lily Damita. Her voice isn't needed here. Her actions are larger than words, and much more expressive. So she lives and loves intensely with the abandon of a wildcat pouncing on its prey.

The picture follows the story in all of its essentials. It concentrates on a handful of characters, though some are handled in an episodic manner—leaving the action, as it were, and being represented off screen. There is no sop thrown toward a happy ending. It has a prologue and an epilogue—with both identical in treatment. If it gets tiresome in places, it is because it plays on a single theme with no variations. In the cast are Ernest Torrence, Duncan Rinaldo, Don Alvarado, Henry B. Walthall and Raquel Torres. Since Damita's character is the dominant one, naturally she steals the picture.





Above, Corinne Griffith as *Lady Hamilton* and Victor Varconi as *Lord Nelson* have a fleeting moment of happiness in "The Divine Lady." At left Lily Damita surrenders to the romantic ardor of Don Alvarado in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." Below, a scene from "The Letter," a triumph for Jeanne Eagels

Sounds from New York and Environs

"SEE and hear New York's subway, Broadway," etc. So goes the ballyhoo on "Speakeasy"—and sure enough, the noises peculiar to New York are given undue emphasis in this picture. The sounds have been collected to give authenticity to a story of the big town—one built around an educated pugilist and a *sob sister* from a daily. The idea, an old one, builds interestingly because of its New York sketches. The subway, Madison Square Garden, Times Square, the Belmont track—these are the main props which carry the characters through the plot.

The pugilist turns a deaf ear to the sob girl's entreaties but eventually succumbs to her charms. But he takes a couple of hefties on the chin before he realizes

(*Continued on page 95*)



Parted in the Middle

In this wise, when she goes Hawaiian, does Jeanette Loff wear both her tresses and her dresses. And one may predict that if she appears in such a costume in "Love Overnight," her success will be attained in an equally brief span of time

The Movie Primer

A First Reader On The Flikkers For Little Ones

Volume I---Five Little Fillums And How Their Costs Grew

By ROBERT FENDER



This, dear kiddies, is the Flikker-Art Movie Studio. No, Grace didn't hit you first, Homer. She missed you by a good foot

HAVE you ever been to Hollywood? You haven't? How would you like to come with me this afternoon and take a peek at the very heart of movieland? You wouldn't? Well, you're coming anyway, see? Oh, yes, you are. I said yes! Come along now and remember, no whining. You don't want that teacher should have to bash your head in, do you? No, you're damned right you don't. Come quickly now and let's see a great big smile——

Well, say—here we are already! This, dear kiddies, is the Flikker-Art Movie Studio, one of the biggest in all Hollywood. Think of it! And now that we're actually inside, let's look around and see what we can see. And Homer—look at me, dear—either you stop sulking this instant or—no, Grace didn't hit you first. She missed you by a good foot. And now if you'll all pay attention to me, I'll try to make this entertaining as well as educational.

See the Pretty Company

NOW that group sitting down over there is a studio c-o-m-p-a-n-y. A company is a number of actors and workers busily engaged in making a movie. For instance, if a studio is making five movies, that means there are five companies working. But those in this company don't seem to be working, do they? No, indeed not. They seem to be sitting. What's more, they've been sitting all morning and expect to be sitting most of the afternoon. Yes, that's right, Ethel. They must be waiting for something. Well, never mind what. They just must be waiting for something. Stop asking crazy questions.



Some pretty important people there, kiddies. Some high-priced ones, too. That star, the gal on the director's lap, must get $4000 a week

Some pretty important people there, kiddies. Some high-priced ones, too. That star, the gal on the director's lap, must get $4000 a week. Her leading man, the fellow with the profile, gets $2000. The bird wearing the puttees and open-work shirt, the director, only gets about $1500. Then the assistant director may get anywhere from $100 to $500. So may the cameramen. Those are the cameramen playing mumbly-peg. The rest of the bunch; the script girl, prop men, electricians, laborers and others cost the studio about $150 for every hour they work or wait. So you can see what a great deal of money is wasted for every minute the company sits idle. What a great deal of money, indeed! And we know that it's not right to waste money, don't we? We learned yesterday that wilful waste makes woful want or something, didn't we?

Their National Anthem

BUT we mustn't tell them that, kiddies, because they've heard it before and they are very, very tired of it. Whenever someone brings that up, they sing a little song entitled: *Your Overhead's Our Overtime.* Here's the chorus:

Who cares for dough
(Ho-do-dee-o)
That's not our woe
(Ho-do-dee-o)
It may be a crime but here's our rhyme
Your Overhead's Our Overtime!

Cute, isn't it, kiddies? But very naughty, too. You see, they have no mamas to spank them as you have. The men whose money they are wasting are a long, long way from Hollywood. They're 'way back East, in fact. And so what if they should get angry? What can they do about it? Yes, Aggie, that's the right answer. Nothing. Nothing except write letters to the studio asking where all the money's going.

So the movie studios get a great many letters every week from the men with the money. Some of the letters are very pretty and many of them are quite funny, too. Whenever a new one arrives, the whole studio gathers in the plaza to hear it read. Then there is a great whooping

(Continued on page 95)



Two Rising

How The Girl Of The Sixties Dressed For The Day

Posed by Mary Brian

When pantalettes were quite the thing
And morals still were rural,
When lace and ruffles were in vogue
And petticoats were plural,
It took girls hours to dress themselves,
To close each hook, from waist to neck, fast
And yet the maidens of that day
Were never, never late for breakfast

Dyar Photos



Generations

And How The Girl Of The Twenties Gets Ready

Posed by Doris Hill

Quite otherwise the babe today,
Quite someone else again,
Her clothes are so contrived that she,
Without uncommon strain,
Can, in five minutes, put them on,
Both outer garb and inner;
And yet her family'd die of shock
If she weren't late for dinner



KEN *Carries On*

He's The Last And Lone Champion Of The Legend Of Our West

By HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

SOMEHOW, the Hollywood heavens have had their brilliance dimmed. Thé Western stars are missing from the firmament. And the absence of their warm, colorful rays, leaves great, open spaces in the cinema skies. Perhaps they are but temporarily obscured by the cloud of sound which lowers over the screen. Perhaps the thunder of the talkies has, for the time, sent them out of the reign. For it is difficult to believe that the mighty affinity between the American plains and American pictures is threatened with permanent dissolution. Since the very birth of photodrama, these two have clung together.

The progress of pictures may be traced along the trail blazed by Westerns. From the tumultuous days of "The Great Train Robbery" and Broncho Billy Anderson, rangers have ridden through a million miles of movies. They have borne the brand of the U. S. A. from Ypsilanti to the Yangtze, from the Rio Grande to Tierra del Fuego. Every motion picture milestone has been marked by a Western. "The Great Train Robbery," "The Covered Wagon," "In Old Arizona"—epics all. Yet the stars have vanished like the loves of yesteryear.

Fred Thomson has galloped on to the Final Round-up. Only Silver King remains. Awaiting a gallant rider who will never return. William S. Hart, old Two-Gun Bill himself, sits all alone oiling up the antiquated forty-fives against a studio call that never comes. Buck Jones is bound for Africa. No more redskins bite the dust when Hoot Gibson's six-guns bark. His steed is now an airplane. When he gives her the gun, it's high among the clouds. Tim McCoy, adopted son of the Sioux, has discarded his buckskin shirt for an iron one. The brave Colonel is bowing low over the dainty hands of European beauties. Jack Holt's gone sassiety-drammer. Tom Mix, the jet black of his Indian locks greyed with eighteen years of movie-making, has saddled Tony for the long, long trail of vaudeville. Rex Bell, Tom Tyler, Art Acord, Yakima Canute, Buddy Roosevelt—all the rough riding Romeos of filmdom have somehow slipped into the limbo of oblivion. "Gone, all gone, the old familiar faces."

Still in the Saddle

YET, one of this dashing, heroic band still carries on. Like the sole survivor of a Modoc massacre, Ken Maynard remains to tell the tale. Mounted on Tarzan, he still pilots brave bands of picture pioneers through Death Valley, over the Santa Fé trail, across unknown wildernesses peopled with painted savages, and drought and hunger and hardship. The little band of adventurers need have no fear, for Maynard will arrive in the nick of time. The mail must be carried through. The robbers of the Wells-Fargo express box will be tracked to their lair. The mustached villain shall not win the girl. Nor shall the mining claim of her poor old father be stolen by the city slicker. Bring on your redskins! Bring on your greasers! Bring on your schemers from the effete East! Bring 'em by squads, companies, regiments, battalions! Bring the whole dam' army of villains! Tom may be two-a-daying; Hoot, chasing butterflies through the altitudes; Buck, roping rhinos in the Tanganyika jungles, Colonel Tim, whispering sweet nothings to señoritas, mam'selles, signorinas, fräuleins and flappers; Jack, dolling up for some dude rôle. But, thank God, the women and children are not left without a protector. The tomahawk and scalping-knife shall not remain in bloody supremacy. The little settlement shall not be reduced to a smouldering ruin.

(*Continued on page 90*)



In The Middle *of the* Night Club

There may not be what you'd call a model night-club on Broadway. But there is one for "Broadway," the picturization of the stage play. And here, right in the center of the floor of the little replica, is Merna Kennedy, who looms as big in the cast as she does in this pose



Carsey

SPRING is here and people are falling in love and getting married and having babies, just as in the good old times before the talkies. Romances are cropping up in practically every studio. Fox has no monopoly.

Buddy Rogers and June Collyer are going together. That is, they are seen at parties and the Cocoanut Grove and the theater, and even on off-nights Buddy's roadster is parked out in front of June's house.

The other evening he told me he was building a house, with a garden and a tennis court, up in the Outpost Estates near where Dolores Del Rio lives. That may mean something. Or it may not.

I happened to be at the party on the night June and Buddy met. Someone wanted to recite a naughty little poem and those who didn't want to hear it were asked to leave the room. Buddy and June were the only ones to walk out.

They are probably the handsomest and the nicest couple in Hollywood, though Buddy has learned from experience not to ask what beer is anymore. He wouldn't believe it if you told him.



Blakeman & Shuter

No fan in the world can misunderstand Irene Bordoni. In her first talking picture, the musical comedy star will be heard in English, French, Italian and German, for her speech embraces these four languages. And her eyes can convey meanings in four score more

Lucy Doraine may not be the first actress ever to be known as "the girl with the million dollar legs." But she qualifies for the club. See for yourself when you see her with Billie Dove in "Adoration"

Looking Them Hollywood

Close-Ups From The West Coast

She's in Again

PATSY RUTH MILLER and Tay Garnett have just as much as announced their engagement. The other night out at Bill Howard's, Tay had a cold, and Pat insisted on taking him home and doctoring him with old-fashioned remedies. If that isn't just as good as a printed announcement, I'll be ashamed of myself.

Jacktive Once More

AND who should be taking out little Alberta Vaughn but Jack Pickford? This is the first time Jack has shown any enthusiasm for a Hollywood gal since his engagement to Bebe Daniels was broken. It's almost the first time, since the talkie panic set in, that we've seen signs of normalcy in Hollywood.



Thomas

A feather in her cap, indeed, for Violet Adams, at an honest seventeen, to be given a chance to become a star. But to our mind it's an even more vivid feather in the cap of those who induced her to try that they succeeded



Her waving grace: Lily Damita, informal and in lounging pajamas, greets a visitor. Proving she's as entrancing off the screen as on it in her two first American appearances, the first with Ronald Colman in "The Rescue" and the second as the Spanish dancer in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey"

Over Out Way

By DOROTHY MANNERS

Marjorie Who?

RUTH ELDER continues to show a preference for the society of Hoot Gibson, and Anita Stewart's ex-husband, Rudy Cameron, seems to be awfully taken with a pretty little pal of Ruth's named Marjorie. Up to date no one has been able to get her last name though twenty Montmartre cowboys have tried it.

Gary's Awakening

PITY poor Gary Cooper! He hasn't had a chance at a quiet cat-nap since he fell in love with Lupe. And Gary loves his siestas. He has been known to fall asleep, into a gentle and untroubled coma, standing up, or rehearsing a scene, or between courses at dinner. It's a gift with him.

Before the dynamic appearance of Lupe into his love-life, Gary was hepped over a luscious, blonde number from the musical comedy stage. Her idea of a good time was to come over on the set and hold his hand while he knocked off twenty winks between scenes.

"He's the only guy I know," mumbled a director, "who can carry on a courtship while he's unconscious."

Variety in Rest

ONE Hollywood actor: "I haven't worked in six months, big boy. I'm thinking of waiting another month and then close my season."

Another Hollywood actor: "That'll be nice. It'll give you a chance for a change of rest."

Note for Star-Gazers

JUST when the tourists got all set to show up at the Montmartre every Wednesday and Saturday, the stars began to drop off on those days. Last Saturday there wasn't an actor in the place, and the tourists had nothing better to do than to sit and glare at one another.

(*Continued on page 91*)



Richee

A Pipe to Mr. *Oland*

Nothing could be more definitely down the alley of Warner Oland's ability than such a rôle as that of *The Insidious Dr. Fu Manchu* to which he has lately been assigned. And the effectiveness with which he handles it should excuse his becoming, as he is in this picture, a little puffed up

The Perpetual Collegian

George Lewis Wonders If He'll Be A University Man All His Life

By DOROTHY MANNERS

UNLESS Universal graduates George Lewis from "The Collegians" and does it quickly, he is going to be in the same fix as the little boy who had to burn down the schoolhouse to get out of the third grade.

In one way or another, George has been going to school ever since he can remember.

He traded in a diploma from a San Diego high school for a movie contract and found he wasn't out of the classroom yet.

Except for occasional features such as "Honeymoon Flats" and "The Four-Flushers," George hasn't had his teeth in anything more dramatic than a track meet since he rated a contract. After the first fifty semesters the rah-rah stuff gets monotonous. It is doubtful whether or not Frank Merriwell would have been happy at Yale for the rest of his life.

"When I was a kid I used to dream about being the college hero of Harvard or Princeton and scoring the winning touchdown. That's one dream I've lived to see come too true. I've been out in the open field with the ball more times than Drury and the rest of the All-Americans combined. I've been the college hero just once too often to get any kick out of it. But it looks like I'm going on and on winning contests. I tell 'em I'm getting too old for the stuff—I'm twenty-four. But they just put more gauze in front of the lens. When I start to get gray at the temples, they'll probably make me the dean of Universal University."



Lansing Brown

Sometimes things are too true to be good, as the realization of George Lewis's boyhood dreams of becoming a college hero. He's got so he'd give anything now to have always to score the winning touchdown

He Asks for Nothing

GEORGE is a good kid. And incidentally a good actor, though no one gets a chance to realize it except in emergencies. For the most part he is looked on as a handsome Latin boy, more American than Spanish in appearance, especially over a luncheon table at the Athletic Club where he fits into the commercial background as nicely as an up-and-coming young bond salesman. He's got nice smouldering eyes that don't smoulder too much and a swell sort of physique that we like to kid ourselves is typically American. Never in the span of his five-year career has he been known to ask for a larger dressing-room or even an extra mirror. He has a tremendous respect for what he calls real actors who do dramatic stuff in feature pictures; and when he is accidentally thrown with them for the duration of a drama between "The Collegians," they can back up on him, crowd him out of the camera range, or do any other little trick of elimination known to the professional. He has no more ego than a one-cylinder flivver.

"I was up for the part in 'Honeymoon Flats'," he said, "long before I got it. It seems that Millard Webb, the director, couldn't see me in the part at all. He wanted Ben Lyon. He wanted anybody but me. He took a look at me in a few of "The Collegians" and yelled louder for Ben. But Universal insisted on using me because I was under contract. The day Webb gave in he made it very clear that they were bringing the results on themselves.

"What an engagement that was for the first couple of days. I was supposedly the star of the picture, but, actually I was less than the dust. Not that they were snooty to me. I could have put up with that. It would probably have helped to get my fighting spirit up. But the rub was that they just ignored me. I didn't even have my name on the back of a chair. Come to think of it, I don't think I had a chair at all. A prop-boy and I alternated sitting on a switch-box—and he got there first most of the time.

"After the first couple of days of shooting, Webb had a change of heart and complimented my work and said he

(*Continued on page 82*)



Ring Sidelights

Ben Lyon Shows How The Crowd Feels At The Hollywood Fights

Yes, sir, this one's goin' to be a hummer. The boys are sore at each other, anyway. And they can sock, both of 'em . . . Hmm! Guess they're feelin' each other out, these first couplea rounds. . . .Oooh! Say, I knew the kid had it. I was beginnin' to think they roomed together . . . Atta baby! One more now. . . . Oh, it's the other guy that hit him. . . . Aw, well. It was only ten bucks. But next time I'll play a sure thing to win. I'll stay home

Photos especially posed by Russell Ball for Motion Picture



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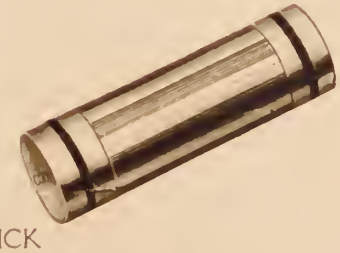
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Joan Crawford



Photo by C. S. Bull, Hollywood



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For there is something about lovely skin that sends a ripple of emotion through every heart. And for the screen star, skin as smooth as a flower-petal is a prime necessity.

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9 out of 10
screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap

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Photo by E. Fryer, Hollywood

LOUISE FAZENDA, Warner Brothers' star, in the Hollywood bathroom which sets off her charm so well. "I used to use the fine French soaps but now I find that Lux Toilet Soap gives the same beautiful smoothness to my skin. I am devoted to it."



EVELYN BRENT, popular Paramount star, says: "A star *must* have a smooth skin. Lux Toilet Soap is so very pleasing and soothing."

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What College Men Think of the Movies

(*Continued from pages 18 and 19*)

What Harry L. Case of CORNELL *Thinks* . . .

with the stentorian Barrymore bellowing from behind the screen. Taken off his feet as it were by the suddenness of the innovation, the college movie critic, disillusioned by feminine lisping, and overflowing with critical ideas, but drowned out by masculine volume, is sitting back biting his nails in silence. But the college man is nothing if he is not ingenious, and the sociologists tell us that given a certain cultural background and the need, the great man will always arise, so that we may anticipate that the undergraduate will soon reassume his place as foremost among critics of the silver screen.

Let us imagine for a moment that while the collegiate critic is sitting back with his mouth temporarily shut, he may perchance have his eyes and his mind open. What would be his observations?

He would observe that the moving picture industry is suffering from that peculiarly American disease of mass production. When a few hundred thousand motion picture houses in the country demand a new picture anywhere from one to seven times a week, the familiar one-hour picture becomes no more and no less than one which consumes one hour in presentation. There are not enough novels and plays written, nor enough producers to produce them, or directors to direct them, or actors to enact them, for the industry to emit films in such volume without the general average being the worst kind of mediocrity.

Too Many, Too Bad

IN this, of course, the industry is no worse than our newspapers, magazines, books, colleges, or anything else with educational possibilities, and the moving picture industry gives the same answer that all the rest do: "We must meet the demand. If seventy-five thousand Americans want to go to college, we must supply them with colleges, and if a hundred and twenty million Americans want to see a new moving picture once a week, we must give it to them. It is the will of the people."

To which the critic will reply, "Will of the people be damned. The people's will is the will that you give them, and you have made them satisfied with cheap stuff because there is more profit in it for you."

In this he is assuming that the moving picture has educational possibilities. Of course, it does. Any industry with so easy an approach to the millions has educational possibilities. The moving picture can be intelligent, critical. It may not be able to compete with the stage, but at least it can acquaint people with the dramatic idea. This it can do only by making a serious attempt to be serious at least a part of the time.

I am inclined to sympathize with the Victorians who decry the moving picture as

(*Continued on page 86*)





Above is the athletic stadium of Ohio State University, in Columbus; and below a characteristic building on the Cornell Campus, Prudence Risley Hall

What Walter L. Scott of DARTMOUTH *Thinks* . . .

connected with the truth. This is especially true in Eastern universities where the Rosenberg sack suit replaces the maudlin sweaters and eye-blurring flannels of state universities. One service picture, "West Point," out of the dim past, was an exception to this axiom, but even it could have been improved with a better focus on the environment and less on the tottering love theme. One gets awfully tired of the love element and the comedy relief element in every, every movie. Incidentally, the recent issue of "Annapolis" was frightfully malproportioned in just the respects enumerated above. There was too little Annapolis, not half enough Jeanette Loff, and very much too much Johnny Mack Brown.

The chief indictment against these movies is on the grounds of realism. College life is almost as real as any other life. All the drama and the glamor of college doesn't begin and end with the last-quarter, one-point football victory. I don't recall a movie that has ever had a scene showing the reaction of a football defeat on an undergraduate body: the dullness of classroom routine on the Monday afterwards, the feeling of helplessness and indifference to everything that pervades the campus after the first defeat of the season, the flat pocketbook—and dim, hurting memories of the flush of victory, with a football crowd in a frenzy of noisy exultation. If the movie industry must con-

(*Continued on page 86*)

What Stanley W. Schellenger of OHIO STATE *Thinks* . . .

There is a reason for this increased patronage of the movies. It follows closely on the improvements in the motion picture world, giving better service and more pleasure to the patron. Theaters have been made beautiful, inviting the attendance of all classes of people. Innovations in the art of photography, the talkie, and other factors have influenced the college man to spend more of his time and money watching the antics of stardom.

Though college men and women like to consider themselves as adults, they still adhere to some of the tendencies of their childhood days. When they were kids—in some cases only a few years ago—they used to sneak off to the theater on Saturday night to revel through a Western, and all were ardent supporters of Tom Mix, Hoot Gibson, and their contemporary cowboys.

This instinct still lingers on and, although they often try to conceal it, Saturday night at the neighborhood theater will find many of them still reveling in the same old cowboy pictures. And even if they have conquered this desire to a degree, the craving for action is still noticeable. The most successful movies, from the viewpoint of the collegiate patronage, must have plenty of action, fair acting, and the all-important happy ending.

A college man, because of his youth, has a warped viewpoint of life. He believes, or likes to believe, that this world is without tragedy and happiness reigns supreme. To shatter this illusion means the breaking down of his belief and the creating of prejudices against the movie. The success of so many pictures depends upon the tragic ending, resulting in the feeling that the subject has not been properly handled. General dissatisfaction follows.

Supposing a picture does have a happy ending, and lots of action. What more is required? I would say clever subtitles. A college man appreciates a good joke any time. But take a poor joke, make it subtle, and he will think it is the hit of the season. If it forces him to think, even if the joke is slightly *risqué*, the poorest becomes one of the best. Which shows that the writer of the subtitles may either make or break a show for the college man.

They Fancy Nancy

DO they have their favorites? Yes, but they are discriminating, and the number of favorites is large. To attempt to select one that is outstanding would be futile. For a brief time one star occupies the spotlight, only to recede in favor of another.

College men like to visualize themselves into the picture, as does everyone else. For this reason they follow the younger group of actors the most consistently. In all probability Nancy Carroll is the most popular

(*Continued on page 86*)



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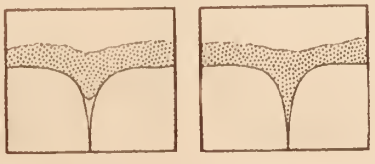
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Confessions of the Stars

(*Continued from page 21*)

had no formal education. You pick up a lot here and there, of course, by contacts and experiences, but never quite what you get from conventional schooling. I've always thought that maybe, some day—but I guess not, now.

"Anyway, I'd heard of a man who worked in pictures. His name, they said, was David Wark Griffith. That was all he meant to me at the time. A man who worked in pictures by the name of Somebody. I had no idea of his real importance. And it probably wouldn't have mattered to me if I had. I may as well confess here that the one thing, the one asset, I have is nerve. Plenty. It has kept me going when all else has failed. If anyone tells me they will do anything for me, or if I hear of anyone doing things for someone else, I horn right in on the party. And I think, 'Well, why not? If they promise so and so, or if they are doing things for others, why not for me?' That's my motif in life.

Calling John's Bluff

"IT reminds me of John McCormack, the singer. I met him one night at a party in 'Frisco. I was strutting my stuff and he asked me if I had ever taken vocal lessons. I said no. He said, 'You should.' I said 'All right, but who from?' He said, 'I'll give you some lessons when I'm in Los Angeles.' He probably forgot the words the moment they left his lips. I didn't. When he came to our city, I presented myself on his doorstep and I took vocal lessons. I was terrible and he thought so, too, I suppose, but I stuck it. He'd said he would.

"Well, to get back: I went over and asked for Mr. Griffith. He saw me and I told him I'd heard how he made stars out of people. I had heard, I said, about Blanche Sweet and the Gish girls. And a lot of others. I wanted to know what I must do to be made a star, too.

"He was probably amused. Whatever his reaction, he signed a contract with me that very day. And he looked at me and said, 'We must find you a name to fit you. Let me think. Bessie. Bessie, love.'

"For quite a time things looked pretty slick to me. I began to earn money. Then more and better money. Big money, or so it seemed.

"I bought a ranch, a swanky car, furniture, clothes, all the things I felt a young person in my position should have.

"People kept on discovering me. I am about the most discovered person in pictures. And I've lived through several sorts of incarnations. And of course I believed that each discovery would mean something. Would give me my big break. They never did. Things have always been bad until now. Awfully bad.

Discovered Again

"GRIFFITH discovered me first, of course. I played gingham girls with roses and' gingham loves. Nothing much happened. I just kept on while others climbed over my head and made big names.

"Then Tom Ince discovered me. I played in a picture with Mrs. Wallace Reid. A picture in which I took dope and lived hand in hand with death and horror. I thought, 'This will put me over with the well-known bang. For now they'll see that I am one big tragedian.' They didn't. Nothing happened.

"Along came Famous Players with 'The Song and Dance Man.' I had a dance routine in that and once again I thought that this discovery—Bessie Love as a gifted danseuse—would lead to something big. And again—nothing happened.

"Nothing happened but this: the tide began to turn.

"Money was scarce. It grew scarcer. The awful ogres of my childhood days began to leer at me from forgotten corners. The pictures I made were of no particular consequence. I was going down hill. And I was going with a sickening rapidity. I knew it.



It has always been Bessie Love's desire to play something more than the gingham girls she first portrayed. And this ambition came true with "The Broadway Melody.

"I began to lose my ranch. I began to lose my town house, my town car and other valuables. It looked very much as if Bessie Love was about to do a fade-back to Juanita Horton.

"They talk about breaks. I don't know. I rather think I don't believe in them. I think I blame myself for everything that has ever happened to me. I look back now and see what I might have done, a lot I might have left undone. Parts were offered to me and I wouldn't play them. I wanted to break away from the ingénue. I wanted so badly to do something forceful and unforgettable. There didn't seem to be any place for me.

"Finally, a short time back, I went into vaudeville with the idea of acquiring some stage training. I thought it very likely that I was through in pictures. I figured that I was almost certain to be able to get some stage work. And I believe that you have to know your job if you want to get anywhere, no matter what the job may be.

"And then came 'The Broadway Melody.' It's my big break, at last. It's my ship come in. The ogres aren't leering at me now. They may again. I have sense enough to realize that no one stays on the crest of the wave forever, but oooh! while he does, it's great.

"I've never been in love in all my life.

"Nor is it a case of 'Mother Knows Best.' My mother is the type who takes me, life, love and work very casually. At our lowest ebb she used to say to me, 'Times will change. They always do.' If I had wanted to marry I could have done so with no more than a wave of the hand and a 'God bless you' from her. I could still. I have never wanted to.

"I've thought I was in love here and there, now and again. For an hour or a day it would be tragic, terrible. I've even had moments so grim and desperate that I've thought, 'Suicide is preferable to this.' But the point is that I have forgotten, today, what 'this' was.

"When you are really in love you never get over it. I know enough about love to know that.

"I think I've worked too hard. I haven't had time to give to other emotions. The pursuit of the dollar has drained my heart and brain and hand. And when they've come to me, these other emotions, they have bloomed and faded too rapidly.

Aigrettes and a Little Anguish

"THE one that came the nearest to reality happened to me some years ago. I had been thinking, 'This is the genuine thing.' One night he broke an engagement with me. He had to work—he said. That was all right with me. Some other boy took me to a cabaret. And there was the gentleman who had had to work. With him was a lady. The lady wore aigrettes. I never saw him again. I suffered, but I was through. And that would be my procedure now. I would probably suffer, but I would be through. I cannot stand a double-crosser. And more than all, a trivial one.

"I believe that I am very much the same caliber as *Hank* in 'The Broadway Melody.' I know her. I would have done what she did, given the same circumstances. And I know what she would do with her life, taking it at the point where the picture ends. She would have kept on working in the sticks. She might have seen her sister again, by some arrangement, but she would never have seen the fellow again. She loved him too much. Some day she would marry. Because she was, first of all, a practical person and would know that it is not well for woman—or man—to live alone. She was a jolly little soul and she would need companionship even though love and romance were behind her. Practical, first of all, that was *Hank*. No time for retrospecting or grouching or wishing for things to be other than they are. That's me, too.

"I have one great ambition in life; it's this: a great big house and a whole lot to eat and lots of company and a great big man and a whole lot of children.

"That's Life. Living. And for that ambition, for that privilege of living, I would exchange any career in the world if I had to."



New Personal Belt

Dainty—Secure—Adjustable—In Colors!

Beltx banishes forever the bothersome safety pin—instead, the pad is gripped with a tiny immaculately clean bit of celluloid especially designed for absolute security.

Dainty, soft, silk elastic makes Beltx comfortable and gives a freedom heretofore unknown. Wide enough for security, yet will not crease or chafe.

Beltx is designed to be worn low on the hips, fitting just snug—it never pulls or binds—as does the old style, tight-fitting, wide elastic waistline sanitary belt.

Instantly adjustable to hip measurement in the belt line, from 22 inches to 42 inches—to height in the tab length—it meets every requirement of a personal belt by simple adjustment with tiny slides.

So diminutive—it is easily tucked away in a corner of your purse for emergencies.

In colors—to match your lingerie. A splendid women's bridge club prize—a charming and acceptable "little gift." Price, $1.00, three for $2.00. Write today.

Glen Marianne Shea

Beltx

I am interested in securing dealers for a few more cities.
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Please send me BELTX personal belts for which I enclose $ ..... It is understood that I may return belt for refund if not satisfied. ($1.00 for one; 3 for $2.00).

Check Colors Desired ☐ *Orchid* ☐ *Peach* ☐ *Flesh*

Name ..... Address .....

A-127

Giving Hollywood Fitts

(*Continued from page 25*)

And the Pom Pom, that night club run by a graduate of Oxford—yes, my dears, Oxford—it specializes in nine-tenths-naked women who in their turn specialize in bosoms. That also has been raided. Twice in fact, with the D.T.'s men still watching. And The Double Eagle, the second attempt of General Lodijinski—his first having gone up in a gas explosion—just when will there be a different type of explosion there, is Hollywood's worried-look question. And the Russian Club—and all the other Bohemian haunts of the little boys and girls who think it's a bit of fun to be a little—just a little—wicked.

And then came the Asa Keyes case. And it was all tied up with Aimee Semple McPherson and the Julian fiasco. Now, Hollywood didn't worry particularly about Aimee. Saving souls and disappearing in oceans and deserts was her own business. But the Julian case. With revelations upon revelations promised of men high in rank who had done things which—well, at least, to see them in print would be awful. Didn't they remember some publicity—publicity which got by the press agents—about it? Of course, they just couldn't drag in the names of our movie people. But still, this little American Legion boy who had jumped to lieutenant-governor and then to district attorney.

Kid the Kid Along

ABOUT this time I figured it was time to go down and see him. Any man who could sit way down in the Hall of Records building in Hollywood's little suburb, Los Angeles, and cause so much talk and consternation—what was he like, anyway; and what was he up to in this business of cleaning up our already sun-fumigated city?

I expected—I don't know what I expected. I talked with a lot of the newspaper boys about him. And frankly, they weren't so flattering in their remarks about this D.T. person. "Just tell him he's a great little boy and you think he's going to take Mabel Willebrandt's place or Hiram Johnson's and he'll give you any kind of information."

Or again, "Tell him you voted for him and think what this country needs is a few honest men and you'll get by with him."

Of course, the first person I saw was Mrs. Earle, his sister, who acts as his secretary and keep-away-unnecessary-interruptions protector. A wise man, this, to have someone in his own family. Let them talk about graft—at least, his own sister won't double-cross him.

She was charming and wanted to provide the interview information for me. But I used my most demure manner and told her frankly—oh, so frankly—that when I interviewed Norma Talmadge, I didn't go to Peg Talmadge, her mother. "I just couldn't put Norma's personality on paper by talking to Mrs. Talmadge, even though she is Norma's own mother." And she saw the point and took me through the big glass door and into the presence of that man who limps with his foot but doesn't limp one second in his battling actions. And before I had a chance to say anything about honest men whom we need for future national positions, he pranced right in with both feet—or rather both hands and his tongue—and started giving me the real reasons why Hollywood and all the rest of Los Angeles has the right to be frightened if they think the laws of this country were made to be broken.

The Old Army Game

"I ENTERED the war on the first day of service. I have the viewpoint of the officers on the battle-front. I am by nature emotional. I regarded the men at the front with something very much like worship. Many in my outfit were killed. I felt the emotional side of service and duty. The feeling I have is that this job of district attorney is no different than the one I had in France. That was risk of life; this is risk of popularity. I knew when I took this job it might kill any future political ambitions. In France we had to send men marching to their death; that is no different than sending a man marching toward San Quentin; organized crime cannot survive unless it is protected. Above all things we must be protected from dishonest public officials. A prosecuting officer is like the carburetor to a machine. If it is out of order, no matter if the cylinders are perfect, the car will not function. The sheriff's office, the police department, the judges—if the district attorney's office isn't in working order, none of these others can function.



The storehouse for the legal dynamite with which Buron Fitts is going to make boom-boom: the Los Angeles courthouse

"There are two kinds of public officials: the ones who are passive, negative—don't go out looking for trouble; and the ones who are scrappy, belligerent, looking for opportunities to better the conditions in their city. I am scrappy. Am always looking. This is the second largest district attorney's office in the country; second only to Chicago. To run it perfectly honestly but passively might do some good—but to run it aggressively and honestly. You can't do away with crime but you can minimize it by constant harassing."

The Extras the Trouble

I INTERRUPTED a moment. "Dorothy Donnell, Western editor of our magazine, says that when she was in Northern Africa the natives asked her what part of the States she hailed from, and when she answered *Hollywood* they said, 'Oh, that wicked city.' It's supposed to be the most wicked in the world. What will you do about it?"

"I don't agree with the natives. Our trouble does not come from the motion picture colony. They have too much at stake, these stars, to get into trouble. I don't say it's lily-white. We do have trouble with the extras. The life of an extra is a protection for the gangsters who come here from other cities. But the stars have as much to lose as I have. However, we have our eye on them. You heard about the Roosevelt hotel opening?" I nodded. "Well, every hotel and eating place in that city is being watched.

"The citizens in this country are waking up. In Chicago, in Philadelphia they are demanding a clean-up of conditions. Why, crime is so well organized today that the Standard and Union Oil companies must be jealous."

"Speaking of Hollywood, Mr. Fitts, have you read the morning papers?"

He nodded. "The Alma Rubens case. Yes, I know Alma. She has been up to see me. A charming woman." He rose, walked to the window, stood looking at the trickling humanity six stories beneath him, then whirled about with a vehemence not to be forgotten—especially not to be forgotten by Hollywood and Beverly Hills physicians. "We had a conference on that subject this morning. We have reorganized our narcotic division. And we'll get them. Narcotics are a greater menace here than the liquor to individuals. It isn't Alma Rubens who should pay the penalty. It's the narcotic vendors—they should pay the death penalty. And if I had an opportunity I would support such a legislative measure.

After the Bootlegger's Friends

"AS for liquor, it's a bit different. There are three or four rings in this business. The moving of liquor traffic is what makes the professional gunmen. Gang wars come from rival protective agencies for liquor traffickers. If there were no market, we would have no gunmen. If you didn't buy a quart of whiskey from your bootlegger, he wouldn't need a fellow to protect that quart for him. Don't misunderstand me. My men have orders not to go into private homes or stop private automobiles if they are not assured there's a reason beforehand. The ones I want to get first are the officers and public officials who protect them. Give me one crooked official in preference to one bootlegger. If they know the officials are honest, then we can harass them.

"The morals of Hollywood? You mean their supposed libertine relations? I have no jurisdiction over that. It's the city prosecutor's business.

"But don't misunderstand me. Hollywood is not as bad as most cities. Our least trouble comes from there. But we are after them all and we'll harass them until we get them. And if they get me—well, at least we'll go down together. One person is the same as another in the eyes of the law. At the front we shot a traitor. Those who break the laws are traitors. I don't make the laws, but it's my duty to enforce them. And if the people don't like the laws, they had better change them—not try to bribe or intimidate public officials."

Personally, my hat's off to this D.T. person.



Every detail of my appearance, especially my hair, is so important in every role I assume, that I cannot afford to take chances. That is why I always insist upon a Frederics Vita-Tonic Permanent Wave. I know it will be exactly as I wish it—soft, natural and lustrous.

Renée Adorée

Renée Adorée's
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Many people think that the lovely waves of Renee Adoree's hair are natural. This charming Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, explains, however, that the naturalness of her soft, lustrous, flowing waves depends wholly upon the New Frederics Vita-Tonic Method of permanent waving.

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A Second TANGEE TALKIE

Starring Sue Carol and Nick Stuart

Fox Film Stars



NICK: *"You know, lots of people think movie stars aren't as pretty in person as on the screen. But if they ever saw you, with your beautiful eyes and your natural, ruby lips..."*

SUE: *"Very well said, Nick. You're as nice a lover off the screen as on..... My eyes are my own, thank you, but my lips are Tangee'd! Here—this is my Tangee lipstick."*

NICK: *"Innocent little thing, isn't it?"*

SUE: *"It is not! I may sound like a press agent, but honestly, Tangee is wonderful. It's practically indelible, and while you put it on, it blends perfectly with your own natural coloring."*

NICK: *"I'll say it does!"*

Demand Tangee Today! One lipstick and rouge for all complexions. On sale everywhere. Tangee Lipstick $1. Tangee Rouge Compact 75¢. Tangee Crême Rouge $1. Also Tangee Face Powder, clinging, fragrant, $1. Tangee Night Cream $1. Tangee Day Cream $1. Twenty-five cents more in Canada.

If the name Tangee does not appear on the package it is not Tangee.



Beauty . . . for 20 Cents!

Twenty cents brings you the miniature Tangee Beauty Set—all six items and the "Art of Make-Up." Address Dept. M.P.C. 6, The George W. Luft Co., Inc., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

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Shouting from the Bathtubs

(*Continued from page 23*)

victory of the former. And if only ten per cent of those who view the picture are consciously aware of this, he will consider that he has done quite well; for he feels that even if all the others have tasted only the sugar-coat, the medicine will have done its work just the same.

"My method is the same as that of my mother, who always gave us our medicine in soda-pop. I have followed this system with only one exception. Even 'The Ten Commandments' had its quota. And though 'The Godless Girl' had no lavish sets nor gowns, the basic principle was the same: I simply substituted bootleg. 'The King of Kings' is the only exception; in it, I feel that I have given the medicine straight."

"Even there, you threw in a little pop for good measure. And wasn't the rest of it straight only because, in the character of Jesus, you had a medicine pleasant in itself?"

"Yes. There I was giving something that was agreeable, and it was unnecessary to disguise the taste. But—it's difficult to find many medicines like that."

And that is the reason why he has made no attempt to duplicate "The King." When one can find a cathedral in which to preach, a ballroom is unnecessary. But many such cathedrals are not available—especially when they must be within easy walking distance of your congregation.

"Then you won't make another picture like that until you find another medicine just as pleasant to take? In other words, you'd require some character such as Lincoln?"

The Pop's the Thing

"A VERY good picture has already been made of Lincoln, but that illustrates the point quite well. Some great man such as he, who lived a great life. I can't think of anyone at the moment, though."

"But no matter how great the man, you wouldn't tackle him unless his life were already known to your audience? You wouldn't tackle Lao-tse, for instance?"

"No. They must want to hear about him before they go. They must already know he's great, and why. You mustn't have to tell them."

"In considering whether or not you'll make a particular picture, are you more interested in the medicine or the pop?"

"The pop, every time. The one thing of primary importance is to get a story that will hold the interest and slide down easily. It's always simple enough to take an eye-dropper and put the medicine in afterward. And just so long as the medicine does its work, what does it matter how it's administered?"

Yet it is just around this matter of the how that DeMille has received most of his kicks in the pants. For he has been kicked, and with enthusiasm, by many people. Which is reasonable enough. Such a God-awful legend has been built up around this man and his message that there was bound to be a reaction.

Let's get down to cases.

I, for instance, met him first a year or so ago on an interview for this magazine. But it was really the legend I met, and not the man. Before I was admitted to the august presence, I was taken aside and fully impressed with the awesomeness of the great phenomenon that was about to happen. I, poor little me, would actually be permitted to lunch with Cecil B. DeMille! But I was warned that I must treat him with kid gloves; that one misstep, one word spoken out of turn, would make him close up like a clam and cost me my story. In other words, I was told to make myself perfectly at home in a strait-jacket.

Nice and Friendly

THUS put completely at my ease, I was led in and presented. A man with great influence, a sort of god with the power to change the course of human fortunes, a star-maker, DeMille can meet few people who are not keenly aware of this and who do not therefor consciously try to promote his interest in them. Is it strange then, if one of his greatest delights is to play at cat and mouse with almost everyone he meets for the first time?

Fair enough, I suppose. But hardly apt to breed a spirit of brotherly love in the heart of the strait-jacketed mouse. I came out gasping for air, sore as a boil, and consecrated to the holy cause of taking pot-shots at this baby. Can you blame me?

Then this assignment came my way. Oh, honey, how long! The kid gloves went in the ash can; with a chip on my shoulder I fared me forth.

But this time it was altogether different, and I liked the blighter! Tossing circumspection to the winds and rushing in where I had been told that angels fear to tread, I asked whatever questions I felt like asking without giving a tinker's dam whether they were discreet or not. And the heavens did not fall. He simply answered them or not as he felt like it, without trying to hedge in any way. I found that what had suffocated me before was not DeMille so much as a mist that has gathered about him. Cutting through the legend to the man, I found I liked him.

And now—what about that far-famed message?

The Unuttered Message

PROBABLY nothing in all the annals of pictures has had more hokum written for and against it; but the simple fact is this: he has never yet put it in a single picture. He has preached his different sermons on different topics, surely; but as to that central core from which all his ideas spring, that has never been touched.

"Yes, I have one. And I intend to put it in a picture when I feel the time is ripe. So far, in my last few pictures, I have been feeling my way—preparing the ground and testing the thing itself. I have slipped slight hints of it into several pictures, but always so disguised and hidden that no one could get more than a slight feel of it—nothing to lay the hands on.

"I have studied the reaction to these hints very carefully, and they have been even more favorable than I had dared hope. In fact, I expect to be able to come out in the open with it in two or three years.

"No, it's not a thought that no one has ever had before. It has been expressed by several writers—and by Abe Lincoln. But the vast screen audience made up of so many different races is slower to accept new thoughts than the hand-picked audience of books. This particular thought would never have been countenanced for a moment a few years ago, and they're not quite ready for it yet. But they will be! And then I'll give it to them—first with soda-pop, and then perhaps, without."

All of which should confuse pretty thoroughly those who have for years been poking fun at the big preachment they thought was embodied in DeMille's pictures. For it appears that this has been read into the photoplays by critics eager to pounce on something, who, when they found no prey, invented a dummy hare to worry.

So there you are—we've most of us been swinging our slapsticks where he ain't.

NOW AT LAST YOU CAN

HEAR COLLEEN TALK



First National VITAPHONE

Vitaphone has brought you a thousand thrills—but the greatest of all is still to come! Imagine the excitement when you actually hear the voice of the *greatest of all* screen stars—when you meet the real COLLEEN MOORE for the very first time!

That's the treat First National has in store for you in "SMILING IRISH EYES." Romance from the land of romance. Comedy from the home of wit. Colleen not only talks all through it, but Sings four songs you'll whistle for days and Dances like every body's business!—Watch for the date!

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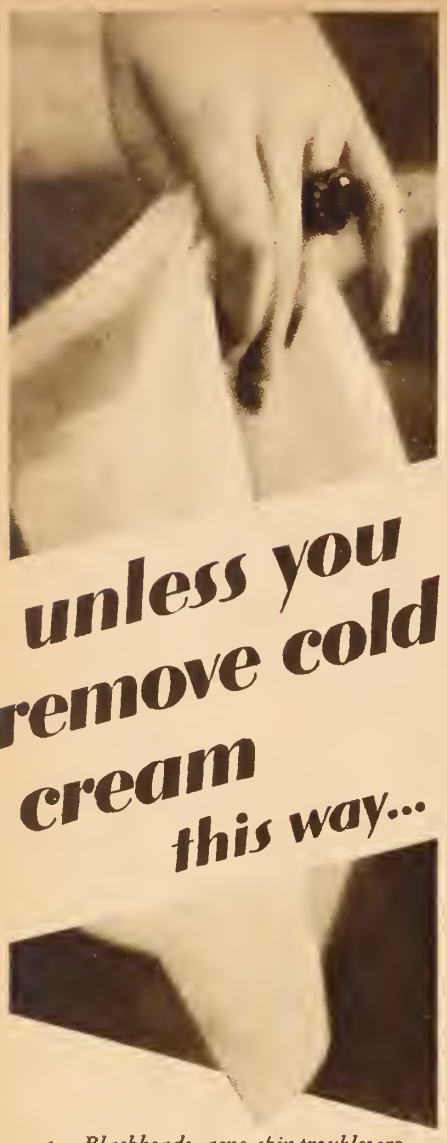
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Story by Gerald Duffy. *A William A. Seiter Production.*

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1 *Blackheads, acne, skin troubles* are likely to begin, because you are rubbing cold cream further into the pores instead of rubbing it off.

2 *High laundry bills* and ruined towels will result. Cold cream—oils—shorten the life of a towel disastrously. The finer the towel the worse the damage.

HERE'S a new way to remove cold cream that absorbs the cream, rubs it *off,* and with it the dirt, oil, make-up that can ruin the finest skin if left in the pores. Kleenex Cleansing Tissues are made to do what harsh towels and grimy old cloths can't do. You use three sheets at a time, then discard them, hygienically, like paper. And they cost so little that high laundry bills and ruined towels are extravagant in comparison. You'd better try Kleenex today if you haven't already. Just see what a difference there is in your complexion, after even a week's trial.

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Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Illinois. Please send sample to

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Forbidden to Fall

(*Continued from page 24*)

Knifing His Own Heart

"YOU see, I've just had to break up the first real big romance I've had in Hollywood—because of my work. See this on my wrist?" His fingers played with a heavy bracelet made from a pair of spurs, and locked around his arm. "Well," he went on, "that's it. I met a girl who began to get me—here—just like a disease. And it was getting so serious that before long I should have been staying away from the studio to be with her. That's how I am over things of this kind. They monopolize my thoughts to such an extent that there isn't room for anything else at all. The studio would have seemed absolutely unimportant—the good old weekly salary—everything. I felt as if all I wanted to do was go off away up in the hills some place with her, and tell the rest of the world to go jump in the lake. So I cut the whole thing off short. It couldn't go on. I told her I'd been kidding—that she was simply one of the crowd. And that ended that.

"If you want my opinion," Charlie said with vehemence as he got up and paced the floor, "the dollar simply kills all romance in Hollywood. There isn't any romance here. It's always starting to grow, and then the old dollar comes along and beans it. Just compare it with the way things are in Havana. I got a glimpse of that on my way to California by boat from New York. Why, those guys know how to live. They don't sweat from early morn till dewy eve to make more money than they need. They work just as much as is absolutely necessary, knock off at a good sensible hour in the early evening, then go get their guitars and what-have-you and have a good time with their girl-friends.

"In Hollywood, nobody dares enjoy himself. They're all thinking about their jobs twenty-four hours in the day. When they're not actually working they're figuring out who they can meet that'll be of use to them. When I first came here, people at the studio gates, where I'd be hanging around, used to push me aside with a 'Get out of the way' and maybe sometimes a little 'please.' Now the same people say 'Hello, Charlie,' slap me on the back and ask for the loan of a quarter—yes, I'm talking about guys who make up to seven hundred a week. They're most of them broke all the time—their dough vanishes and they get nothing for it. In this town you have friends when you're in—and when you get kicked out, just try and find 'em.

Kisses, But No Fun

"YOU see, that sort of condition is especially tough for fellers like me, who are naturally inclined to be romantic and friendly. First thing, we find we can't trust anybody. Then we find that what from a distance looked like such a romantic sort of setting to make our daily bread in, is as tough and unromantic as nails. What if you can make hundreds of dollars a week for kissing the grease-paint off your leading women's faces? Your life isn't your own. You can't tell when they'll let you go in the evening, or if they'll keep you there all night. Not that I mind that, but look what it does to your private life. It turns a really romantic feller into a romance-machine.

"Me, I'm just naturally that way. I had my first crush on a girl—she was fifteen, and a blonde—when I was twelve. I remember we used to play house together in the back yard and pretend we were married. I'd been with my family's act since I was seven, at which age I first joined it at Walla Walla, Washington. I got all my early schooling from my father, who, while he was teaching me to play the saxophone for the act, taught me reading and writing from the advertisement slides they used to put on before and after the show. The first thing they ever taught me was not to whistle in a dressing-room. Once last year Barry Norton did it in my room at the studio; I went on the set and a lamp fell and broke my head open.

"For six months I went to the University of Wisconsin—and was kicked out of it, just the same as Lindbergh was. I only lasted that long because I was on the football and swimming teams. That was where I had my first serious love affair. It was hectic while it lasted. I was older and wiser when I left the University.

"Three years ago I left the act flat in New York City, sick and tired of the whole darned show business. My family was sore at me for a time. I lived in Greenwich Village and had a real taste of romance—the Bohème kind, on nothing a week. I did a few days' extra work at the Paramount studio on Long Island, my first job being that of an angel in "Sorrows of Satan." Then one day William Cohill, the casting director, threw me out of the studio and I decided to come to Hollywood. I borrowed the fare from my brother and came out by boat, arriving with eleven dollars.

Smiling Through

"I WALKED right into my contract with Fox. Someone on the street told me they needed a man with a smile over at Fox studio—to play a lead. I had no hope, but thought I might as well try my luck. I saw Ryan, the casting director, and smiled, and smiled, and smiled. He seemed to like it, as he arranged for me to make a test. So I got up in front of the camera—just as inexperienced as hell—and smiled some more. For several days I heard nothing. Then they called me up suddenly to make another test—and I smiled some more. I got the part. Three weeks after I started work they gave me a five-year contract. People say I got in easy and never had any struggles. Well, just ask my Dad about that. He's out here now, with my mother, and acts as my business manager. He'll tell you I was born in a theatrical trunk and was on the railroad every week from the age of three weeks to about nineteen, following the act around. I may have avoided the early extra work days in Hollywood, but I've certainly known more of the struggles for a place in the sun than most movie actors. And I may as well tell you that the success and the money don't mean a thing to me except for what independence it may bring me later on.

"Well, here goes to forget about romance for the time being and do something good and worth while in pictures. Romance is out for Charlie Morton until he can say good-bye to movie studios. The two things don't mix. But some day I'll meet a girl who'll make romance worth waiting for.

"Meanwhile, at least I have three friends I can trust in Hollywood. There's my Dad and my mother and my car. Only, you know, the Hollywood atmosphere is so strong that even my car sometimes double-crosses me and gets me a few tickets. Things like that just show you what you're up against!"

Speaking of people . . . and things . . . that can be trusted, there's the matter of magazines. One of the biggest elements in the popularity of MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC is that, in addition to its contents being distinctive and interesting, they're always backed by fact. CLASSIC'S news is not only always new but also always true

Old Doc Santell

(Continued from page 35)

floor of the picture business. He is another one of the young old-timers who abound in the movies. It is a strange thing that the last half-dozen years haven't developed that number of personalities outside the player part of the industry. Santell has been on the job since the days when the ancient Lubin company had a dinky little studio at Coronado Beach.

He broke in via the scenario route. Among his distinctions is that of being a native son of California. He was born in sight of San Francisco's Golden Gate. At Hamilton Grammar and Lowell High School he prepared for the later study of a profession at Mark Hopkins Institute. The profession was that of an architect. Santell practiced it successfully in Los Angeles, until that day when the acceptance of a screen-story by Lubin changed the course of his career.

Acting for Himself

IN the good old days the industry was not so highly specialized. That, perhaps, is why the old-timers stay right along in the front ranks. The training they received in all departments of picture-making cannot be duplicated today. Not only did Santell write scenarios. He designed and built sets. Directed his own stories. And acted in them. One is inclined to believe he rather fancied the acting end. For even today he plays some rôle in every film he directs. It is a sort of ritual. If it were omitted, there's no telling what dire results might ensue.

After having a lot of fun at Coronado, and getting paid far more than could be gleaned for the services of a youthful architect, Santell moved over to Santa Barbara where the American Film Company contributed its bit to the gaiety of nations. But by now he had definitely decided that the directorial field looked greenest. So he soon made an opportunity for himself to tell the actors what to do in one- and two-reel comedies. For Kalem, World Comedies, Joe Martin Comedies, and similar outfits.

As the industry developed he grew up with it. Before he graduated into the feature-length class of productions, he had directed over three hundred comedies. In this school he learned just about all there is to know regarding the art of telling a story in celluloid. Among his feature films was a picture entitled "Lights Out." Clara Bow was its star. The redhead brought him luck. For from that time he has contributed a succession of box-office successes to the screen. With occasionally a motion picture which merits the description, "great."

He is rapidly building a sky-high reputation as a star-saver. Soon they'll be calling him Old Doc Santell. And when a player shows signs of expiring from box-office pip, they'll send for the old practitioner to put on the pulmotor act. Until now he hasn't had any the best of it. No one can call him a lucky stiff, or say he's hung with horseshoes. Santell's breaks have been those he made for himself. He has never been given a star to direct when that star was hitting the high spots of popularity. He has always been called upon to sand the skids, and boost the player back to the crest of the wave. He's done just that.

The Star-Saver

FOR instance, Corinne Griffith would not today be the bright particular star she is if it were not for Al Santell and "Classified." That picture marked a turning point in her career. Santell made it a turn to the right. Producers, exhibitors, and Barthelmess himself were all holding their heads regarding Dick's future. Between one thing and an-

(Continued on page 81)

"If only I could speak plainly to my women customers"

Says the head saleslady in a smart shop about this phase of feminine hygiene



Embarrassing to tell them — but women should know that this sanitary pad, which excels in comfort and ease of disposability, now deodorizes completely.

WHEN shopping, in business, socially —wherever women meet the world— there is an important question of personal hygiene that can mar their happiness. They *do* offend others at times. And this new treatment which deodorizes every Kotex pad positively prevents such offense. Kotex scientists have discovered (and patented)* a safe way to banish all odor.

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You can so easily adjust Kotex to your individual needs. Cellucotton absorbent wadding takes up 16 times its weight in moisture; it is 5 times more absorbent than cotton, itself. The fact that you can so easily dispose of it makes a great difference. And a new treatment renders it softer, fluffier, than you thought possible.

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*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by a patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587.)

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(Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Glint Shampoo in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a "tiny-tint" —a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shade of hair!)

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Where the youth of Buddy's home town, in summer, exercises its emotions, and where, in winter, it does its muscles. It is the Arcadia open-air theater in Olathe. During the winter months the high school basket-ball team practises in it

B. H. Rogers' Boy

(*Continued from page 37*)

might earn as much as a hundred and twenty-five. When they told me it was a week's salary, I couldn't believe it. "What would they pay all that money for?" I kept asking.

The other boys I knew always planned to stay in Olathe when they grew up and drive a delivery wagon or clerk for their fathers. But somehow I felt that something big was going to happen to me, as it has. Only I supposed it would be my music. I played a cornet in the boys' band that D. R. Ott got up when I was eight years old. When I was ten I was playing in the men's band, Thursday evenings in summer in Courthouse Square. When I went to college I earned a lot with my own band, and instead of writing home to ask for spending money I used to send money to mother sometimes.

Dad's Church Record

MAYBE I had better tell something about Olathe. It's twenty miles from Kansas City. The country round about is very flat and planted to wheat. There's plenty of snow in the winter to slide on but no hills to coast down. Hyer's boot and shoe factory is the big business of the town. They manufacture cowboy shoes, and there's still a big demand for the fancy carved ones for rodeos and for the movies. We kids used to buy misfit shoes and play cowboy. Park Street, the main business street, has the big Grange store where you can get everything from a tuxedo to a toothpick. Besides that the town has three banks, four drug stores, a lot of restaurants, Masonic Hall—Dad is a Shriner—and two other newspapers besides "The Mirror," "The Register" and "The Democrat." And the town has thirteen churches, yes, sir. Almost all kinds of religion. Dad hasn't missed a single church or Sunday School for eleven years, except the one time when he came out to Hollywood to make a visit.

I forgot to say there is a colored section across the railroad track. Old Andy, the darky barber, ran the town barber shop for years, and gave my father and me both our first shave. But last time I was home I saw the shop had changed hands.

It may sound as if nothing much ever happened in Olathe but I guess we had as much excitement as bigger towns. There was the time when I was a kid that somebody discovered blood all over the floors of the old rubber mill down by the creek. They had all the men in town drafted to stand guard nights, and sent for detectives from all over the state to unravel the murder. Nobody was missing from town to have been murdered but there was plenty of excitement—till some school kids confessed that they had killed a chicken and scattered its blood round to start something.

Then we had a real murder once. A farm hand in Stillwell, a town nearby, killed a farmer and his wife and threw their bodies down a well. They caught him as he was making his way to Kansas City, hiding in the fields, and brought him to Olathe, which was the county seat, to be tried. But two days after, a mob of masked men broke down the jail doors and hanged him to a telephone pole eight blocks away from our house.

The Honeymoon Judge

AND we had a judge in Olathe who would marry anybody who came to his house if they had five dollars. Kids under the legal marrying age would ride out from Kansas City on the Interurban and get married, and their fathers would come out on the next Interurban and make a great fuss around town. They called him The Honeymoon Judge, and wrote him up in all the papers, even as far as New York. He's out of office now.

Oh, there was always plenty happening in Olathe. As much as in Hollywood, if you know what I mean. I know the most exciting times I've had since I started in the movies have been when I went back home and met everybody, and spoke at pep meetings in high school chapel, and went to Rotary and Kiwanis luncheons and went up and down Park Street dropping in at the furniture store and the jewelers and I. H. Hershey's butcher shop and shaking hands. Everybody'd call up "The Mirror" and say, "Why hasn't Buddy been in at our store?" They all wanted to ask about the movies and the stars, but they had a lot of news to tell me too, about things that happened in Olathe: strawberry festivals at the church and dances at Masonic Hall.

Maybe it wouldn't seem so exciting to me if I stayed more than a few days—still, it's funny, but none of the boys I went to school with seem to envy me. Not one of them has asked me to get him into the movies. They earn twenty-five or thirty dollars a week and they seem to have as much as Hollywood stars do: a car, and good clothes and money in their pockets. Money seems to buy more in Olathe.

Old Doc Santell

(*Continued from page 79*)

other, Dick had slipped a long way. Then came Santell and "The Patent Leather Kid." Now Richard is himself again. When a sure-fire director was sought for Vilma Banky, Santell was the man selected. He, too, was entrusted with the first starring drama allotted to Alice White. When there's a tough job, they send for Santell. And Al's there.

Like a lot of others, Santell is figuring that in so long he'll have so many hundreds of thousands of dollars. That these will yield him a not too modest competence for the next sixty years or so. And that he will then quit the blankety-blank picture business and devote the remainder of his life to doing just what he blankety-blank pleases. But, of course, he'll do no such thing. The money will come. That's a fairly easy part for Santell. He makes it. Knows its value. Knows how to invest it. But motion pictures are too much a part of his heart for him ever to leave them. He's warp and woof of the industry. He was at the bedside when it was born. He buttoned its trousers and wiped its nose. He's watched and counseled it during the present period of adolescence. He'll stick with it. The pall-bearers at his funeral will be picture people.

Of course, he'll take a vacation. He seems to feel he needs one right now, after only fifteen years without a week off. His eyes rather roam toward Europe. He realizes the value of travel, and knows there is no more delightful combination of pleasure and self-improvement. The chances are that he'll pick up a painting or two, and some rare editions to ornament the spacious shelves of his library. These things will probably happen. But what's a sure bet is that he'll return crammed full of ideas for motion pictures.

Good Hair to Tear

DURING his directorial career, Santell never owned a megaphone, and never had one of those camp chairs with "Mr. Santell" neatly lettered all over it. He doesn't wear puttees or spurs. Although he's given many a star the gaff. He's been known to sprain an ankle leaping over obstacles which separated him from a dumb-bell player. His long hair is excellent for tearing purposes. He enjoys good food. And boasts the finest chef at Malibu. Winter and summer he swims and parades the secluded beach clad only in trunks. Naturally his body is brown. And there's hair on his chest. His beer is potent. As Kenneth Harlan will testify. One of his prides is the room in his home which he built around a chimney. Its walls are covered with the scrawled signatures of the cinema celebs who have enjoyed his hospitality. He's been married. And remains an optimist. He doesn't say, "Never again." Soon he's to make his first talking movie. And he's looking forward to this new experience with mixed emotions.

An interesting chap. One who knows his business. An admirable host. The very heart of hospitality. An entertaining conversationalist, and a clever teller of good tales. A man of definite ideas. With few, but cordial, dislikes. Take a tip if you want a time. Drop in on Al at Malibu any time between five and nine next time you sail eastward from Japan.

What do they think, the foreign screen stars, not only of Hollywood but of America in general? They come here to earn in months what it would require a lifetime to accumulate in their own countries. Are they grateful or grudging? It's interesting to know. Which you will in the next, the July, issue of CLASSIC. Dorothy Donnell's big feature article, "Their Country, 'Tis of Thee," tells you.

Make-Up Magic

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(Center) Josephine Dunn, M-G-M Star of "The Singing Fool" finds glorious beauty in her own color harmony make-up suggested by Max Factor.

Lupe Velez, United Artists Star featured in "The Gaucho" enthuses about the mystery and fascination Max Factor gives to the eyes with make-up.

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Legendary Love-Cult Found

(*Continued from page 51*)

"It was near the group of mummified men that we found the remarkable hot skeleton. It was the frame of a young woman, and presented the remarkable illusion of being still warm to the touch. Though this, of course, is unscientific, several of our party are firmly convinced that we have found the skeleton of the fabulous character called Bow in our fairy-tale books, who was supposed to be the last in line of the now extinct family, *Hottus Mommus*.

"Our finds at other factories included the strange similarity of hundreds of skeletons unearthed at one a few miles to the north apparently known as Universal, indicating that for some reason we cannot explain only those having a blood-tie with the chief Grauman of the factory were permitted to take part in its operations. At the other extremity of the colony we unearthed a skeleton lying in the remains of a pure gold and onyx bathtub. This the more flighty-minded members of our party insisted must be none other than that incredible character of ancient fable, De Mille, who, they claimed, must have been struck down while in the midst of his preposterous magic rites which the fable relates were always performed over bathtubs made of precious stones.

"In what appears to have been the residential section occupied by the chief Graumen we have excavated several curious exhibits.

"The salient point in our findings here is the persistence of the most elaborate bathrooms in the Graumen's residences. In view of the demoniac rites probably practised by these ghouls in the temples, it is easily understandable that the bathrooms were symbols of external purity which were necessary to ward off spirits that might have pursued the Graumen to their homes. Remains of outdoor bathing places, probably built for similar reasons and not put to any practical use, were also found in large numbers.

"The ruins of a large house on a hill revealed to our search party a number of objects bearing the initials T. M., which many of us were inclined to believe must indicate that it was the home of that more or less historically accepted horseback rider, Thomas Mix, who is known to have resided somewhere in this district.

The Petrified Grove

"OUR excavations led us as far as the coast, where we made one of our most remarkable finds. We unearthed the ruins of a vast palace on the shore, which, from the astounding richness and grandeur of its contents as we reconstructed them in our sketches, we cannot doubt to have been the palace of Davies, the historical Queen of the Graumen. The lesser Graumen probably made pilgrimages here from Hollywood to bow the knee before the power and the glory of Queen Davies.

"In another district slightly to the east of central Hollywood as we reconstructed it, we found ruins of a large building containing the fossilized trunks of cocoanut trees. This was probably our most valuable discovery in fixing the approximate stage of civilization achieved by the Hollywoodians. No member of our party could advance any other theory than that the Hollywoodians dragged cocoanut trees into the building because they were mentally still not far removed from the apes, and felt the absolute need of one foregathering place where they could lumber and cavort about in the manner of their immediate ancestors, and feel perfectly at home. The simulation of a cocoanut grove achieved this end, and it is possible that this grove was used as a general meeting place and playground, where, too, the younger Hollywoodians in the manner of the apes went in the mating season to look over the likely young females, and vice versa."

The Perpetual Collegian

(*Continued from page 65*)

was glad they made him use me. I felt mighty proud, but I want to tell you that for awhile I sure missed 'The Collegians' where I am at least head-man in the show.

"I kick about making them. And I squawk about the little opportunity they offer in the line of acting, but they're fun to do at that.

His Suppressed Wish

EVER since I can remember I've had the movies in the back of my head. But I kept it a dark secret. When the other fellows said they were setting out to be doctors or lawyers or coaches or professors, I didn't have the nerve to chirp up with the idea that I'd like to be a movie actor.

"Besides, my father was dead set against it. He is English and my mother is Spanish. He thought law or some other dignified profession was the only field for me. So my mother was my only ally. When it was time for me to start out to make a living, I worked around San Diego at odd jobs, such as mowing lawns, painting houses and everything but looking after babies, until I had amassed a hundred dollars with which to make my getaway. That hundred dollars looked like a fortune to me. I figured I could live for six months in Hollywood on that.

"I didn't know a single soul in the town but a newspaper fellow who reviewed pictures and wrote movie gossip for a little paper. I went to him the first thing and told him my ambitions. He was swell about it.

"Thanks to his pull, I didn't have much trouble getting extra work. But all fired with ambition as I was, extra work didn't look so hot to me. I looked at the other fellows who had been at it for seven or eight years and wondered what was the matter with them—why they didn't get along. They were handsome enough and talented enough, but they stayed in the same old groove. Maybe they'd do a good little part in a picture, then they'd be back in the mob again. I figured the trouble must lie there and I promised myself that if I should ever rate a bit I'd never go back to the seven-fifty stuff.

"Soon after that Edwin Carewe gave me a small part in a picture of his and I thought it was a good chance to start holding out for the bigger and better rôles.

"Do you think I got away with that stuff—and rated a contract right away? I did not. I was driven back to the mob stuff because I had to eat. But I finally got my good break in 'His People.' After that came a contract and 'The Collegians.' At the first opportunity I sent for my mother and brothers and brought them to Hollywood to live. The rest," admitted George, "reads like a mimeographed copy of *What Every Young Actor Should Do.* I've got a little house in the Hollywood hills, and a brand-new wife and a sports roadster."

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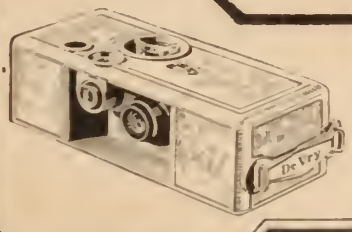
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In no time Joe had his dresser, his make-up box, his fan mail, his imported car, his chalet in Beverly Hills and his lunch with Beverly Bayne

The Heart History of Joe Martin

(*Continued from page 42*)

a number of boxes on top of each other in order to reach a bag of peanuts fastened to the ceiling of her apartment, she had received considerable notice from the scientific world.

The Fruits of Science

IT was understood that Miss Bradford was likely to go far—for which reason she was generally attached to a stout chain. Chain or no chain, the scientific atmosphere suited Betty. It was light work and compatible, generally, with peanuts or bananas or a head of lettuce at the end of it. With her science, Betty developed a distinct æsthetic appreciation. Her greatest pleasure was to tear the accumulated works of Harold Bell Wright into small bits as they were passed into her cage, volume by volume. Betty became, in short, a bluestocking. Lest you feel perhaps that Betty's highbrow attitude smacked of pedantry, that she was an academic prig, let me assure you that it was no pose with her. Heart and soul she felt as she felt. Her education was as much part of her as Joe Martin's was part of him.

So they met; Joe Martin the movie actor, and Betty Bradford, the highbrow scientist. They met in the enchanted atmosphere of Hollywood whither Betty had come for a visit. They met, and as you have probably assumed from the title of this article, they loved. Joe loved as only a movie actor can love (adv't) and Betty loved with the analytical precision of a scientist. Joe was big, he was strong, he would be a perfect father for her children. He had a fine mind. He appealed to her physically. Discounting a few scientific terms and the argot of the celluloid industry, they spoke the same language. But, to descend into the vernacular, much as she loved Joe, the movies were to Betty an ever-increasing pain in the neck. To highbrow Betty the entire output of the silver screen was verminous. Worried by her increasing animosity toward the movies, Betty considered it with the same cool, analytical precision. She examined herself carefully for prejudices, for lack of understanding, for assuming a false pose, for—well, you've seen a monkey examine itself.

The farther she went into the subject the more she convinced herself that the movies were no medium of expression for so fine an orang-outang as her Joe. The climax came when she was requested to attend a special presentation of "Chang." After a reel and a half of "Chang" she walked out on it. They brought her back and started the film where she had left off. Again she walked out on it. Again they recaptured her and started the film. For the third time she walked out on it wearing, in her agitation, Mr. Robert E. Sherwood's derby. The remarks of her scientific colleagues on her extraordinary discrimination cleared away her last vestige of doubt. She was right. The movies were terrible.

Joe Martin was told that Betty Bradford could never marry a movie actor. It was hard for Joe to understand all Betty's scientific reasons and proofs for and of the unworthiness of the then silent drama. All Joe knew was that he had made and was making thousands of people happy, and until Betty came, it was all he cared. But thousands of human beings are not one chimpanzee, particularly the chimpanzee of one's heart.

Followed days of morose brooding, days on which Joe would not work or even bite the press agents which were thrown into his cage in the hope of distracting him. Protracted discussion with Petty was of no avail. He knew he could no more join Betty in psychological experimentation than she could support him on the movie lot. Neither of them was fitted for the work of the other by training, predisposition, proclivity or propensity. "A zebra," says Professor Emil-Fülöp von Schmuck, "is a kind of an ass, but he cannot pull an ice-wagon" (*Über der Komisch-Aspect des Wild-*

thieren). Yet underneath all this lay the stark passion of primal Africa, the mating call of the jungle, the irresistible forces of Nature and the heart of a monk to the heart of a monk, ever the wide world over.

All for Love

EVENTUALLY Joe evolved a plan which was pathetically familiar in its design. He would give up acting and become a director, bending all his energies to making movies that were worthy of the highest artistic and æsthetic standards. Betty showed herself sufficiently feminine to agree that if Joe could make movies worthy of the highest artistic and æsthetic standards, he would be employed in a life work that was worthy of himself. Joe finished his masterpiece as the sinister ape in "Merry-Go-Round."

Then it was that Joe Martin made his decision. He kissed Betty Bradford—it was almost the first time that he had ever done so—and he tore up his contract. Then Joe and Betty kissed Mr. Laemmle good-bye and left Universal City to begin life all over again. Joe Martin for love of Betty Bradford had given up the movies.

After a quiet honeymoon, Joe accepted a modest physical education instructorship in a small mid-Western college, a position scarcely in keeping with his ability, yet one with some dignity and one wholly satisfactory to Mrs. Joe. She, not without some sacrifice on her part, gave up her scientific career in favor of raising young Martins.

If Joe has any regret over the loss of his dresser, his fan mail, his imported car, his chalet and the tinkling laughter of thousands of happy children, it is perhaps discernible in an occasional extra-theatrical flourish from his lecture platform. At that, everyone is too kind to mention it. The Martins rarely go to the movies.

This sequestration is not an artificial manifestation but a genuine and sincere one. The Martins withhold from a coursing and carousing life by preference. It is only those who envy them who will, because of Joe's early environment, refer to them as cagey.

Should you have the temerity to ask Joe Martin how he was able to renounce the life of a motion picture actor at the top of his career, he would reply, with his arm fondly about the "Little Woman," "I looked myself in the eye, considered Betty and found the courage. Yes, sir, that's what did it—my eye and Betty Martin."



Wholesale whoopee... that's what the eight girls in Clara Bow's picture, "The Wild Party," make. And Jean Lorraine, above in a black lace teddy and cream silk negligée, does her improper share



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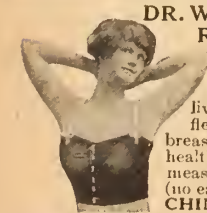
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What College Men Think of the Movies

(*Continued from page 70*)

What Harry L. Case of CORNELL *Thinks* . . .

immoral. It seems to me that any art or industry that makes a popular appeal ninety-eight per cent to the emotion and two per cent to the intellect cannot be otherwise than immoral. This is about the average that the movies strike at present. In their behalf it is argued that the busy office worker and housewife and shop girl and bricklayer seek easy relaxation at the picture house after a hard day's work; that he seeks relief from the realities of life. But are ledgers and store counters and bricks and potatoes the realities of life? Is not the need just the opposite—a little mental relaxation and inspiration in the realities of life after tedious days of existence spent in its unrealities?

This is not an argument for a consistently heavy screen diet; it is only an argument for a little balance; an argument for more of the kind of work that Jannings is doing, and that many more of the cinema artists could do if they would. Comedy, romance, and adventure should have their place in the balanced screen menu, but these should not monopolize the field. If the screen public is not critical, the men behind the industry can and should be.

This is the decision of the college critic in his meditative mood.

What Walter L. Scott of DARTMOUTH *Thinks* . . .

tinue to insist upon the common identity of college and football, the direction ought to pay more attention to accurate portrayal of environment, and far less to the same old plot that was thrown out of Greek theaters for being decrepit.

The Movies' Might

POSSIBLY the fault goes back to the lack of college men in the movie industry. I don't know of any statistics bearing upon this, but it has been my impression that very few college men have gone near the movies. In the East there is little desire and no effort to break into the movies in any way whatscever. This attitude is unfortunate, I believe, for in a simulation of intelligent movies lies the most expedient means of raising the American public from the moronic standards of the tabloids.

To outsiders, it appears as though the movies are dominated by shrewd Barnums, who put personal and immediate gain above the development of a movie philosophy and professional ethics. The movies, if they continue their rapid growth, cannot help but be more significant and dominant than the front page. The movies might even relegate the press to a fifth estate. They might—sometime. They might, when producers get past the kindergarten philosophy of giving their public the happy endings, sublimated sex, and custard pie comedy relief that the public, according to guild lore, seems to lap up.

King Vidor's pictures and ideas are a refreshing bright spot in the movie kaleidoscope. He is far past the spurious merit of imported publicity mongers. I'd like to see him do a college movie sometime. I could go to it without helping in the wailing indignation at another Calford thriller.

But all this doesn't matter much. Homely as they may be, we've got the movies and we'll keep right on going to them. You see, there's nothing else.

What Stanley W. Schellenger of OHIO STATE *Thinks* . . .

woman on the screen. Her beguiling, too-innocent look registers an impression that is not easily forgotten. But soon the cycle will turn and another will take her place.

William Haines has a great following in college circles, particularly because of the type of shows he does. It is inherent in the college man to like to see one get away with something, and this is Haines' best bet. His show, "Alias Jimmy Valentine," might be termed a typical picture for Joe College.

No movie has ever been produced that correctly portrays college life, and there probably never will be one. The life, in itself, does not offer much that might have sufficient human interest to make a successful movie. Coloring is necessary.

The criticism of Princeton alumni in regard to "Varsity," starring Buddy Rogers, is felt by every college man in the United States. When they said, "It does not show Princeton life as it is," they expressed the sentiment towards any college picture.

Colleges Need Color

SUCH a movie is resented by the college man because he feels in it an injustice. The high school boy or girl, who sees the show, receives the wrong impression of the life in a university. And because he regards it as an injustice, he is apt to lose faith in movies in general. This faith is revived after a time, however.

The same thing might be true in other pictures, because it is necessary to color the actual facts of life to make the movie more interesting. However, that is alleviated because one can rationalize himself into believing that the situations in other pictures might be true. In the college picture, this is impossible.

While they are consistent theater-goers, few college men have any intention of going into the movies. They all have the desire when they see the successful stars, but they realize the ability that is required to reach the top. Although they know that Adolphe Menjou received his sheepskin from Cornell; Richard Arlen from the University of Pennsylvania; Buddy Rogers, Kansas; Gary Cooper, Grinnell; the late Fred Thomson, Princeton; George Bancroft, Naval Academy, and the many others, they believe that their field is to be found elsewhere.

Only two representatives of Ohio State have ever become known in the movie or theater world. They are Elliot Nugent of "The Poor Nut" fame; and Pat Kearney who adapted "An American Tragedy" and "Elmer Gantry" for the stage. If other schools which annually graduate over one thousand students into the world have the same percentage, it may be seen that students in general do not look with expectancy upon the movies as a means of sustenance.

In the future, as in the past, the college man will continue to frequent the theater, often when he should be studying. It has a peculiar attraction that will not be cast aside.

One Black Crow

(*Continued from page 53*)

ages myself, I had thought the line in the Moran and Mack act about the bumble bee was the funniest thing I had ever heard. It went something like this: "Bumble bee lit on me yist'day!"

"Hmm? Didn' it hurt when that bumble bee lit on you?"

"No—o—o," slowly, with reflective scratchings of the head. "It didn' hurt when that bee lit on me—But, oh, man! When that bee sat down."

"What," asked Mr. Mack, triumphantly, "was there about that line which made you remember it since you were a little girl?"

The Riddle of Popularity

THAT one stopped me. I didn't know. But the picture of that immovable black figure on the stage, bringing out that disillusioned remark, delighted me still, in retrospect. One gathered, somehow, that he had received that bee so trustingly. And then it sat down. Oh, dear!

He told me another line which had been one of the best in their whole career.

A white boy, in prison stripes, crosses the stage. The black boy calls to him, "How long yo' in for, white boy?"

"Forty years."

"W-w-well, lissen! Mail this yere letter fo' me, when yo' gits out, will yo'?"

Alexander Pantages made his appearance just here. Charles Mack told him what I wanted to know. "You're a showman, Alec. Tell the lady," he commanded.

Alec looked as if he wished he hadn't come. "Why not do the act about the hot cakes? And let her see for herself."

What? No Hot Cakes?

THEY got ready. Alec was to do the feeding.

"Wh-wh-what yo-all got fo' breakfas' at this yere lunch counter?" queried Mack, sounding very hungry.

"Well—how about some nice hot cakes?" asked Alec, looking a little bit silly.

"N-nope. Cain' eat hot cakes. They don' agree with me!"

"Well—how about—"

"Ain' no use namin' nothin' else now. I cain' have hot cakes an' now I don' wan' nothin' else but hot cakes." Mr. Mack had a bright thought.

"Tell yo' what we'll do. I'll go out an' come in again an' yo tell me yo ain' got no hot cakes! Then I won' feel so bad."

Business of going out and coming back. All very serious. Business of inquiring anew what there was for breakfast.

"How about some nice ham and eggs?" from Alec.

"Don' like 'em! I'd like—lemme see—I'd like some nice hot cakes."

"Sorry. We haven't got any hot cakes."

"Wh-wh-what? Yo' mean to stan' there an' tell me yo-all ain' got no hot cakes in a big fine hotel like this yere one?"

"No—no hot cakes. How about some nice—some nice—" Alec seemed to be at a loss. "Some nice beans!" he concluded.

"Don' like beans. Couln' yo' git me some hot cakes nohow?"

There was quite a lot of discussion and the act appeared to have flopped.

"Is—is that the sort of thing you're going to do in pictures?" My question must have sounded dubious. I was wondering if I hadn't outgrown the Two Black Crows.

"Oh, no, indeed! We'll have a story about the two characters. Octavus Roy Cohen is furnishing the theme."

I rose. "If you think of any explanation of this voice business—and the stock market—will you let me know?" I urged.

"Yes, I will." Mr. Mack seemed harassed. "But I don't see why yo' had to bring that up, anyhow."



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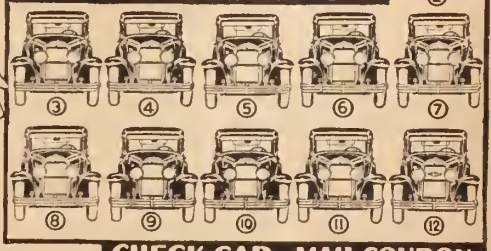


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Feed 'Em and Reap

(*Continued from page 27*)

visual pabulum, discretion in time selection is essential. Chaplin, for instance, rarely breakfasts at seven or dines at six.

The Stockbrokers' Hour

WHEN the milkmen are completing their rounds in saner cities, or their brethren of the countryside are pumping water into the last can of discontented cow extract, Hollywood's Wall-Street-men tune in on their tickers. The sun may shine brightest in the West. But it shines in the East first. And the difference in time necessitates early rising if one wishes to dance to the stock exchange fiddling. Thus, just as Jimmy Walker is locking up Broadway with the last remaining Key to the City, Henry's becomes a babble-on of big business. Now the ear of Joseph Berliner, Henry's aide-de-camp, and Hollywood's best known Joe, buzzes with many a tip on how to turn oil stock into gold. And vice versa. Joe knows more inside stuff on the market than the entire banking and brokerage business of the town. Moreover, his information is right as frequently as it is wrong. Which is an enviable record in the bull-and-bear racket.

By the time the last of the Wallingfords has departed for the sheep-shearing, Henry's has become a Mecca of merchants and clerks, mingled oddly with extra people in make-up en route to studio. The table talk now is of commerce. Buying cheap and selling dear. Mingled with the patter of players as to what studios are casting mob scenes, the parties of the night before, the most recent extra kid to win a chance at fame. Or infamy and its accompanying Rolls. But all this is hurried. At this hour Henry's patrons eat by Pacific Standard Time.

From nine till noon the rectangular booths in the foreground are filled with ordinary breakfasters. Tourists, an occasional jewelry-eyed actor seeking to lessen the potency of gin with tomato juice, the drifting droppers-in from here and there and heaven knows where. It is a time for yawning. When Marie and Effie and Lillian may rest their rounded arms on the sandwich-counter, or the water-cooler, and indulge in snatches of private conversation. I sez to him and he sez to me. And then I sez.

The Wrong Greta

FROM twelve to two or three the crowd is more colorful. Jane Winton's green eyes scan the luncheon menu. The Beery boys are present, puzzling the uninitiate as to which is which. Stuart Holmes's henna colored hair illuminates his immediate vicinity. Marie Prevost and Phyllis Haver giggle together. Perhaps over Phil's approaching marriage to Billy Seaman. Her first offense. Marie can give advice. Newspapermen and press agents gallop in. The p. a. contingent invariably being stuck for the checks. Jimmy Gleason and Bob Armstrong fan their Java. Is zat so! A dame from Des Moines spots Greta Garbo, who at the moment may be tearing a herring in Sweden. The gal is really Greta's stand-in, her double. But the Des Moines damsel gets the thrill just the same. A bunch of bit players out of work cackle over a continuous cascade of coffee. A couple of cannons from downtown thrust thick sandwiches between thin lips. They're on the way to Santa Monica to set the scene for a rum-running. Lois Wilson, Leatrice Joy, or whoever may be playing at Edward Everett Horton's theater around the corner, rustles in for a prematinée snack. Junior Coghlan, the kid star, plays tiddle-de-winks with the crackers. Junior Laemmle, the kid producer, stops a conversation about his super, "Broadway," to ask: "Have ya seen Sue? Did she mention me? What did she say?" Sue is Sue Carol.

The inner man refreshed, the luncheon crowd departs. Dinner menus arrive. The great beamed-ceiling room in the rear is readied for the evening rush. It begins at five. By six there isn't a table. By seven there isn't standing room. Filipino bus-boys balance huge trays, somehow creating the impression of Blondin and his wire-walk across Niagara. Della, the fast-working blonde whose dialogue is priceless, ducks and dodges through the crowd with provender for her public. Director Bill Seiter grins: "Ah, slumming again?" His presence proves that Laura La Plante is working that evening. Alice White and the new boy-friend devour chowder with their lips and one another with their eyes. Joan Crawford and her Dodo. Don't mistake me. That's her love-name for Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Wonder what monicker she's chosen for Doug, Sr.

As the Neck Is Shorn

MORE newspapermen. The press-agents have homes. The scribes outfumble one another for the checks. The losers sign. Henry sighs. The hinterland is well represented. You can name the native state by the way the neck is shaven. Patterns vary. The Indiana neck-shave is square as a cop's boot. Missouri leans toward a hirsute Grecian bend. Kansas fancies a V-shape shave. Hungry looking girls with homely looking men. The Janes order from the left side of the menu. The Johns read the figures first. Pompano for Pauline Garon. Beef for Big Boy Williams. Charlie Farrell gives the ladies an ecstatic moment. Long Island duckling, Fulton Market clam chowder, New York steaks, make the Broadway mob homesick. Clara Bow makes 'em love-sick. Clara carries a whole retinue of courtiers, like Peggy Hamilton at a première. Brook trout for less than a buck. Broccoli. Twenty cents. For an appetizer a Merry Widow Cocktail. De-de-de-de.

But, like fair Melrose, Henry's to be viewed aright must be visited in the pale moonlight. Or at least during those hours when it would be moonlight. If there were a moon. It is a night-blooming cereus. And reaches its full glory at the witching hour. As soon as the fights and the shows and the movies let out, the wolves descend on Henry's lamb.

Now comes Charlie Chaplin, clowning with the rotund proprietor. He is flanked by his familiar, Harry Crocker. Joe Schenck sits at his table. Sid Grauman, his tresses flowing in the breeze, joins the group. Tom Kennedy, the town sport, blows in from the arena. Tom has a stable of boxers now. Gary Cooper and Lupe arrive, the Mexican whirlwind clinging to his arm like a Scotchman to a dime. Gary, did you, or did you not, give Lupe that chunk of ice on the third finger of her left hand? The movie columnists would like to know. Maurice Chevalier and his *très chic femme* find an unostentatious corner. Hollywood doesn't know the French star yet, so he may still enjoy obscurity. Jack Dempsey and 'Stelle arrive. The one spot in the world—the one hour in time—where the ex-champion can munch a sandwich without blocking traffic.

The Yes Gang

THERE must have been a Universal preview. Here's the Big U gang. Uncle Carl leads the parade. You can hear him coming. The arrival is announced for blocks by an echoing "Yes, Mr. Laemmle," "Oh, yes, Mr. Laemmle. Yes, yes, yes."

Wonder if he ever heard the nifty made by Paul Perez, writer of titles. "If all the interfering relatives were laid end on end—wouldn't it be great?"

Ladies *en décolletée*. Men in soup-and-fish. Groups in flannels. Others in riding togs. Tablecloths become cost sheets. Covered with profits. The figures are always profits. The losses come later. And are real. Necks crane for a glimpse of Dolores Del Rio. Twenty girls from a studio club whoop to a special table. Each is made-up to represent one of the cinema celebs whose shoes she one day hopes to fill. One is Chaplin, and the real Charlie gets a laugh. A big hand for all the little girls. Tomorrow will bring more bawling-out from second assistant directors. But tonight—whoopee!

The deaf-and-dumb newsboy, exclusive proprietor of the paper concession at Henry's, passes with his prints. The great and the near great greet him with smiles. Now and then he pauses to exchange conversation with some star or director who speaks his language, spoken with the hands. Victor McLaglen comes in as Karl Dane passes out. Of the door; not what you thought. Two of Hollywood's tallest men. Lya de Putti with some of the furriners, the Varconis, Veidts, Kordas. Joe Brown, doubtless with the little mousie in his pocket ready to jump out to amuse any audience. Director Richard Wallace, impressive-looking chap with his leonine mane. "Thank God for the movies," he murmurs as an ermine-wrapped darling steps from her limousine. Louise Fazenda watches the tray-juggling bus-boys, hoping, always hoping. But a tray never yet crashed. Julia Faye, of whom the Metro press department recently wrote that her new long-term contract had started most suspiciously.

Unmuffled Munching

BILL DEMEREST and Colette, the other half of the act both on and off, preside over a gathering of two-a-day folk conscripted by the talkies. Wise-cracks and wiener schnitzel vie for space in Arthur Caesar's oral cavern. Sam Goldwyn is amazed—munch, munch—at our stupidity. No mufflers on the soup spoons. No gas masks with the limburger. Adolphe Menjou, brother and Mrs., occupy a booth. Next door is Bull Montana inhaling Henry's best substitute for pasta fagiole. Ravioli à la Henry. But the menu uses plural number: Raviolis. Jimmy Hall is telling a pal that it ain't so. But it really is. John Boles's laugh echoes at one of those stories. Buddy Rogers enters. You can almost hear the flappers' hearts beating. The I-Knew-'Em-When Club is busy panning success. At the cigar counter cash customers stand row on row, while free sitters get those second and third scups scoffee, which are free.

Now Henry beams like a harvest moon. The perfect mine host, he is thoroughly in his element. Despite his girth, he positively flits from guest to guest. He pauses here for a bit of roast, there for a taste of cutlet, and tops off with a beef stew. But now the crowd again changes. "Use of liquor in this establishment prohibited," says the sign. So the three-o'clock-in-the-morning crowd brings its own—inside. But you can bring the wife and kiddies, even at three a.m. All is decorum at Henry's. Fried, stewed, pickled or soused, no tantrums are tolerated. No fights at Henry's. What are homes for?

Tired waitresses following the weaving steps of the last stay-outs. They murmur weary good-nights to the cheery good-mornings of the fresh shift. Fresh girls, fresh linen, fresh menus. A new day. Soon the ticker touts are in again with I-told-you-so's or well-you-see-it-was-this-way's, depending upon whether the tip was good or bad. And Joe listens patiently, as he totals up the night-life tithings of Hollywood to Henry's.



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Ken Carries On

(*Continued from page 60*)

Not while Ken Maynard rides to the rescue with his smoking heat breathing vengeance from either hand, the reins between his dazzling teeth.

It's six years now since Ken spurred his trusty steed over the high hurdle that separates the circus from the cinema. Beyond that there is a picture of a ranch in Mission, Texas, and a high-spirited kid who galloped off one night in the wake of a tent show. That time his dad followed, and brought him home. And it didn't need much persuasion, either. But there was another time when he didn't return. And so for several seasons Ken Maynard was the crack trick rider of the Ringling Brothers outfit. He'd ride anything with a bit between its teeth. One, two, three, four of 'em at a time. Roman riding, jumping, racing, bull-dogging, and every stunt ever invented in ring or rodeo was included in his repertoire. Between seasons, during the bleak winter months of the lay-off time, he carried an act over a vaudeville circuit. He and some buddies and eight head of stock. They didn't make much money. But they had a lot of fun. "Sort o' kept the bunch together," he says.

From Vacation to Vocation

BUT one season he decided to take a vacation. So out to Hollywood he came to bask a while in the warm luxury of the Californian sunshine, and the soft air scented with the fragrance of orange-blossoms. He's been here ever since. And likes it. And intends to stay. The first job was with the Fox ranch. Others followed. Picture by picture Ken laid the foundation of success. Film by film his popularity increased. He has always had the reputation of being one of the hardest workers in Hollywood. With his other attributes, this helped. Since his association with First National he's been among the cowboy aces, the sort that helps movie showmen to hold an occasional winning hand in the box-office jack-pot.

Maynard looks the part. He's tall, lithe, clean-cut. Good looking in an American sort of way. None of your languishing Latin Lotharios. But steely-eyed, two-fisted, broad-shouldered, with muscles of whipcord, an easy smile and lines of character in his weather-burned face. With Mix gone, he is the eye-fillingest dam' caballero in all Hollywood. From his high-crowned, broad-brimmed, white Stetson, with its jeweled cord, to the high-heeled cowboy boots of fine, soft leather, Ken is the Pride of the Plains, the personification of riding romance.

Maynard is doing more than making Western pictures. He is endeavoring to perpetuate the romance in the winning of the West. He realizes that the iron horse has replaced the covered wagon. That the flivver has relegated the cow-pony to the position of a museum piece. That the brave yesterday splashed with war-paint is today the Carlisle graduate, or the big-bellied blanket Indian subsisting soddenly on governmental pap. The scouts have passed beyond the end of the trail. The mountain men are gone. The sons of the pioneers are wasters with patent-leather hair. The "Gold Rush" is the name of a clown's comedy. The most vivid, virile days in the nation's history are gone. And in great danger of being forgotten. As Ken Maynard sees it, the task of keeping alive the memory of a glorious past has fallen to some extent on his shoulders. Perishable as is his medium, it may serve, nevertheless, to provide inspiration sufficient to prevent our youth from becoming a nation of bookkeepers. Of sleek, smug, self-satisfied snobs totally lacking in all the qualities of those forbears who carved a land of plenty from a howling wilderness. Truly, the Maynard ambition is a laudable one.

Ladies Must Dress

TO further it, each of his pictures is something more than the usual chase. Each is built around an episode of those early days. Aside from that license which is necessarily taken in story telling, Maynard's pictures approach historical accuracy. Sometimes to the wrath of the business office moguls. In one of his productions a group of pathfinders were seen stumbling over the desert, undergoing the most frightful deprivations. And the women were every one decked out in their best bibs and tuckers. And what a razz that got from the bright boys in the front office. But imagine their embarrassment, when Ken got down the book and backed his version with facts. The pioneers portrayed in the picture had been forced to abandon most of their belongings. And the femininity of that day was no whit different from this or any other. Thus, when it became necessary to lighten the loads, the women donned all their finery rather than leave it by the wayside. And so presented the incongruous spectacle of struggling against the grim, all-pervading, death of the wilderness, clad in the frills and furbelows depicted in Godey's celebrated "Ladies' Book," which was the fashion arbiter of the hour.

In the good old, bad old, rough-house days when a real man could get a drink of red licker instead of the pallid poison now purveyed, Ken held Tom Mix to a draw in a jolly ruction occasioned by—neither remembers what. They were friends before. And they're friends still. Tony sends Tarzan a birthday cake, and Tarzan reciprocates in kind. Maynard contemplated a suit for libel against one who intimated that these vaqueros were high-hatting one another. Even the horses say neigh to that.

But the days and nights when the curly wolves from Bitter Creek declared their right to howl have passed on too. Just recently, Wyatt Earp, one of the good bad-men of the old West, joined Bat Masterson and the remainder of that gallant company across the divide. Maynard knew him well, and from his store of adventurous stories, gleaned many a fact to be wrought into a celluloid tapestry. Constant research has made Maynard an authority on the life and times portrayed by him on the screen.

Training for Talkies

ALTHOUGH he didn't anticipate the talkies, he has been unconsciously preparing for them. Among the things he has acquired is an astonishing repertoire of the authentic ballads of ranch and range. Of these the "Cowboy Lament" is but a sample. There are a hundred others, which tell richer tales of spurs and saddles, ropes and rustlers, girls and guns. You'll hear them soon. For Maynard will make talkies. He's a right smart fiddler, he says. And can play a guitar in a manner to win the toss of a rose from any balcony.

Perhaps the Western stars will rise again. Perhaps their lustre is lessened only till these troublous talkie times are calmer. Perhaps they'll come riding home, yip-yipping down the Western streets of every lot in Hollywood. Bill and Buck, Hoot, Tom and Tim, and Jack. But meantime, let's give thanks for Ken Maynard, who keeps the movies safe for America against the encroaching invasion of foreign stars and foreign stories. Of von's, and ski's, and de la's. Here's to Ken, then. May he always ride. But not alone.

Looking Them Over

(*Continued from page 63*)

For the benefit of those who just must see Gloria Swanson or Marion Davies in the flesh I would recommend Tuesdays and Fridays as a more favorable time to spot them at the Montmartre.

And Then What?

WHEN Clara Bow was in New York she disguised herself on a hotel register as Stella Ames, which was her cast-name in "The Wild Party." Hollywood is still wondering if that was a hint, or an incognito. Greta Garbo pulled the same stunt but there is no doubt but what Greta wanted privacy and plenty of it.

With Lupe Velez it was different. An eye witness to Lupe's arrival in the big city described it as follows:

Lupe descended from the train like Sheba in all her glory. She spotted the eager pressmen with one blink of her Spanish eyes. "This is Lupe," she yelled gleefully. "This is Loopee!"

The Mixes Mended

MRS. TOM MIX made a flying and unexpected trip from Paris to Hollywood and remained but a week. Accompanied by only one maid and a beautiful Collie dog, she threw Hollywood into a panic of rumors by re-opening the Mix mansion and scoffing at marital difficulties between herself and Tom.

"I spent five days with Tom when I came through New York," she told reporters, "and I am expecting him to join me in Europe this fall."

Lloyd's National Park

THE other day I took a two-hour tour over Harold Lloyd's estate and then I didn't get to see everything. I was too fagged out to see the sunken desert garden, or the natural waterfall. It reminds me more of a national park than any thing I have ever seen. The estate features everything from a golf course to a babbling brook where one may canoe for an hour or so without seeing the same landmarks twice.

Even more imposing than the grounds is the castle-like residence, with its elevators, living-rooms, assistant living-rooms, drawing-rooms, sub-drawing-rooms, dens, indoor and outdoor, and five-room master suites.

I'd be afraid to be invited to a party there. I'm afraid I would get in play room A when they were entertaining in play room C up on the third floor.

No More Babies

THERE are rumors that there won't be any more Wampas Baby Star selections. The idea was all right the first couple of years, but lately the girls, the frolic and the enthusiasm have taken terrific slumps. There is a little bit too much politics involved in the choosing to satisfy either the candidates or the dear old public, who has been choosing Baby Stars ever since the movies began.

And, Oh, Yes——

PICKED up from here and there: Constance Talmadge is back in Hollywood to marry Townsend Netcher. Viola Dana has gone to San Francisco to make a stage production. May McAvoy will be married by the time you read this. Alice White gets her feelings hurt easily and cries when people aren't nice to her. Lina Basquette always thanks critics and writers for saying nice things about her. Norma Talmadge never pays any attention to what is said about her, one way or the other. Mabel Normand is very ill. Sue Carol is thinking of buying a house way up on a hill. And that's all there is.

Lose Unsightly FAT

This Easy Pleasant Way



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Then thyroid, taken from cattle and sheep, was fed to human beings with like results. Science then realized that a way had been found to combat a great cause of obesity. Since then, this method has been employed by doctors, the world over, in a very extensive way.

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Take A Memo, Daddy

(*Continued from page 39*)

my business, and she stays here with Anita, neither of us will be happy. I know that.

"At one time, I thought maybe we could open a branch out here, and I could take charge of it. But that's no go. Labor's too cheap, and not unionized—and our profits are based on a percentage of our costs. We might get plenty of work, but we wouldn't make anything out of it.

"Then I thought maybe I'd sell out my equity in the business, and sell the home, and see what I could do about getting a job out here. They need electrical engineers in the studios, especially now with sound coming in. Maybe I'll do that yet.

"But the biggest rub of all is how do we know how Anita's career is going to pan out? She's been going fine so far—like a house on fire—but how long will it last? They say the average life of a movie star is five years. Will hers be just that?—or more? —or less?

"And take now, even. She's not making anything like what most people think a girl in her position would. We're living in a furnished apartment without even a maid. I help pay the rent and I help the wife with the housework—and even Anita herself has to help with the dishes. We lived better back in Astoria. They keep telling me to think of the future. Sure, but—

"She and the wife think now's our chance. They want me to chuck everything and gamble on this, to handle her career as her business manager. But I've already made enough mistakes in my life to know the value of caution. If I chuck everything, and Anita's out in five years or less, where'll we be then?

"It's a tough proposition, any way you look at it, it's tough."

And it's made even more so by Hollywood's attitude toward stars' relatives in general, and fathers in particular. While a mother living on, or working for, her daughter may be only a nuisance, a father is an unmitigated bum. Nor can you blame the town particularly, considering some of the specimens exhibited. The fact that Pomares had sacrificed a good business that would have supported himself and his family, and that he accepted the new status only as a last resort to keep the family together would not be considered. In fact, it wouldn't even be known by many, and the others would soon forget. Hollywood is busy, and no one has much time to spend on anything that will not promote his own job. Pomares would be catalogued with the rest: "another father workin' his daughter."

Unfair? No doubt—but would that help his feelings any?

"I've tried to figure it out in the only way I know how: as a business proposition. What'll be the best for the family? If I could figure that out, I'd be willing to put up with a few inconveniences to myself. But I can't even do that, there's so damn many if's. That's the worst part of the whole thing—there's nothing solid to lay your hands on. If I knew for certain that she's going to be a success, or if I knew for certain that she's going to be a failure. But I guess only time can tell me that.

"So I've decided that the best I can do is to give the thing time to work itself out of its own accord, to see what indications develop one way or the other.

Deferring to Daughter

"I FIGURE to let things slide till next summer. Then maybe the situation'll be a bit more definite here, and I can go back and talk things over with my business associates. A lot will probably depend on how Anita's work in 'The Broadway Melody' is received—and we'll know that soon.

"So now I'm just marking time and trying to be as useful as I can. I've rented the house back in Astoria for a year, with an option to buy. A couple of young fellows I broke in are handling my job, and they seem to be doing it as well as I could. I'm not taking any money while I'm not working; but I still hold my equity, and I'm assured that the next time the stockholders vote I'll hold my job of vice-president if I want it."

Pomares sat silent for a moment; then, looking off to a corner of the room, he started to laugh. Following his gaze, but seeing nothing amusing, I at last realized that he was laughing at some thought in his own mind.

"Funny how it pops up even in little things. Back in Astoria everything was geared to my convenience. But now I have to wait for supper if Anita works late.

"It's a funny business all around. I dunno, I can't see a solution at all. Can you?"

Scars That Glorified

(*Continued from page 45*)

delicate work. The days were long and dreary. The apathetic girl took a morbid interest in reading the biographies of great actresses. She read many, many plays; the first time in her popular young life that Carol had ever found time to do what is known as serious reading. And the surgeon worked on patiently and painstakingly. When the stitches were removed from her face, he came daily for months to massage the scars with olive oil.

All Her Beauty Saved

AND under his magic hand, the girl became whole again. No scar remained. But it was not the same prettiness as before. Some elusive quality of her beauty had disappeared. A sensuous, seductive something-or-other had gone from her face, and had been replaced by a sad and soulful and slightly tragic expression.

And now to complete the parallel between this true story and my mad movie plot.

Carol Lombard's friends, eager to revive her interest in life, told her she was as pretty as ever before. That she must remain in Hollywood and go back to the studios. They saw the difference in their friend, the loss of that harmony of feature which produces absolute beauty. And they were abashed by the tragic expression and the new maturity of mind of their gay young Carol. However, they eagerly urged her to stay on and try to pick up her picture work again.

Respect—and Chances

THIS she did. She visited the casting directors—the busy gentlemen who hadn't given her a tumble before. And these blasé persons arched an eyebrow. This girl had changed. Her face had character, which the clever fellows had somehow missed before. There was a definite appeal in her expression. Her classification in the index was at once changed from "Pretty; good figure"; to "Dramatic possibilities."

Her work in the Pathe picture, "Show Folks," as the jealous, scheming chorus girl, won her the second feminine lead with Irene Rich in the film version of "Ned McCobb's Daughter," a Pulitzer prize play. Her excellent work in this part resulted in Miss Lombard being signed to a long-term contract by Pathe.



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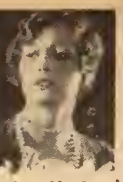
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Words and Music by
Archie Gottler
Con Conrad
and
Sid Mitchell

Story and Direction by
David Butler

Dialog by
William K. Wells

Revue Directed by
Marcel Silver
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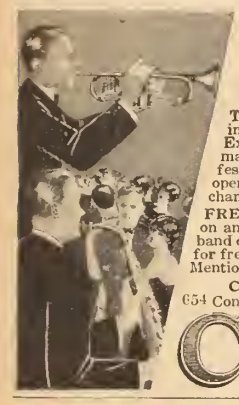
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Seducing Their Salaries

(Continued from page 33)

a fresh finger-wave for that night's dinner-dance."

Sweetly the vapors greet you at the door as you enter Gerly's Perfume Shop where a star has entered, only to exit with a perfume blended to express her personality.

"For Claire Windsor," said mademoiselle, "we created one called 'Amours de Clairette.' It was inexpressibly delicate, spring-like. But for Alice White we concocted a more exotic perfume, and called it 'Idol of the Day.' Bessie Love's perfume has a dainty, exquisite odor. It proved so popular that she gave her permission to let us retail it under the name of 'B-Love.'"

Merna Kennedy of "The Circus" has an exclusive perfume, created by Gerly, in which, of course, there is not a trace of the pungent odor of the big top. A flippant, audacious scent named "Audrey" has been distilled for Audrey Ferris. Mrs. Don Alvarado wafts here and there in the delicious fragrance of "*Joi de Cœur*," in which her little heart-child Joy is immortalized. And Kathryn McGuire's golden blondeness is accentuated by "Zephyr d'Or."

Chemistry and Character

"WE have difficulty, sometimes," bemoaned mademoiselle, softly, "in catching the personality of the star. Our chemist goes out and studies the characteristics of the actress and returns to blend the perfume. But, alas, when it is done, the star has other ideas of her personality and cannot recognize herself in the perfume. Then we re-blend it until it entirely pleases."

You can imagine how sad it all is. Imagine a star with a rose aura being suddenly confronted with a perfume designed for a green exhalation.

The butcher, the baker, the cabinet-maker. Look at Barker Brothers, the furniture establishment. And while you're looking, I'll just take a wee bit of a nip. They have two "setting-rooms," twenty by forty and fifteen by eighteen, and when Charles Farrell comes in and asks them to furnish his new Toluca Lake house, what do they do but rush out to his house, measure the floor, mark well the windows and the fireplace, and duplicate exactly his living-room in one of their setting-rooms. Then they dash to the divan department and rustle up a divan. They choose chairs and tables and knicknacks. Hang pictures on the walls and drapes at the windows. Install a fake fireplace in the same position as his is at his new home and in two days Charlie can have a preview of his new living-room.

"We have done that for Rod LaRocque and Vilma Banky," said the affable Mr. Evans. "They furnished their home in Georgian. Charles Farrell chose the Norman style. And we helped Marie Prevost, Camilla Horn, the Richard Arlens and many others, by visualizing their future rooms in our setting-rooms."

Just Like Just Folks

OH, those wily Hollywood shopkeepers. They know just the amount of courteous, suave attention to give the darlings of the cinema.

"We believe in treating them as 'just folks,'" says R. C. Markley, vice-president of Robertson Company, Hollywood's first department store. "Don't make them feel as if they are singled out for special attention. Our salespeople are instructed not to whisper and nudge each other when, for instance, Estelle Taylor enters the store.

"Some of our picture patrons have grown very friendly to us. I'll wager to say that we were among the first that Herb Rawlinson 'phoned when he became a proud papa. And Mrs. Widdle of our credit department is a sort of sister confessor to a number of the stars. They'll come rushing in and say, 'Now, Mrs. Widdle, do you think I can afford to do this or that?' She will consider for a moment and give them a definite yes or no.

"We never force them to buy beyond their means, and our terms are strictly thirty days—or cash, in some instances. They respect us for our rule and feel that we are doing all we can to protect them.

"Special service? Yes, we send large selections of this and that to the player's homes or to the studios and let them take their choice, if they are too busy to come to the store."

And that's what I. Miller, the boot shop, does; and I. Magnin, frock and gown shop, too. William Stromberg, the jeweler, has a better trick. He sends flowers on certain picture patrons' birthdays. And they come in and order rings and bracelets of special design, and ten-and-a-half carat diamonds on slender hoops. At Christmas time an unobtrusive gift from Stromberg, the jeweler, finds its way to certain of the picture residences, and that reminds the star that Bill does create handsome bracelets and whatnot, and why not drop in soon and look over his stock?

Youth While You Wait

AT Fry's Shoe Shop a star may walk in with a pink frock and white slippers and, half an hour later, walk out shod to match her dress. They dye your shoes or stockings while you wait.

In Max Factor's gilt and pastel make-up salon there is dye, too, and years are added while you wait. Or else they are taken off by skilful make-up. A make-up specialist de luxe, this Factor, has a special suite where stars are assisted in preparing for their next picture. Here Indians are created with bolemania and heavy lining, and forty-year-old juveniles are sheared of years. A place to suit Ponce de Leon. Recently a new department was created where Hollywood and Los Angeles society women come to be anointed and prepared for an important dinner or dance.

A very fairyland of a place, Max Factor's, with powders and pomades and scents in a glittering golden salon.

Service de luxe to bait the picture dollars. And, lud, how we love it!

Won't Women Leave Us Alone?

(Continued from page 31)

sters who would have died before they would have let their neighbors see them in a wrapper but who poured out their yearnings for love to the beautiful boy who had made their hearts beat more swiftly by his screen kisses. Women wrote him, telephoned him at all hours with hysterical words of love. Young girls ran away from home, made their way West and forced themselves into Wallace Reid's very house, very bedroom.

"An indictment of the American husband"—perhaps the critic's words are true. Perhaps the experience of the great movie lovers proves that American women must be wooed by proxy because their own men have no time for soft glances, whispered words, and long kisses. Perhaps the American husband is glad enough to turn his love-making over to a high-priced screen star to do for him.



Getting a firm foothold, not only on herself but in the film world, is Florence Lake. She is to be seen in the not distant future as one of the characters in "Thru Different Eyes."

The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page 55*)

she has arrived at the ringside to cheer him on to victory. The newly found pep which he musters for the knockout is acquired so quickly that it is good for a laugh. But for the most part it is well thought out and the voices are fairly natural. Two newcomers, Lola Lane and Paul Page, show considerable promise.

Lady Hamilton Glorified

A SUMPTUOUS production has been given "The Divine Lady," to make it conspicuous as one of the superlative films of the season. It is excellent from the standpoint of settings, atmosphere, costumes, sea battles and acting—but it is burdened with a story which never convinces aside from its romantic interludes. That the plot is unconvincing is natural because of the problem of censorship. With history on one side of the fence and the thought that the celebrated characters, *Lord Nelson* and *Lady Hamilton*, could not be exposed too strongly, the sponsors did the next best thing—they played safe with history, the figures and the censors. England's great naval hero and her ladyship had marital entanglements to their romance. Consequently, the adaptors had to skate on thin ice in presenting the love quadrangle. But *Nelson* emerges a hero, renounces his beloved *Emma*, to assume command of the British fleet and dies with the assurance that she will be with him in a better world.

It is all very well done, though the second sea battle comes as an anti-climax. The first one is thrilling and charged with suspense, but when Trafalgar is depicted the dramatic values are missing. The story is episodic, but the romantic moments carry appeal—which, with the backgrounds and the adaptability of Corinne Griffith and Victor Varconi for the central rôles, makes "The Divine Lady" easy on the optics.

Jeanne Eagels Triumphs

SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S play, "The Letter," comes to the screen with all its parts intact. Which is to say that it is a very true translation of the original.

The picture as a result of adhering to its text builds more from dialogue than it does from action. But it is so sound in its idea that none of its original spark and spirit are lost. The climax is achieved through scenes which build very dramatically and the characters are in place—and there's a place for each of them. The picture proves to be an acting triumph for Jeanne Eagels. She affects several moods, all of which are capitally shaded. And her voice records the intensity of her performance In all, it's a picture of tone and quality—and not above the heads of those in search of better things.

The Movie Primer

(*Continued from page 57*)

and shouting, to be sure, and everyone says, "Best yet—ha, ha, ha!" Then when they've practically worn themselves out with laughter, they go back to where it's shady for a nap and pretty soon it's dinner time.

Nasty Old Efficiency

SO you see how merry life can be in a movie studio. Because in a movie studio you can have a lot more fun than in the shoe business, for instance. Because in the shoe business they have a silly thing called e-f-f-i-c-i-e-n-c-y which takes all the real joy out of working. That is, when you work in the shoe business, kiddies, you really have to work. And in the shoe business if you sit down for more than six hours a day, a man is apt to come along and say, "You're fired!" And that's no fun.

But they never say that in the studios. They used to, but it's too risky now because if a director fires a prop man, the prop man is liable to hold it against him when the director tries to get on as a janitor three or four months later. Because in the movies they've found that if a man is fired on Tuesday, he's usually back by Wednesday. And on Thursday the one who did the firing is wondering if it's too late to learn aviation.

So the people in a movie studio are just one big happy family, and no one says anything very bad about anyone else till after he's gone. But when they are all together, there is nothing but the best of feeling. Everyone tells jokes and the place fairly rings with laughter. And the company is especially merry when the director tells his joke. For as we all know—or if we don't we very soon learn—the director's jokes are funniest.

Well, kiddies, I see the director is helping the star into his car. That means they've finished for the day. My sakes, but they must be tired! I guess we'd better be going, too. And don't let me hear you say you've never seen them take movies. Next time, if you are real, real good, I want to tell you how you, too, can become a movie star. Class excused.

What Every Lover Should Know

One of the largest studios in Hollywood has recently instituted an idea which is both unusual and immensely interesting

It has engaged the services, for the casting of its pictures, of a psychiatrist lately associated with Columbia University and New York University

He has been called in as consultant in the analysis not only of the characters of the several players from whom will be chosen the leading characters in the studios' photoplays, but also to assay their sex-appeal

While this enterprise is fundamentally of direct interest to the picture producers, the findings of this mental specialist are of interest to everyone—of absorbing interest

For he has revealed to a representative of MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC the scientific fundamentals of personality and bodily magnetism

This he has done clearly and simply. And so engrossing is the information that no matter even if you are not interested in pictures and picture people, you will find it fascinating to apply to people you know, the secrets disclosed

What blonde girls are like and what brunette—and what redheaded ones. And the same of men. How they react. Their prime motivations

Because the treatment of these subjects concerns love especially the title "What Every Lover Should Know" has been given the article

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, in which it will appear, will itself appear on the newsstands May 10th. You'll find it more than worth while to appear there and then yourself—for your copy of the June CLASSIC

Motion Picture Classic

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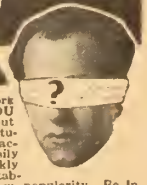
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What Every Lover Should Know

(Continued from page 28)

cater more to the tastes of men than of women.

"In the past, women, outwardly at least, have been educated to the standards of the men," he explained. "The men like to see fighting, struggle, courage and triumph. The women have come to agree, since it seems the thing to do. In reality, for instance, they prefer a picture of a good woman captivating a man. This is agreeable to the male portion of the audience if the woman doesn't use the captivation too far."

He considers the Gilbert-Garbo screen duo an excellent example of the captivation of a man by a woman.

"Greta Garbo represents the dominance of the blonde race," he said. "She presents a solid, driving captivation to gain the desired effect. Men rather admire that aggressiveness. The women, as a rule, do not, but they do like the results she attains."

John Gilbert, in his opinion, is essentially the women's actor. He has a strain of cruelty; he is a bit of a sadist. No, Agnes, you're thinking of a satyr.

Dr. Marston knocks into a cocked hat the old theory that a blue-eyed blonde cutie likes to cling to a big hero with upholstering on his chest, and talk baby-talk.

"The blondes are more dominant, more independent than the brunette. This is the heritage of their Northern ancestry, warriors, adventurers. A blonde has two possibilities. She can be a cave-woman or an exhibitionist. When a man is love-captured by a cave-woman, he gets the thrill of his life out of it, and so does the audience. The blonde merely expresses her dominance."

Blondes in Bathing

AS to the blonde exhibiting her physical charms in a bathing suit, tests were made on that point. Men received very little excitement from it. Blonde exhibitionism is not subtle enough. Ordinarily Dr. Marston would not cast a blonde for a seductive rôle unless she is a past mistress of the cave-woman technique, or unless the rôle calls for a business-like gold-digger.

"The brunettes are more exotic, more submissive than the blonde," he continued. "They have, as a rule, a greater sum total of passion and captivation than either blondes or red-haired women. Brunettes usually experience love-emotions the most keenly.

"Red-haired women are born to burn men up. Solomon couldn't resist 'em; neither could Mark Antony. Our tests at Columbia last year showed that red-haired women have more inducement-emotion than all the other girls put together. Also, they have less submission and less compliance-emotion than any other type."

An interesting series of casting tests for screen actors and actresses will soon be inaugurated at Universal. The tests will be based upon scientific psychological knowledge of the way the human body changes when a person is feeling a given emotion. If a person is feeling dominance, the blood pressure goes up. If a woman is feeling intense passion, her blood pressure drops so low it can scarcely be recorded. The breathing, the sweat-glands, and the heart-beats all change in different ways in expressing different emotions, according to the psychologist.

Measuring Emotions

"OUR casting tests are of two kinds," Dr. Marston explained. "We measure the emotions which the player feels, when put into the situation called for by the screen story. The amount of emotions which the player is able to call forth from different spectators is also measured."

Many of the screen stories of today are psychologically wrong, he said. That dear, quaint old plot, out of which they have been grinding "moonpitchers" for lo! these many years, the familiar variations on "The Taming of the Shrew," is all wrong. Everyone is more or less familiar with the Paduan gentleman of Shakespeare's comedy, *Petruchio*, who tamed the lively dominating *Katherine* with rough methods. The movies have had husky gents "wid bicaps in de harms" forcing kicking, scratching maidens into submission in every possible setting from the sands of Araby to the snow peaks of the Rockies.

"Just plain applesauce," snorted the doctor. Yes, he did, too, Agnes, in those very words. Even Ph.D.'s relax once in a while if it is only reading H. G. Wells. "When a man reforms a woman, he triumphs over women's standards. Women get thrilled out of being captivated—but this thrill only lasts until she takes a serious interest. Then she captivates the captivating male. Otherwise she is never happy. A man is not capable of continued captivation."

And here is a direct quotation which should be remembered. It reveals one of woman's most closely-guarded secrets:

"When a woman seems to be most completely mastered, really she is the most completely victorious."

Hence the Chorus

ACCORDING to thorough-going laboratory experiments, conducted in New York, the greatest natural stimulus a picture can present, to men and women alike, is the body of a beautiful woman.

"Women admire the beautiful body of another woman to an even greater degree than the men," was his surprising declaration. "We obtained this information in scenes from motion pictures shown to our subjects. One of the scenes which gained the greatest response was of Gilda Gray, during a dance in which she was very lightly clad, in 'The Devil Dancer.' Some of the women pretended to be shocked at the exposure. They weren't really. Their reaction was one of pleasure, not disgust."

So, after all, Dr. Mack Sennett is a fine psychologist. During all these years he has been making pictures with the "greatest natural stimulus." And Phyllis Haver, Marie Prevost, and all the line of bathing beauties, have not only been gratifying the tired business man but the tired business woman as well.

Maybe.

But did you ever see a woman trample three dozen men to buy seats in the bald-headed row at Ziegfeld's Follies?

You have just read What Every Lover Should Know. And we should like to say now that in CLASSIC next month there are going to appear several articles which reveal what every lover of the movies should know. That's not a title, it's the nature of the stories. Watch for them—and watch the calendar for the date of their forthcoming, in the July issue of MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC. Out the 12th of June.



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~but when I started to play the laugh was on them!

"WELL, folks, I guess we'll have to lock up the piano and make faces at ourselves."

Helen Parker's party was starting out more like a funeral than a good time.

"Isn't Betty Knowles coming?" an anxious voice sang out.

"Unfortunately Betty is quite ill tonight and Chet Nichols is late as usual," replied Helen gloomily. "I wish Sis wasn't away at school and she'd make the keys talk for us."

"I know some brand new card tricks," volunteered Harry Walsh.

"Great!" said Helen. "I'll go and find some cards."

While she was gone I quietly stepped up to the piano bench, sat down, and started to fumble with the pedals underneath. Someone spotted me. Then the wisecracks began.

They Poke Fun at Me

"Ha! Ha! Ted thinks that's a player-piano," chuckled one of the boys.

"This is going to be a real musical comedy," added one of the fair sex.

I was glad I gave them that impression. Their surprise would be all the greater. I kept fiddling around the pedals—making believe that I was hunting for the foot pumps.

"Come over to my house some night," said Harry. "I've got an electric player and you can play it to your heart's content. And I just bought a couple of new rolls. One is a medley of Victor Herbert's compositions—the other . . ."

Before he had a chance to finish I swung into the strains of the sentimental "Gypsy Love Song." The laughter and joking suddenly ceased. It was evident that I had taken them by surprise. What a treat it was to have people listening to me perform. I continued with "Kiss Me Again" and other popular selections of Victor Herbert. Soon I had the crowd singing and dancing to the tune of the latest syncopation.

Finally they started to bombard me with questions . . . "How? . . . When? . . . Where? . . . did you ever learn to play?" came from all sides.

I Taught Myself

Naturally, they didn't believe me when I told them I had learned to play at home and without a teacher. But I laughed myself when I first read about the U. S. School of Music, and their unique method for learning music.

"Weren't you taking a big risk, Ted?" asked Helen

"None at all," I replied. "For the very first thing I did was to send for a Free Demonstration Lesson. When it came and I saw how easy it was to learn without a teacher I sent for the complete Course. What pleased me so was the fact that I was playing simple tunes *by note* from the very start. For I found it easy as ABC to follow the clear print and picture instructions that came with each lesson. Now I play several classics by note and most all of the popular music. Believe me, there's a real thrill in being able to play a musical instrument."

* * * *

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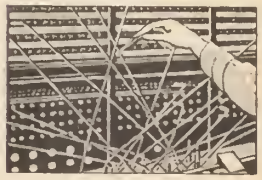
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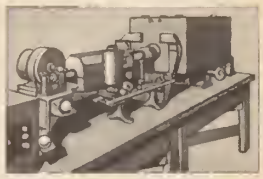
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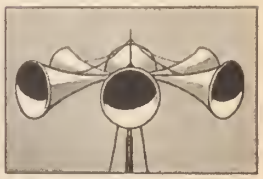
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